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THE

LIFE OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

BY

GEORGE CAVENDISH,

HIS GENTLEMAN USHER.

B700

AND

METRICAL VISIONS,

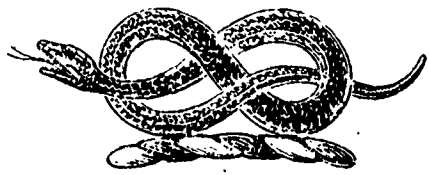
FROM THE ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT.

WITH

NOTES AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS,

BY

SAMUEL WELLER SINGER.



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VOL. II.

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WHO WROTE CAVENDISH'S LIFE OF WOLSEY?

SUUM CUIQUE.

"Yet no man remembered that same poor man."

FIRST PRINTED IN
M DCCC XIV.

WHO WROTE CAVENDISH'S LIFE OF WOLSEY?

When a writer undertakes to give *cuique suum* in a question of literary property, if he would avoid the ridicule which they deservedly incur who raise a controversy only that they may have the honour of settling it, he must show that there are more claimants than one on the property he means to assign.

This then will be our first object.

To whom the Biographia attributes it.

Let the reader turn to the 'Biographia Britannica,' and look out the article 'Sir William Cavendish.' He will find in either of the editions what follows in the words of Dr. Campbell, the original projector of that work, or rather of his friend Mr. Morant, the historian of Essex, for it does not appear that the later editors have either reconsidered the article, or added to it any thing material. Sir William Cavendish, we are told, "had a liberal education given him by his father, who settled upon him also certain lands in the county of Suffolk; but made a much better provision for him by procuring him to be

admitted into the family of the great Cardinal Wolsey, upon whom he waited in quality of gentleman usher of his chamber."——"As Mr. Cavendish was the Cardinal's countryman, and the Cardinal had a great kindness for his father, he took him early into his confidence, and showed him upon all occasions very particular marks of kindness and respect[1]." Several extracts from the Life of Wolsey are then produced to show the honourable nature of this employment. Mr. Cavendish's faithful adherence to Wolsey in his fall receives due encomium: and we are then favoured with a detail of Mr. Cavendish's public services after the Cardinal's death, his rich rewards, his knighthood, marriages, and issue, in which the writer of the article has followed Sir William Dugdale, and the Peerages. Towards the conclusion Cavendish is spoken of in his character of an author, a character which alone could entitle him to admission into that temple of British worthies. We are told that "he appears from his *writings* to have been a man of great honour and integrity, a good subject to his prince, a true lover of his country, and one who preserved to the last a very high

[1] Kippis's Edit. vol. iii. p. 321.

reverence and esteem for his old master and first patron Cardinal Wolsey, *whose life he wrote in the latter part of his own*, and there gives him a very high character."——"This work of his remained long in manuscript, and the *original* some years ago was in the hands of the Duke of Kingston, supposed to be given by the author to his daughter, who married into that family. It had been seen and consulted by the Lord Herbert when he wrote his history of the Reign of King Henry VIII., but *he was either unacquainted with our author's Christian name, or mistook him for his elder brother George Cavendish of Glemsford in the county of Suffolk, Esq.* for by that name his lordship calls him: but it appears plainly from what he says that the history he made use of was our author's." p. 324.

To whom, Lord Herbert.

Such is the reputation in which the Biographia Britannica is held in the world, and indeed not undeservedly, that most writers of English biography have recourse to it for information: and with its authority those among them are usually well satisfied, who neither value, nor are willing to undertake, the toilsome researches of the genealogist and the antiquary. Another such work, for an illustrious class of English worthies, is 'The

Peerage of England,' begun by the respectable and ill rewarded Arthur Collins, and continued by successive editors with as much exactness as could reasonably have been expected. The several editions of this work, from that of 1712, in one volume, to that of 1812, in nine, contain the same account of Sir William Cavendish's attendance upon Wolsey, of his tried attachment to him, and of his lasting gratitude to the memory of his old master, displayed in writing apologetical memoirs of his life. At the very opening of the pages devoted to the Devonshire family, in the recent edition of this work, we are told that "the potent and illustrious family of Cavendish, of which, in the last century, two branches arrived at dukedoms, laid the foundation of their future greatness, first, on the share of abbey lands obtained at the dissolution of monasteries by Sir William Cavendish, who had been gentleman usher to Cardinal Wolsey, who died in 1557, and afterwards by the abilities, the rapacity, and the good fortune of Elizabeth his widow, who remarried George Earl of Shrewsbury, and died in 1607[2]." And afterwards, in the account of the said Sir William Cavendish, we are told

To whom the Peerages.

[2] Vol. i. p. 302.

nearly in the words used by Morant, that "to give a more lasting testimony of his gratitude to the Cardinal, he drew up a fair account of his life and death, which he wrote in the reign of Queen Mary: whereof the oldest copy is in the hands of the noble family of Pierrepoint, into which the author's daughter was married. Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in the Life and Reign of King Henry VIII., quotes the manuscript in many places, *but mentions George Cavendish to be the author of it; which, from divers circumstances, we may conclude to be a mistake.* In the year 1641 it was printed, and again in 1667[3]." A full account is then given of the public employments and honourable rewards of Sir William Cavendish; and the descent of the two ducal families of Devonshire and Newcastle from this most fortunate subject is set forth with all due regard to genealogical accuracy.

Sir William Cavendish generally understood to be the author;

From these two great public reservoirs of English biography this account of Sir William Cavendish, both as an author and a man, has been drawn off into innumerable other works. Writers of high authority in affairs of this nature have adopted it; and even historians of the life of Wolsey, upon whom it

[3] Vol. i. p. 314.

appeared to be incumbent to make accurate inquiry into this subject, have retailed as unquestioned truth what the Biographia and the Peerages have told us concerning an author to whose most faithful and interesting narrative they have been so largely indebted. Sir William Cavendish may therefore be regarded as the tenant in possession of this property: nor, as far as I know, hath his right ever been formally controverted. Before the reader has got to the last page of this little treatise he will probably have seen reason to conclude that this account is *all fable:* for that Sir William Cavendish could not possibly have been the Cardinal's biographer, nor, of course, the faithful attendant upon him; that circumstance of his history proceeding entirely upon the supposition that he was the writer of the work in question[4].

but erroneously.

While we have thus brought before the public the person who may be considered as the *presumed proprietor* of this work, we have also made good our promise to show that there are more claimants than one upon this piece of literary property. Lord Herbert, we have seen, quotes the manuscript as the

[4] See the marginal references in the Biographia and the Peerages.

production of a *George* Cavendish. Other writers of no mean authority, as will be seen in the course of this disquisition, have attributed it to another member of the house of Cavendish whose name was *Thomas*. A third claimant.

The editors of the Biographia and the Peerages have made very light of my Lord Herbert's testimony. What those *divers circumstances* were which led the latter to reject it, as they have not informed us, so we must be content to remain in ignorance. The noble historian of the life and reign of Henry VIII. is not accustomed to quote his authorities at random. If he sometimes endeavour too much to palliate enormities which can neither be excused nor softened down, he is nevertheless generally correct as to the open fact, as he is always ingenious and interesting. Supported by so respectable an authority, the pretensions of this George Cavendish of Glemsford to have been the faithful attendant upon Wolsey, and the lively historian of his rise and fall, ought to have received a more patient examination. Descended of the same parents with Sir William, and by birth the elder, in fortune he was far behind him. At a period of great uncertainty the two brothers took opposite courses. William was for reform, George for existing circumstances.

Contrary to the ordinary course of events, the first was led to wealth and honours, the latter left in mediocrity and obscurity. The former yet lives in a posterity not less distinguished by personal merit than by the splendour cast upon them by the highest rank in the British peerage, the just reward of meritorious services performed by a race of patriots their ancestors. Of the progeny from the other, history has no splendid deeds to relate; and, after the third generation, they are unknown to the herald and the antiquary. But this is to anticipate. I contend that the wreath which he has justly deserved, who produces one of the most beautiful specimens of unaffected faithful biography that any language contains, has been torn from this *poor* man's brow, to decorate the temples of his more fortunate brother. To replace it is the object of the present publication. It will, I trust, be shown, to the satisfaction of the reader, that this George Cavendish was the author of the work in question, and the disinterested attendant upon the fallen favourite. The illustrious house of Devonshire needs no borrowed merit to command the respect and admiration of the world.

George Cavendish the real author.

Let it not however be supposed that the writer is meaning to arrogate to himself the

credit of being the first to dispute the right of Sir William Cavendish, and to advance the claim of the real owner. The possession which Sir William has had has not been an undisturbed one: so that were there any statute of limitations applicable to literary property, that statute would avail him nothing. The manuscript of this work, which now forms a part of the Harleian library, is described by the accurate Wanley as being from the pen of a *George* Cavendish[5]. In 1742 and the two following years, 'A History of the Life and Times of Cardinal Wolsey' was published in four volumes octavo by Mr. Joseph Grove, who subjoined, in the form of notes, the whole of what was then known to the public of these Memoirs; describing them in a running title, 'The Secret History of the Cardinal, by *George* Cavendish, Esq.:' but, as if to show that no one who touched this subject should escape defilement from the errors of the Biographia and the Peerages, he confounds together the two brothers in the account he gives of the author at the 98th page of his third volume. During the remainder of the last century it does not appear that Sir William Cavendish suffered any material molestation in his possession of this

Writers who have advanced his claim.

Wanley.

Grove.

[5] Catalogue Harl. MSS. No. 428.

Douce.

property: but in the present century Mr. Francis Douce, in his most curious 'Illustrations of Shakspeare,' restores to *George* Cavendish the honour of having produced this work, and marks by significative *Italics* that it was an honour which another had usurped[6].

Words-worth.

Dr. Wordsworth may also be ranked amongst those writers who have ventured to put a spade into Sir William's estate. To this gentleman belongs the merit of having first presented to the public an impression of this work, which conveys any just idea of the original[7]. In an advertisement he expresses himself thus cautiously as to the name of the author: "The following life was written by the Cardinal's gentleman-usher, Cavendish, whose Christian name in the superscription to some of the manuscript copies is *George*, but by Bishop Kennet, in his Memoirs of

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[6] Vol. ii. p. 51.

[7] In his 'Ecclesiastical Biography; or, Lives of eminent Men connected with the History of Religion in England,' 6 vols. 8vo. a useful and valuable collection, Dr. Wordsworth very properly rejected the parenthesis, "at which time it was apparent that he had poisoned himself," which had been introduced into the printed copies without the authority of the manuscripts. The editor of the Censura Literaria once intimated his intention to prepare an edition of this work. (C. L. iii. 372.) How could the press of Lee Priory, of whose powers we have had so many favourable specimens, have been more worthily engaged than in producing a correct edition of this valuable piece of antiquarain lore,—except in favouring the public with more of its able director's own feeling and beautiful essays?

the family of Cavendish, by Collins in his Peerage, and by Dr. Birch (No. 4233, Ayscough's Catalogue Brit. Museum) he is called *William*[8]." Had the learned editor pursued the question thus started, it is probable he would have been led to the conclusion which will here be brought out, and have thus rendered wholly unnecessary the disquisition now tendered to the notice of the public. But here he has suffered the matter to rest.

Doubts of Sir William Cavendish's right to this work gained not much credit in the world.

And indeed, to say the truth, though there may possibly have been two or three other writers who have intimated a doubt as to the right of Sir William Cavendish to the work in question, these doubts seem never to have gained hold on the public attention. It would be an invidious task to collect together the many modern supporters of his claim: there are, amongst them, names who have deservedly attained a high degree of celebrity in the walks of biography, history, antiquities, and topography. All the writer wishes is, that he may stand excused with the public in offering what he has collected upon this point: and if the concession is made that the suspicions of Sir William Cavendish's right to this piece of biography have never gained much hold on the public mind, and

[8] Vol. i. p. 321.

that it is a prevailing opinion in the world that the greatness in which we now behold the house of Devonshire owes its origin to a train of fortunate circumstances resulting out of an attendance on Cardinal Wolsey, he must consider himself as amply excused.

Let us now hear the evidence.

Authorities in his favour,

The learned editor of the 'Ecclesiastical Biography' has mentioned several *names* as supporters of Sir William's claim. And indeed, if *names* might carry the day, Kennet and Collins, Birch and Morant, are in themselves a host. But who is there accustomed to close and minute investigation, that has not discovered for himself, of how little moment is *simple authority* in any question? It is, especially, of little weight in historical and antiquarian discussion. The most laborious may sometimes overlook evidence which is afterwards accidentally discovered to another of far inferior pretensions: the most accurate may mistake: the most faithful may be bribed into inattention by supposititious facts, which give a roundness and compactness to what, without them, forms but an imperfect narration. The case before us may possibly come under the latter head. Take away the attendance upon Wolsey, and we have several years unaccounted for in the life of Sir William Cavendish; and lose what the mind perceives

to be a step by which a private gentleman, as he was, might advance himself into the councils of princes, and the possession of important offices of state. There is in this what might lay a general biographer, who was a very Argus, asleep. But these authorities, it must also be observed, are all *moderns:* they lived a century and a half after both the Cavendishes had been gathered to their fathers: and earlier biographers, who have made mention of this founder of two ducal houses, have said nothing of any attendance upon the Cardinal, never ascribed the flourishing state of his fortunes to any recommendation of him to the king from his old master, nor taken any notice of what is so much to his honour, that he adhered faithfully to Wolsey in his fall, and produced this beautiful tribute to his memory. Negative evidence of this kind, it may be said, is of no great weight. It will be allowed, however, to be of some, when it is recollected who they are that have omitted these *leading particulars* in Sir William Cavendish's history. They are no other than the author of 'The Baronage of England,' and Margaret Duchess of Newcastle, who has given a laboured genealogy of the ancestors and kindred of her lord, a grandson of Sir William Cavendish;

all modern.

Dugdale and the Duchess of Newcastle do not ascribe it to him.

annexed to the very entertaining memoirs which she left of his life. The *omissions* of two such writers, living at the time when this work was first made public, and whose duty as well as inclination it would have been to have mentioned the fact, had it been so, will at least serve to weigh against the positive but unsupported testimonies of the abovementioned respectable writers, all of whom lived much too late to be supposed to have received any information by private tradition.

The original MS. said to be in the hands of the Pierrepoint family.

But the *original* manuscript was in the hands of the Pierrepoint family, and into that family Sir William Cavendish's daughter was married. Possibly; but were it even so, it is obvious that this lays but a very insufficient foundation for believing that Sir William was the author. Why might it not have been given to Frances Cavendish by George Cavendish her uncle? But Doctor Kennet, upon whose authority this statement has been made, has not informed us by what criterion he was guided in assigning that priority to the Pierrepoint manuscript which this statement assumes. There are so many manuscripts of this work abroad, that it must, I presume, be exceedingly difficult to decide which has the best claim to be the author's

autograph, if indeed that autograph be in existence[9]. Scarcely any work of this magnitude, composed after the invention of printing, has been so often transcribed. There is a copy in the cathedral library at York which once belonged to Archbishop Matthew; another very valuable one in the library of the College of Arms, presented to that learned society by Henry Duke of Norfolk; another in Mr. Douce's collection; another in the public library at Cambridge; another in the Bodleian. There are two in Mr. Heber's library; two at Lambeth; two in the British Museum[10]. The reason of this multiplication of copies by the laborious process of transcription, seems to have been this: the work was composed in the days of Queen Mary by a zealous catholic, but not committed to

Manuscripts;

reason for their multiplication.

[9] The reader will bear in mind that this passage was written in 1814, when the writer could not, for obvious reasons, have been acquainted with the claims of Mr. Lloyd's manuscript, to be considered as the *original autograph* of the author. I will here take occasion to observe that, to the manuscripts enumerated above, two more may be added, described in the preface to the Life, which are in the possession of the writer of this note. S. W. S.

[10] It appears by the Catalogus MSS. Anglie that there were two copies in the library of Dr. Henry Jones, rector of Sunningwell in Berks, both in folio: and a third also in folio among the MSS. of the Rev. Abraham De la Pryme, F. R. S. of Thorne in Yorkshire. There was a copy in the very curious library formed about the middle of the last century by Dr. Cox Macro at his house, Norton near St. Edmund's Bury.

the press during her short reign. It contained a very favourable representation of the conduct of a man who was held in but little esteem in the days of her successor, and whom it was then almost treason to praise. The conduct of several persons was reflected on who were flourishing themselves, or in their immediate posterity, in the court of Queen Elizabeth: and it contained also the freest censures of the Reformation, and very strong remarks upon the conduct and character of Anne Boleyn, the Cardinal's great enemy. It is probable that no printer could be found who had so little fear of the Star-Chamber before his eyes as to venture the publication of a work so obnoxious: while such was the gratification which all persons of taste and reading would find in it, from its fidelity, its curious minuteness, its lively details, and above all, from that unaffected air of sweet natural eloquence in which it is composed, that many among them must have been desirous of possessing it. Can we wonder then that so many copies should have been taken between the time when it was written and the year 1641, when it was first sent to the press: or that one of these copies should have found its way into the library of Henry Pierrepoint, Marquis of Dorchester,

who was an author, and a man of some taste and learning[11]? It cannot surely be difficult to divine how it came into his possession, without supposing that it was brought into his family by Sir William's daughter, his grandmother, Frances Cavendish.

Trifling as it appears, we have now had nearly all that has ever been alledged as rendering it probable that Sir William Cavendish was the author of this work. We have no evidence in his favour from any early catalogue of writers in English history: nor any testimony in inscription or title upon any of the manuscripts, except a modern one by Dr. Birch, upon one of the Museum copies. But in appropriating any literary composition to its author, that evidence is the most conclusive which is derived from the work itself. This is the kind of proof to which it is proposed to bring the claims of the two competitors. It is contended that there are passages in the work, and self-notices, which are absolutely inconsistent with the supposition that it was the production of the person to whom it has usually been ascribed. Let us attend to these.

No evidence in his favour from the MSS.

It will be of some importance to us to have

Time when the work was written.

[11] See the 'Royal and Noble Authors,' p. 202. and Fasti Oxon. vol. ii. col. 706, ed. 1692.

clearly ascertained the period at which this work was composed. We have information sufficient for this purpose. At page 350* of Dr. Wordsworth's impression, we read that the Cardinal "was sent twice on an embassage unto the Emperor Charles the Fifth that now reigneth, and father unto King Philip, now our soveraign lord." Mary queen of England was married to Philip of Spain on the 25th of July, 1554. Again, at page 401, we hear of "Mr. Ratcliffe, who was sonne and heire to the Lord Fitzwalter, and nowe† Earle of Sussex." The Earl of Sussex of Queen Mary's reign, who had been son and heir to a Lord Fitzwalter in the days of King Henry VIII. could be no other than Henry Radcliffe, the second earl of that name, who died on the 17th of February, 1557[12]. Without incurring any risk by following older authorities, when so much misconception is abroad, we may set down as fairly proved that the Life of Wolsey was composed about the middle of the reign of Queen Mary[13].

* P. 40 in the present edition.

† In the Autograph MS. it stands— "and *after* Earl of Sussex," v. p. 117 in the present edition.

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[12] Milles's Catalogue of Honour, p. 607.

A supposed anachronism explained.

[13] The reader will, it is hoped, excuse the *minuteness* of this inquiry. We have enough to teach us to take nothing upon trust that has been said concerning this work: and some doubts have been expressed as to the period at which it was written, grounded on a passage near the conclusion. Cavendish tells us that when the Cardinal left the hospitable mansion of the Earl of Shrewsbury at Sheffield, on the borders of Yorkshire,

Now we may collect that the author, whoever he was, thought himself a *neglected* man at the time of writing. He tells us that he engaged in the work to vindicate the memory of his master from "diverse sondrie surmises and imagined tales, made of his proceedings and doings," which he himself had "perfectly knowen to be most untrue." We cannot however but discover, that he was also stimulated by the desire of attracting attention to himself, the old and faithful domestic of a

The author a neglected man.

"he took his journey with Master Kingston and the guard. And as soon as they espied their old master in such a lamentable estate, they lamented him with weeping eyes. Whom my lord took by the hands, and divers times, by the way, as he rode, he would talk with them, sometime with one, and sometime with another; at night he was lodged at a house of the Earl of Shrewsbury's, called Hardwick Hall, very evil at ease. The next day he rode to Nottingham, and there lodged that night, more sicker, and the next day we rode to Leicester Abbey; and by the way he waxed so sick, that he was divers times likely to have fallen from his mule." p. 536. This is an affecting picture. Shakspeare had undoubtedly seen these words, his portrait of the sick and dying Cardinal so closely resembling this. But in these words is this chronological difficulty. How is it that Hardwick Hall is spoken of as a house of the Earl of Shrewsbury's in the reign of Henry VIII. or at least in the days of Queen Mary, when it was well known that the house of this name between Sheffield and Nottingham, in which the Countess of Shrewsbury spent her widowhood, a house described in the Anecdotes of Painting, and seen and admired by every curious traveller in Derbyshire, did not accrue to the possessions of any part of the Shrewsbury family till the marriage of an earl, who was grandson to the Cardinal's host, with Elizabeth Hardwick, the widow of Sir William Cavendish, in the time of Queen Elizabeth? If I recollect right, this difficulty perplexed that learned Derbyshire antiquary Dr. Samuel Pegge, who has written somewhat at length on the question, whether the Cardinal met his death in consequence of having taken poison. See

great man whose character was then beginning to retrieve itself in the eyes of an abused nation, and whose misfortunes had prevented him from advancing his servants in a manner accordant to his own wishes, and to the dignity of his service. He dwells with manifest complacency upon the words of commendation he received on different occasions from his master; and relates towards the conclusion how kindly he had been received by the king after the death of Wolsey, and what promises

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Gent. Mag. vol. xxv. p. 27, and vol. liii. p. 751. The editor of the Topographer proposes to correct the text by reading Wingfield in place of Hardwick; vol. ii. p. 79. The truth, however, is, that though the story is told to every visitor of Hardwick Hall, that "the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey," slept there a few nights before his death; as is also the story, equally unfounded, that Mary Queen of Scots was confined there; it was another Hardwick which received the weary traveller for a night in this his last melancholy pilgrimage. This was Hardwick upon Line in Nottinghamshire, a place about as far to the south of Mansfield, as the Hardwick in Derbyshire, so much better known, is to the north-west. It is now gone to much decay, and is consequently omitted in many maps of the county. It is found in Speed. Here the Earl of Shrewsbury had a house in the time of Wolsey. Leland expressly mentions it. "The Erle [of Shrewsbury] hath a park and maner place or lodge yn it caullid Hardewike upon Line, a four miles from Newstede Abbay." Itin. vol. v. fol. 94, p. 108. Both the Hardwicks became afterwards the property of the Cavendishes. Thoroton tells us that Sir Charles Cavendish, youngest son of Sir William, and father of William Duke of Newcastle, "had begun to build a great house in this lordship, on a hill by the forest side, near Annesley Woodhouse, when he was assaulted and wounded by Sir John Stanhope and his men, as he was viewing the work, which was therefore thought fit to be left off, some bloud being spilt in the quarrel, then very hot between the two families." Throsby's edit. vol. ii. p. 294.

had been made to him both by Henry and the Duke of Norfolk, who yet suffered him to depart into his own country. But what shows most strikingly that he was an unsatisfied man, and thought that he had by no means had the reward due to his faithful services, is a remark he makes after having related the sudden elevation of Wolsey to the deanry of Lincoln. "Here," says he, "may all men note the chaunces of fortune that followethe some whome she intendeth to promote, and to some her favor is cleane contrary, though they travaille never so much, with all the painfull diligence that they can devise or imagine: *whercof for my part I have tasted of the experience.*" p. 332[14].

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[14] The reference is to Dr. Wordsworth's text; the passage will be found at p. 15 of the present edition. The same strain of querulous complaint occurs in his prologue to the Metrical Visions, now first published:

> How some are by fortune exalted to riches,
> And often such as most unworthy be, &c.

Afterwards he checks himself, and calls Dame Reason to his aid:

> But after dewe serche and better advisement,
> I knew by Reason that oonly God above
> Rowlithe thos thyngs, as is most convenyent,
> The same devysing to man for his behove:
> Wherefore Dame Reason did me persuade and move
> To be content with my *small estate*,
> And in this matter no more to vestigate.

Here we have decisive proof that the writer's fortunes were not in the flourishing condition which marked those of Sir William Cavendish at this period, i. e. in the reign of Mary.

S. W. S.

Not so Sir William Cavendish.

There are persons whom nothing will satisfy, and they are sometimes the most importunate in obtruding their supposed neglects upon the public: but it must surely have been past all endurance to have had such a complaint as this preferred by Sir William Cavendish in the days of Queen Mary. His life had been a continual series of promotions and lucrative employments. In 1530, the very year in the November of which the Cardinal died, he was constituted one of the commissioners for visiting and taking the surrenders of divers religious houses. In 1539 he was made one of the Auditors of the Court of Augmentations, then lately established. At this period of his life he was living luxuriously at his mansion of North Awbrey near Lincoln, as appears by the inventory of his furniture there, which is preserved in manuscript[15].

His employments, promotions, and rewards.

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[15] It formed part of the curious collection of manuscripts made by the late John Wilson, Esq. of Bromhead near Sheffield, in Yorkshire; a gentleman who spent a long life in collecting, and transcribing where he could not procure possession of the original, whatever might throw any light upon the descent of property, or on the history, language, or manners of our ancestors. He was the intimate friend and correspondent of Burton, Watson, Brooke, Beckwith, and indeed of all that generation of Yorkshire antiquaries which passed away with the late Mr. Beaumont of Whitley Beaumont. Mr. Wilson died in 1783. Cavendish's library was not the best furnished apartment of his magnificent mansion. For the satisfaction of the gentle Bibliomaniac, I shall transcribe the brief catalogue of his books. "Chaweer, Froyssarte Cronicles, a boke of French and English." They were kept in the new parler, where were also

John Wilson of Bromhead.

In the next year he had a royal grant of several lordships in the county of Hertford. In 1546 he was knighted; constituted treasurer of the chamber to the king, a place of great trust and honour; and was soon afterwards admitted of the privy council. He continued to enjoy all these honours till his death, a space of eleven years, in which time his estate was much increased by the grants he received from King Edward VI. in seven several counties[16]. It was not surely for such a man as this to complain of the *ludibria fortunæ*, or of the little reward all his "painful diligence" had received. Few men, as Sylvius says, would have such a "poverty of grace" that they would not

> "——————think it a most plenteous crop
> To glean the broken ears after the man
> That such a harvest reaps."

Sir William Cavendish began the world the younger son of a family of some respectability, but of no great wealth or consequence;

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the pictor of our sov'eigne lord the kyng, the pyctor of the Frenche kyng and another of the Frenche quene: also 'two othor tables, one with towe anticke boys, & the other of a storye of the Byble.' In 'the lyttle parler' was 'a payntyd clothe with the pictor of Kyng Harry the VIII^th^ our sovereygne lord, & kyng Harry the VII^th^ & the VI^th^, Edward the Forthe & Rychard the Third.'

[16] The authorities for this detail of the employments, rewards, and honours of Sir William Cavendish are to be found in the Biographia and the Peerages.

and he left it, at about the age of fifty, a knight, a privy counsellor, and the owner of estates which, managed and improved as they were by his prudent relict, furnished two houses with the means of supporting in becoming splendour the very first rank in the British peerage.

But an ambitious man is not to be contented; and men do form erroneous estimates of their own deserts: let us see, then, if the work will not supply us with something more conclusive.

Zealous against the Reformation.

The writer is fond of bringing forward his religious sentiments. The reader will be amused with the following sally against the Reformation, its origin, and favourers. He who is disposed may find in it matter for serious reflection. When Cavendish has related that the king submitted to be cited by the two legates, and to appear in person before them, to be questioned touching the matter of the divorce, he breaks out into this exclamation:—"Forsoothe it is a world to consider the desirous will of wilfull princes, when they be set and earnestly bent to have their wills fulfilled, wherein no reasonable persuasions will suffice; and how little they regard the dangerous sequell that may ensue, as well to themselves as to their subjects. And above all things, there is nothing that maketh

them more wilfull than carnall love and sensuall affection of voluptuous desire, and pleasures of their bodies, as was in this case; wherein nothing could be of greater experience than to see what inventions were furnished, what lawes were enacted, what costly edifications of noble and auncient monasteries were overthrowne, what diversity of opinions then rose, what executions were then committed, how many noble clerkes and good men were then for the same put to deathe, what alteration of good, auncient, and holesome lawes, customes, and charitable foundations were tourned from reliefe of the poore, to utter destruction and desolation, almost to the subversion of this noble realme. It is sure too much pitty to heare or understand the things that have since that time chaunced and happened to this region. The profe thereof hath taught us all Englishmen the experience, too lamentable of all good men to be considered. If eyes be not blind men may see, if eares be not stopped they may heare, and if pitty be not exiled the inward man may lament the sequell of this pernicious and inordinate love. Although it lasted but a while, the plague thereof is not yet ceased, which our Lorde quenche and take his indignation from us! *Qui peccavi-*

mus cum patribus nostris, et injuste egimus.". p. 420 and 421.

Not so Sir William Cavendish.

This passage, warm from the heart, could have been written by none but a zealous anti-reformist. That certainly was not Sir William Cavendish. He had been one of the principal instruments in effecting what I must be allowed to call a necessary and glorious work. Men are not accustomed to record their own condemnation with such a bold, untrembling hand. That hand, which is supposed to have penned these words, had been once extended to receive the conventual seal of the Priory of Sheen, and the Abbey of St. Alban's. The person by whom we are to believe they were written had been an officer in that court which was purposely erected to attend to the augmentation of the king's revenue by the sequestration of ecclesiastical property; the proceedings of which court were too often unnecessarily harsh and arbitrary, if not unjust and oppressive. Nay, more, at the very time these words were written, Sir William Cavendish was living on the spoils of those very monasteries whose overthrow is so deeply deplored; and rearing out of them a magnificent mansion at Chatsworth in Derbyshire, to be the abode of himself and his posterity. After so long and so decided

a passage, it has been thought unnecessary to quote any other: but throughout the work appears the same zeal in the writer to signalize himself as a friend to the old profession. May not this be considered as amounting to something almost conclusive against the supposition that the attendant upon Wolsey and Sir William Cavendish were the same person?

Sir William Cavendish did not change with the times.

Will it be said that he turned with the times; that he who, in the Protestant reigns, had been zealous for the *Gospel*, in the Catholic reign was equally zealous for the *Mass:* and that this work was his *amende* to the offended party. I know not of any authority we have for charging this religious tergiversation upon Sir William Cavendish, who, for any thing that appears in his history, was animated by other views in promoting the cause of reform, than the desire of personal advancement, and of obtaining the favour of his prince: and I am prepared with two facts in his history, not mentioned by former writers, which are unfavourable to such a supposition. The first shows that he was in some disgrace at the court of Queen Mary as late as the fourth year of her reign; the second, that he did not seek to ingratiate himself there. On the 17th of August, 1556, a very peremptory order of council was issued, commanding his

"indelaid repaire" to the court to answer on "suche matters as at his cõmyng" should be declared unto him. The original, subscribed by seven of the Queen's council, is among the Wilson collections mentioned in the note at page 21. What the particular charges were it is not material to our argument to inquire. The next year also, the year in which he died, he ungraciously refused a loan of one hundred pounds required of him and other Derbyshire gentlemen by the Queen, when her majesty was in distress for money to carry on the French war. These facts show that though he was continued in the offices of treasurer of the chamber and privy counsellor, he was in no very high esteem with Queen Mary, nor sought to conciliate her favourable regards. To which we may add, that his lady, whose spirit and masculine understanding would probably give her very considerable influence in the deliberations of his mind, was through life a firm friend to the Reformation, and in high favour with Queen Elizabeth.

Whatever effect the preceding facts and argument may have had upon the reader's mind, there is a piece of evidence still to be brought out, which is more conclusive against the claim of Sir William Cavendish. Soon

after the Cardinal was arrested at his house of Cawood in Yorkshire, Cavendish tells us that he resorted to his lord, "where he was in his chamber sitting in a chaire, the tables being spred for him to goe to dinner." But as soone as he perceived me to come in, he fell out into suche a wofull lamentation, with suche ruthefull teares and watery eies, that it would have caused a flinty harte to mourne with him. And as I could, I with others comforted him; but it would not be. For, quoth he, nowe I lament that I see this gentleman (meaning me) how faithefull, how dilligent, and how painefull he hath served me, abandonning his owne country, *wife and children*, his house and family, his rest and quietnesse, only to serve me, and I have nothinge to rewarde him for his highe merittes." p. 517.

The author married and a father before 1530.

Hence it appears that the Cavendish who wrote this work was married, and had a family *probably* before he entered into the Cardinal's service; *certainly* while he was engaged in it. At what precise period he became a member of the Cardinal's household cannot be collected from his own writings. Grove says it was as early as 1519[17]; the Biographia tells us that the place was pro-

[17] Life and Times, &c. Vol. iii. p. 98.

cured for him by his father, who died in 1524. This however is certain, that the first mention of himself, as one in attendance upon the Cardinal, is in the exceedingly curious account he has given of the means used to break the growing attachment between the Lord Percy and Anne Boleyn, in order to make way for the king. Cavendish was present when the Earl of Northumberland took his son to task. This must have been before the year 1527; for in that year the Lord Percy became himself Earl of Northumberland; and probably it was at least a twelvemonth before; for ere the old Earl's departure, a marriage had been concluded between Lord Percy and the Lady Mary Talbot, a daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury[18]. In

Mary, Countess of Northumberland.

[18] Though little ceremony and probably as little time was used in patching up these nuptials. As might be expected, they were most unhappy. So we are told on the authority of the earl's own letters in the very laboured account of the Percy family given in the edition of Collins's Peerage, 1779; perhaps the best piece of family history in our language. "Henry the unthrifty," Earl of Northumberland, died at Hackney in the prime of life, about ten or twelve years after he had consented to this marriage. Of this term but a very small part was spent in company of his lady. He lived long enough, however, not only to witness the destruction of all his own happiness, but the sad termination of Anne Boleyn's life. In the admirable account of the Percy family, referred to above, no mention is made of the lady who, on these terms, consented to become Countess of Northumberland, in her long widowhood. She had a valuable grant of abbey lands and tythes, from which, probably she derived her principal support. One letter of hers has

1526 then, the Cavendish who wrote this work was a member of Wolsey's household. Now, fortunately for this inquiry, it happens that an exact account has been preserved of the several marriages and the numerous issue of Sir William Cavendish. It is to be found in the funeral certificate, which, according to a laudable custom of those times, was entered by his relict among the records of the College of Arms. This document, subscribed by her own hand, sets forth that her husband's first-born child came into the world on the 7th of January, in the 25th year of King Henry VIII. This answers to 1534: that is at least seven years after the Cavendish, for whom

Not so Sir William Cavendish.

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fallen into my hands. It presents her in an amiable position. She is pleading in behalf of a poor man whose cattle had been impounded by one of Lady Cavendish's agents. Its date and place is to the eye Wormhill*; but the running hand of that age, when not carefully written, is not to be depended on for representing proper names with perfect exactness, and the place may be Wreshill, which was a house of the Northumberland family. She died in 1572; and on the 17th of May her mortal remains were deposited in the vault made by her father in Sheffield church, where sleep so many of her noble relatives, some of them in monumental honours.

* In justice to the amiable author of this essay, who is extremely anxious to be accurate, I think it proper to apprise the reader that the note taken from the former edition of his work at p. 65 of the Life of Wolsey must be qualified by what is here stated. In a letter with which I have been favoured, he says, "I have looked again and again at the letter, and the word is certainly (if we may judge from the characters which the lady's pen has formed) *Wormhill*: yet still I think it must have been intended for *Wreshill*, as I have met with nothing else to show that the lady had a house at Wormhill." S. W. S.

we are inquiring, had become a member of Wolsey's family, and more than three years after the Cardinal had remarked that his gentleman usher had left "wife and children, his home and family, his rest and quietnesse," only to serve him. This is decisive.

The funeral certificate where to be found.

The document which contains these family particulars of the Cavendishes is not known only to those gentlemen who have access to the arcana of the College of Arms. It has been published: and it is remarkable that Arthur Collins, who has been a principal cause of the error concerning the author of this work, gaining such firm hold on the public mind, should have been the first to lay before the public a record which proves beyond dispute that the Cavendish who wrote the Life of Wolsey could not be the Cavendish who was the progenitor of the house of Devonshire. It is printed in his 'Noble Families,' where is a more complete account of the Cavendishes than is to be found in his Peerage, and which might have been transferred with advantage into the later editions of that work. This document has also been printed by Guthrie and Jacob, whose account of the nobility of this nation may often be consulted with advantage, after having read any of the editions of Collins.

Of its *authenticity*, the only point material to this inquiry, no suspicion can reasonably be entertained.

We have now brought to a conclusion our inquiry into the right of the *tenant in possession*. It has been questioned, examined, and, I think, disproved. It is not contended that the common opinion respecting Sir William Cavendish's attendance upon Wolsey does not harmonize well enough with what is known of his real history, and to render our proof absolutely complete, it might seem to be almost incumbent upon us to show how Sir William Cavendish was engaged while Wolsey's biographer was discharging the duties of his office as an attendant upon the Cardinal. Could we do this, we should also disclose the steps by which he attained to his honourable state employments, and the favour of successive monarchs. In the absence of positive testimony I would be permitted to hazard the conjecture, that, in early life he followed the steps of his father, who had an office in the court of Exchequer. Such an education as he would receive in that court would render him a most fit instrument for the purpose in which we first find his services used, the suppression of the monaste-

How the early years of Sir William Cavendish may have been spent.

ries, and the appropriation of the lands belonging to them to his royal master. Having signalized his zeal, and given proof of his ability in this service, so grateful to the King, we may easily account for his further employments, and the promotions and rewards which followed them. Let it however be observed, that this is no essential part of our argument; nor shall I pursue the inquiry any further, mindful of the well known and sage counsel of the Lord Chancellor Bacon.

I would however be permitted to say something on that very extraordinary woman, the lady of Sir William Cavendish, and the sharer with him in raising the family to that state of affluence and honour in which we now behold it. Indeed she was a more than equal sharer. He laid the foundation, she raised the superstructure; as she finished the family palace at Chatsworth, of which he had laid the first stone.

His lady an extraordinary character.

This lady was Elizabeth Hardwick, a name familiar to all visitors of the county of Derby, where she lived more than half a century with little less than sovereign authority, having first adorned it with two most splendid mansions. The daughter, and the virgin widow of two Derbyshire gentlemen of moderate

estates, she first stepped into consequence by her marriage with Sir William Cavendish, a gentleman much older than herself. The ceremony was performed at the house of the Marquis of Dorset[19], father to the Lady Jane Grey, who, with the Countess of Warwick and the Earl of Shrewsbury, was a sponsor at the baptism of her second child. Cavendish left her a widow with six children in 1557. Shortly after his death she united herself to Sir William St. Lowe, one of the old attendants of the Princess Elizabeth, on whose accession to the throne he was made captain of her guard. In 1567, being a third time a widow, she was raised to the bed of the most powerful peer of the realm, George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury. He had been a friend of Sir William Cavendish, and it is possible that the magnificent state which he displayed in the immediate neighbourhood of this lady had more than once excited her envy. She loved pomp and magnificence and personal splendour, as much as she enjoyed the hurry and engagement of mind which multiplied worldly business brings with it. She had a passion for jewels, which was appealed to

Marries Sir William St. Lowe;

becomes Countess of Shrewsbury.

[19] Broadgate in Leicestershire. See the Funeral Certificate. They were married on the 20th Aug. 1 Edw. VI., at two o'clock after midnight.

Has a present of jewels from Mary Queen of Scots.

and gratified by the unhappy Mary Queen of Scotland[20], who lived many years under the care of the Earl of Shrewsbury, her husband. She united herself to this nobleman more, as it should seem, from motives of ambition, than as the consequence of any real affection she had for him. He had unquestionably the sincerest regard for her: and, though she forgot many of the duties of a wife, it continued many years in the midst of all that reserve and perfidity, and even tyranny, if such a word may be allowed, which she thought proper to exercise towards him. The decline of this good and great man's life affords a striking lesson how utterly insufficient are wealth and splendour and rank to secure happiness even in a case where there is no experience of the more extraordinary vicissitudes of fortune, the peculiar danger of persons in elevated situations. Probably the happiest days of the last three and twenty years of his life were those in which he was employing himself in preparing his own sepulchre. This he occupied in 1590. But the effect of his ill advised nuptials extended beyond his life. His second countess

Death of the Earl.

[20] Among the Wilson collection is a list of jewels presented to the Countess of Shrewsbury by the Queen of Scotland.

had drawn over to her purposes some of his family, who had assisted her in the designs she carried on against her husband. She had drawn them closely to her interest by alliances with her own family. Hence arose family animosities, which appeared in the most frightful forms, and threatened the most deadly consequences[18]. Much may be seen respecting this extraordinary woman in the Talbot papers published by Mr. Lodge. A bundle of her private correspondence has been preserved, and forms a curious and valuable part of that collection of manuscripts which we have had occasion more than once to mention. These let in much light upon her conduct. It is impossible to contemplate her character in this faithful mirror without being convinced that Mr. Lodge has drawn the great outlines of it correctly, when he describes her as "a woman of masculine understanding and conduct; proud, furious, selfish, and unfeeling[19]." Yet she was a favourite of Queen Elizabeth, who paid her this compliment soon after her last marriage, that

Mr. Lodge's character of her.

Anecdote of Queen Elizabeth.

[18] See "Memoirs of the Peers of England during the Reign of James the First," p. 19. Lodge's "Illustrations," &c. iii. 50—64. and Harl. MS. in Brit. Mus. No. 4836. fol. 325. and 6846. fol. 97.

[19] "Illustrations," &c. Introd. p. 17.

"she had been glad to see my Lady Saint Lowe, but was more desirous to see my Lady Shrewsbury, and that there was no lady in the land whom she better loved and liked." These flattering expressions were used to Mr. Wingfield, who was a near relation of this lady, and who lost no time in reporting them to her. Most of these letters are upon private affairs: a few only are from persons whom she had engaged to send her the news of the day, as was usual with the great people of that age when absent from court. There are several of the letters which she received from Saint Lowe and Shrewsbury, which show how extraordinary was the influence she had gained over their minds. There is one from Sir William Cavendish. Having laboured to show what the knight did *not* compose, I shall transcribe in the note below this genuine fragment of his writing, though in no respect worthy of publication, except as having passed between these two remarkable characters[20]. It is expressed in a strain of familiarity to which neither of his successors ever dared

Letters to her.

Original Letter of Sir William Cavendish.

[20] To Besse Cavendysh
my wyff.

Good Besse, haveing forgotten to wryght in my letters that you shuld pay Otewell Alayne eight pounds for certayne otys that we have bought of hym ov' and above x^{li} that I have paid to hym in hand, I hertely pray you for that he is desyrus to re-

aspire. To conclude the history of this lady, she survived her last husband about seventeen years, which were spent for the most part at Hardwick, the place of her birth, and where she had built the present noble mansion. There she died in 1607, and was interred in the great church at Derby.

The courteous reader will, it is hoped, pardon this digression; and now set we forth on the second stage of our inquiry, Who wrote Cavendish's Life of Wolsey?

Claim of Thomas Cavendish.

When there are only two claimants upon any property, if the pretensions of one can be shown to be groundless, those of the other seem to be established as a necessary consequence. But here we have a third party. Beside Sir William and his elder brother George, a claimant has been found in a *Thomas* Cavendish. In the account of Wolsey given in the Athenæ[21], Wood calls the author by this name: and Dodd, a Catholic divine, who published a Church History of England in 3 vols. folio, (Brussels, 1737.) in a list of historians and manuscripts used

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ceyve the rest at London, to pay hym uppon the sight hereof. You knowe my store and therefore I have appoyntyd hym to have it at yo' hands. And thus faer you well. From Chattesworth the xiii^th^ of Aprell. W. C.

[21] Ath. Oxon. vol. i. col. 569. ed. 1691.

in the preparation of his work, enumerates "Cavendish *Thomas*, Life of Cardinal Wolsey, Lond. 1590." It is very probable that Dodd may have contented himself with copying the name of this author from the Athenæ, a book he used: and it is with the utmost deference, and the highest possible respect, for the wonderful industry and the extraordinary exactness of the Oxford antiquary, I would intimate my opinion that, in this instance, he has been misled. To subject the pretensions of *Thomas* Cavendish to such a scrutiny as that to which those of Sir William have been brought is quite out of the question: for neither Wood nor Dodd have thrown any light whatever on his history or character. He appears before us like Homer, *nomen, et præterea nihil.* There was a person of both his names, of the Grimstone family, a noted navigator, and an author in the days of Queen Elizabeth; but he lived much too late to have ever formed a part of the household of Cardinal Wolsey.

We must now state the evidence in favour of George Cavendish. The reader will judge for himself whether the testimony of Anthony Wood, and that of the Catholic church-historian, supposing them to be distinct and independent testimonies, is sufficient to outweigh what is to be advanced in support of George

Cavendish's claim. We shall first state on what grounds the work is attributed to a Cavendish whose name was George; and secondly, the reasons we have for believing that he was the George Cavendish of Glemsford in Suffolk, to whom my Lord Herbert ascribes the work.

That the writer's name was George.

On the former point the evidence is wholly external. It lies in a small compass; but it is of great weight. It consists in the testimony of all the ancient manuscripts which bear any title of an even date with themselves[22]: and in that of the learned herald and antiquary Francis Thinne, a contemporary of the author's, who, in the list of writers of English history which he subjoined to Hollinshead's Chronicle, mentions "George Cavendish, Gentleman Vsher vnto Cardinal Woolseie, whose life he did write."

Four circumstances of the author's condition discovered in the work.

Now to our second point. Four circumstances of the author's situation are discovered to us in the work itself: viz. that his life was

Original title of the work.

[22] None of the publishers of this work have given us the original title. I shall here transcribe it as it appears upon the manuscript in the Library of the College of Arms.

Thomas Wolsey, late Cardinall intituled of S^t^ Cicile trans Tiberim presbyter and Lord Chauncellar of England, his lyfe and deathe, compiled by George Cavendisho, his gentleman Ushor.

extended through the reigns of Henry VIII. Edward VI. and Queen Mary; that while he was in the Cardinal's service he was a married man, and had a family: that he was in but moderate circumstances when he composed this memoir; and that he retained a zeal for the *old profession* of religion. If we find these circumstances concurring in a George Cavendish, it is probable we have found the person for whom we are in search.

Scanty as is the information afforded us concerning a simple esquire of the days of the Tudors, it will probably be made apparent that these circumstances do concur in the person to whom my Lord Herbert ascribes the work. Men of little celebrity in their lives, and whose track through the world cannot be discovered by the light of history, are sometimes found attaining a faint and obscure "life after death" in the herald's visitation books and the labours of the scrivener. Those rolls of immortality are open to every man. They transmit to a remote posterity the worthless and the silly with as much certainty as the name of one who was instinct with the fire of genius, and whom a noble ambition to be good and great distinguished from the common herd of men. It is in these rolls only that the name of George Cavendish

of Glemsford is come down to us: he forms a link in the pedigree: he is a medium in the transmission of manorial property.

Obscurity of George Cavendish a presumption in his favour.

But this very obscurity creates a presumption in favour of his claim. What employment that should raise him into notice would be offered in the days of Henry and Edward to the faithful and affectionate attendant upon a character so unpopular among the great as the haughty, low-born Wolsey? What should have placed his name upon public record who did not, like Cromwell and some other of Wolsey's domestics, "find himself a way out of his master's wreck to rise in" by throwing himself upon the court, but retired, as Cavendish at the conclusion of the Memoirs tells us he did, to his own estate in the country, with his wages, a small gratuity, and a present of Six of the Cardinal's horses to convey his furniture? That, living at a distance from the court, he should have been overlooked on the change of the times, cannot be surprising: he was only one among many who would have equal claims upon Mary and her ministry. Had she lived indeed till his work had been published, we might then reasonably have expected to have seen a man of so much virtue, and talent, and religious zeal, drawn from his obscurity, and

his name might have been as well known to our history as that of his brother the reformist. But Mary died too soon for his hopes and those of many others of his party, though not too soon for the interests of religion and humanity. All expectation of seeing the admirer and apologist of Wolsey emerge from his obscurity must end with the accession of the protestant princess Elizabeth.

What is known of George Cavendish of Glemsford.

It is therefore not surprising, and on the whole rather favourable to our argument, that nearly all which can now be collected of George Cavendish of Glemsford is contained in the following passage extracted from certain "Notices of the manor of Cavendish in Suffolk, and of the Cavendish family while possessed of that manor," which was communicated to the Society of Antiquaries by Thomas Ruggles, Esq., the owner of the said manor[23]. Cavendish, it will be recollected, is a manor adjoining to Glemsford, and which belonged to the same parties.

George Cavendish is stated to be the eldest son of Thomas Cavendish, Esq. who was clerk of the pipe in the Exchequer. He "was in possession of the manor of Cavendish Overhall, and had two sons; William was

[23] Archæologia, vol. xi. p. 50—62.

the eldest, to whom, in the fourth year of Philip and Mary, 1558, he granted by deed enrolled in Chancery this manor in fee, on the said William, releasing to his father one annual payment of twenty marks, and covenanting to pay him yearly for life, at the site of the mansion-house of Spains-hall, in the parish of Finchingfield, in the county of Essex, forty pounds, at the four usual quarterly days of payment. When George Cavendishe died is uncertain: but it is apprehended in 1561 or 1562.

"William Cavendishe his son was in possession of the manor in the fourth year of Elizabeth."....."He was succeeded in this estate by his son William Cavendysh of London, mercer, who, by that description, and reciting himself to be the son of William Cavendishe, gentleman, deceased, by deed dated the 25th of July, in the eleventh year of the reign of Elizabeth, 1569, released all his right and title to this estate, and to other lands lying in different parishes, to William Downes of Sudbury, in Suffolk, Esq."

His fortune decayed.

This detail plainly intimates that decay of the consequence and circumstances of a family which we might expect from the complaints in the Memoirs of Wolsey, of the unequal dealings of fortune, and of the little reward

all the writer's "painfull diligence" had received. We see George Cavendish, for a small annual payment in money, giving up the ancient inheritance of his family, a manor *called after his own name:* and only eleven years after, that very estate passed to strangers to the name and blood of the Cavendishes by his grandson and next heir, who was engaged in trade in the city of London. We find also what we have the concurrent testimony of the heralds of that time to prove, that this George Cavendish was married, and the father of sons: but on a closer inspection we find more than this: we discover that he must have been married as early as 1526, when we first find the biographer of Wolsey a member of the Cardinal's household[24]. William Cavendish the younger, grandson to George Cavendish, must have been of full age before he could convey the estate of his forefathers. He was born therefore as early as 1548. If from this we take a presumed age of his father at the time of his birth, we shall arrive at this conclusion, that George Cavendish the grandfather was a family-man at least as early as 1526. To another point, namely, the religious profession of this Suffolk gentleman,

Married before 1526.

A Catholic.

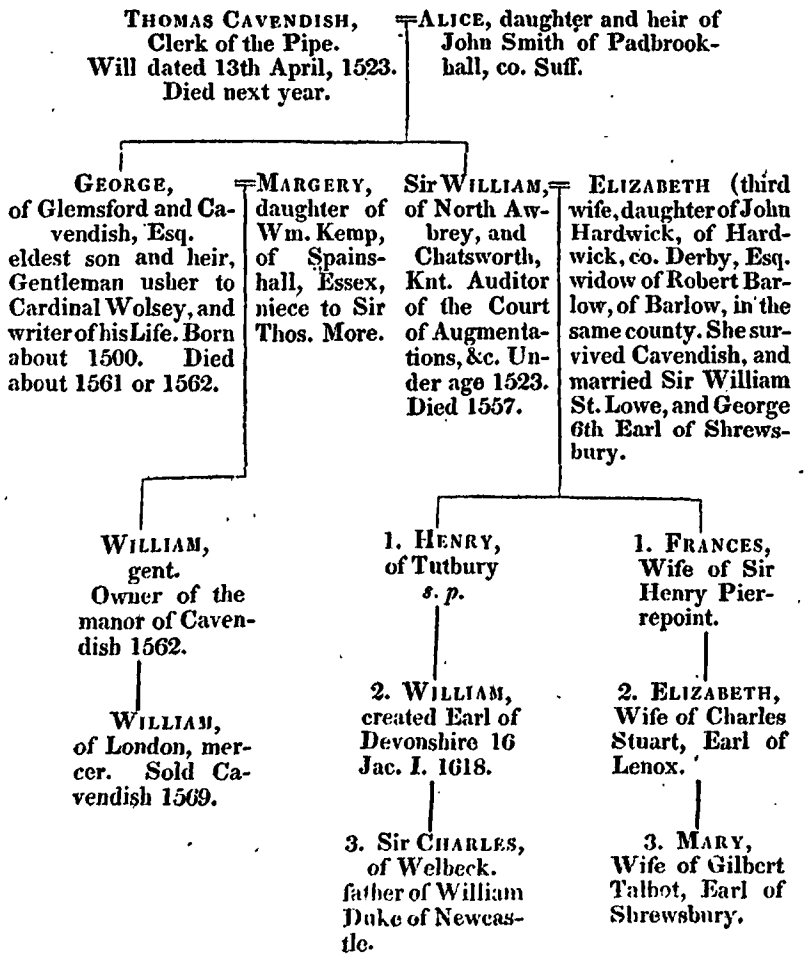
[24] See page 27.

our proof, it must be allowed, is not so decisive. I rely however, with some confidence, upon this fact, for which we are indebted to the heralds, that *he was nearly allied to Sir Thomas More,* the idol of the Catholic party in his own time, and the object of just respect with good men in all times, Margery his wife being a daughter of William Kemp of Spains-hall in Essex, Esq. by Mary Colt his wife, sister to Jane, first wife of the Chancellor[25]. Indeed it seems as if the Kemps, in whose house the latter days of this George Cavendish were spent, were of the old profession. The extraordinary penance to which one of this family subjected himself savours strongly of habits and opinions generated by the Roman Catholic system. It is perhaps unnecessary, in the last place, to remind the reader, that what Mr. Ruggles has discovered to us of the owner of Cavendish shows that his life was extended through the reigns of the second, third, and fourth monarchs of the house of Tudor: now the family pedigrees present us with no other George Cavendish of whom this is the truth. And here the case is closed.

Lived in the three reigns.

[25] See Vincent's Suffolk, MS. in Col. Arm. fol. 149, and compare with Morant's Essex, vol. ii. p. 363, and with the account of the Cavendishes in the Peerages.

Genealogy. It has been thought proper to annex the following genealogical table, which exhibits the relationship subsisting among the several members of the house of Cavendish whose names have been mentioned in the preceding treatise.


THOMAS CAVENDISH, Clerk of the Pipe. Will dated 13th April, 1523. Died next year.
ALICE, daughter and heir of John Smith of Padbrook-hall, co. Suff.
GEORGE, of Glemsford and Cavendish, Esq. eldest son and heir, Gentleman usher to Cardinal Wolsey, and writer of his Life. Born about 1500. Died about 1561 or 1562.
MARGERY, daughter of Wm. Kemp, of Spainshall, Essex, niece to Sir Thos. More.
Sir WILLIAM, of North Awbrey, and Chatsworth, Knt. Auditor of the Court of Augmentations, &c. Under age 1523. Died 1557.
ELIZABETH (third wife, daughter of John Hardwick, of Hardwick, co. Derby, Esq. widow of Robert Barlow, of Barlow, in the same county. She survived Cavendish, and married Sir William St. Lowe, and George 6th Earl of Shrewsbury.
WILLIAM, gent. Owner of the manor of Cavendish 1562.
WILLIAM, of London, mercer. Sold Cavendish 1569.
1. HENRY, of Tutbury s. p.
1. FRANCES, Wife of Sir Henry Pierrepoint.
2. WILLIAM, created Earl of Devonshire 16 Jac. I. 1618.
2. ELIZABETH, Wife of Charles Stuart, Earl of Lenox.
3. Sir CHARLES, of Welbeck. father of William Duke of Newcastle.
3. MARY, Wife of Gilbert Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury.

Supposing that the reader is convinced by the preceding evidence and arguments, that this work could not be the production of Sir William Cavendish, and that he was not the faithful attendant upon Cardinal Wolsey, I shall give him credit for a degree of curiosity to know how it happened that a story so far from the truth gained possession of the public mind, and established itself in so many works of acknowledged authority. That desire I shall be able to gratify, and will detain him but a little while longer, when the disclosure has been made of a process by which error has grown up to the exclusion of truth, in which it will be allowed that there is something of curiosity and interest. Error, like rumour, often appears *parva metu primò*, but, like her also, *vires acquirit eundo*. So it has been in the present instance. What was at first advanced with all the due modesty of probability and conjecture, was repeated by another person as something nearer to certain truth: soon every thing which intimated that it was only conjecture became laid aside, and it appeared with the broad bold front in which we now behold it.

Origin of the mistaken appropriation of this work.

The father of this misconception was no other than Dr. White Kennet. In 1708, being then only Archdeacon of Huntingdon, this

Kennet.

eloquent divine published a sermon which he had delivered in the great church at Derby, at the funeral of William the first Duke of Devonshire. Along with it he gave to the world Memoirs of the Family of Cavendish, in which nothing was omitted that, in his opinion, might tend to set off his subject to the best advantage. He lauds even the Countess of Shrewsbury, and this at a time when he was called to contemplate the virtues and all womanly perfections of Christian Countess of Devonshire. It was not to be expected that he should forget the disinterested attendant upon Wolsey, and the ingenious memorialist of that great man's rise and fall; whose work had then recently been given to the public in a third edition. After reciting from it some particulars of Cavendish's attendance upon the Cardinal, and especially noticing his faithful adherence to him when others of his domestics had fled to find a sun not so near its setting, he concludes in these words: "To give a more lasting testimony of his gratitude to the Cardinal, he drew up a fair account of his life and death, of which the oldest copy is in the hands of the noble family of Pierrepoint, into which the author's daughter was married: for *without express authority we may gather from circumstances*, that this very writer was

the head of the present family; the same person with the immediate founder of the present noble family, William Cavendish of Chatsworth, com. Derb. Esq." p. 63.

The editors of the Peerages, ever attentive to any disclosure that may add dignity to the noble families whose lives and actions are the subjects of their labours, were not unmindful of this discovery made by the learned Archdeacon. The book so popular in this country under the name of Collins's Peerage was published by the industrious and highly respectable Arthur Collins, then a bookseller at the Black Boy in Fleet-street, in a single volume, in the year 1709. In the account of the Devonshire family no more is said of Sir William Cavendish than had been told by Dugdale, and than is the undoubted truth[26]. But when, in 1712, a new edition appeared, we find added to the account of Sir William Cavendish all that the Archdeacon had said of Mr. Cavendish, the attendant upon Wolsey: but with this remarkable difference, arising probably in nothing more blameworthy than inattention, that while Kennet had written "for *without* express authority we may gather from circumstances, &c." Collins says, Collins.

[26] See page 84.

"for *with* express authority we may gather from circumstances, &c.[27]" A third edition appeared in 1715, in two volumes, in which no change is made in the Cavendish article[28]. In 1735 the Peerage had assumed a higher character, and appeared with the arms engraven on copper-plates, in four handsome octavo volumes. In this edition we find the whole article has been recomposed; and we no longer hear of the *gathering from circumstances*, or the *with* or *without* express authority; but the account of Sir William Cavendish's connexion with the Cardinal is told with all regularity, dovetailed with authentic particulars of his life, forming a very compact and, seemingly, consistent story[29]. The only material change that has been introduced in the successive editions of a work which has been so often revised and reprinted, has arisen from the discovery made by some later editor, that my Lord Herbert had quoted the work as the production of a George Cavendish. The gentle editors were not however to be

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[27] See p. 100. [28] Vol. i. p. 106.

[29] Vol. i. p. 122. It is singular enough that in this edition the name of the Cardinal's attendant and biographer, by a slip of the pen is written *George*. See line 38. It is plain from the connexion that this must have been an unintended blunder into the truth. It was duly corrected in the later editions.

deprived of what tended in their opinion so much to the credit of the house of Cavendish, and rendered the account they had to give of its founder so much more satisfactory. Without ceremony, therefore, they immediately put down the quotation to the inaccuracy and inattention of that noble author.

The Biographia.

Having once gained an establishment in a work so highly esteemed and so widely dispersed, and carrying a *primâ facie* appearance of truth, it is easy to see how the error would extend itself, especially as in this country the number of persons is so small who attend to questions of this nature, and as the means of correcting it were not so obvious as since the publication of the "Ecclesiastical Biography." But it assumed its most dangerous consequence by its introduction into the Biographia. The greatest blemish of that extremely valuable collection of English lives seems to be that its pages are too much loaded with stale genealogy taken from the commonest of our books. Wherever Collins afforded them information, the writers of that work have most gladly accepted of it, and have

> " ——— whisper'd whence they stole
> Their balmy sweets,"

by using in many instances his own words. His facts they seem to have generally assumed as indubitable. In the present instance nothing more was done than to new-mould the account given of Sir William Cavendish in the later editions of the Peerage, and, by an unprofitable generalization of the language, to make his mixture of truth and fable more palatable to the taste of their readers.

Bragg the bookseller.

Poor Arthur Collins was not the only bookseller who took advantage of the learned archdeacon's unfortunate conjecture. There was one Bragg, a printer, at the Blue Ball in Ave Maria Lane, a man of no very high character in his profession, who published in 1706 an edition of Cavendish's Life of Wolsey, taken from the second edition by Dorman Newman, and with all the errors and omissions of that most unfaithful impression. Copies were remaining upon his shelves when Kennet's sermon made its appearance. Rightly judging that this must cause inquiries to be made after a book, the production of one who was the progenitor of a person and family at that particular period, from a concurrence of circumstances, the subject of universal conversation, he cancelled the anonymous title-page of the remaining copies, and

issued what he called a "Second Edition," with a long Grub-street title begining thus:

Sir William Cavendish's
Memoirs of the Life of Cardinal Wolsey,
&c.

This has sometimes been mistaken for a really new edition of the work.

Editions of the work.

And having thus adverted to the different editions, it may not be improper to add a few words on the impressions which have been issued of this curious biographical fragment. Till Dr. Wordsworth favoured the public with his "Ecclesiastical Biography," what we had was rather an abridgement than the genuine work. But even in its mutilated form it was always popular, and the copies were marked at considerable prices in the booksellers' catalogues.

The first edition, it is believed, is that in 4to, London, 1641, for William Sheeres, with the title "The Negotiations of Thomas Woolsey, the great Cardinall of England, &c. composed by one of his own Servants, being his Gentleman-Usher." The second was in 12mo, London, 1667, for Dorman Newman, and is entitled "The Life and Death of Thomas Woolsey, Cardinal, &c. written by one of his own Servants, being his Gentleman-Usher." The third is the one just mentioned in 8vo.

London, 1706, for B. Bragg, and having for its title "The Memoirs of that great Favourite Cardinal Woolsey, &c." It is supposed that it was first made public in order to provoke a comparison between Wolsey and the unpopular Archbishop Laud. These are the only editions known to the writer.

It is printed in the form of notes to Grove's History of the Life and Times of Cardinal Wolsey[30], again in the Harleian Miscellany, and in the selection from that work. And last of all, it forms a most valuable part of the "Ecclesiastical Biography," published by Dr. Wordsworth.

The supposed edition of 1590.

It must not however be concealed that mention has been made of a still earlier edition than any of those above described. Bishop Nicholson, in his English Historical Library[31], asserts that it was published at London in

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[30] Mr. Grove subsequently (in 1761) met with what he considered "an antient and curious manuscript copy written about one hundred and fifty years ago," and from this he printed an edition in 8vo, with a preface and notes, the advertisement to which bears the above date. It appears to be one of the rarest of English books, and was probably never published: the copy with which I have been favoured by Richard Heber, Esq. M. P. having no title page. There are other curious tracts in the volume on the subject of Wolsey, having separate titles bearing no bookseller's name, but purporting to be printed *for the Author* by Dryden Leach, and all in 1761. S. W. S.

[31] 4to, 1776, p. 116.

4to, 1590; and in this he is followed by Dodd the Catholic historian. Nicholson's authority is not very high in respect of bibliographical information; and there is great reason to believe that he has here described an edition to be found only in the *Bibliotheca abscondita* of Sir Thomas Brown. This however is certain, that the commentators on Shakspeare are agreed, that though the labours of Cavendish must have been known in part to our great Dramatist, he has followed them so closely in many of his scenes, it could have been only by a perusal of them in manuscript, or by the ample quotations made from them in the pages of Hollinshead and Stowe. Mr. Malone indeed expressly affirms that they were not sent to the press before 1641. The earliest edition known to the editor of the Censura Literaria, whose intimate acquaintance with early English literature every one acknowledges, and whose attention has been peculiarly drawn to this work, was of that date. The catalogues, published and unpublished, of most of our principal libraries have been consulted, and no earlier edition than that of 1641 found in any one of them. No earlier edition than that is to be found in the Royal Library at Paris. It appears, therefore, on the whole, most probable that though

there are undoubtedly black-letter stores, which the diligence of modern bibliomaniacs has not brought to light, no such edition exists, as that which the author of the English Historical Library tells us was published in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and during the height of the persecutions which she authorized against the Catholics. Under this persuasion the preceding sheets have been composed.

It is possible that Bishop Nicholson may have been misled by another work on the same subject; The Aspiring, Triumph, and Fall of Wolsey, by Thomas Storer, Student of Christ Church. This appeared in *quarto*, 1599.

Conclusion. The writer now lays down his pen with something like a persuasion that it will be allowed he has proved his two points,—that Sir William Cavendish of Chatsworth could not have been the author of the Life of Wolsey, and that we owe the work to his brother George Cavendish of Glemsford. The necessary inference also is, that the foundation of the present grandeur of the house of Cavendish was not laid, as is commonly understood, in an attendance upon Cardinal Wolsey, and in certain favourable circumstances connected with that service. The inquiry, even

in all its bearings, like many other literary inquiries, cannot be considered as of very high importance. The writer will not however affect to insinuate that he considers it as of no consequence. In works so universally consulted as the Biographia and the Peerages, it is desirable that no errors of any magnitude should remain undetected and unexposed. Error begets error, and truth begets truth: nor can any one say how much larger in both cases may be the offspring than the sire. I do not indeed scruple to acknowledge, that, though not without a relish for inquiries which embrace objects of far greater magnitude, and a disposition justly to appreciate their value, I should be thankful to the man who should remove my uncertainty, as to whose countenance was concealed by the *Masque de Fer*, or would tell me whether Richard was the hunch-backed tyrant, and Harry "the nimble-footed mad-cap" exhibited by our great dramatist; whether Charles wrote the Εικων Βασιλικη, and Lady Packington "The whole Duty of Man." Not that I would place this humble disquisition on a level with the inquiries which have been instituted and so learnedly conducted into these several questions. In one material point, however, even this disquisition may challenge

an equality with them. There is a much nearer approach made to *certainty* than in the discussions of any of the abovementioned so much greater questions.

There are amongst readers of books some persons whose minds being every moment occupied in the contemplation of objects of the highest importance, look down with contempt upon the naturalist at his *leucophræ*, the critic at his μεν and δε work, the astronomer at his *nebulæ*, and the toiling antiquary at every thing. One word to these gentlemen before we part. To them may be recommended the words of a writer of our own day, a man of an enlarged and highly cultivated mind:—

"He who determines with certainty a single species of the minutest moss, or meanest insect, adds so far to the general stock of human knowledge, which is more than can be said of many a celebrated name. No one can tell of what importance that simple fact may be to future ages: and when we consider how many millions of our fellow-creatures pass through life without furnishing a single atom to augment that stock, we shall learn to think with more respect of those who do."

THE END.

METRICAL VISIONS.

BY

GEORGE CAVENDISH.

CONCERNING

THE FORTUNES AND FALL

OF THE

MOST EMINENT PERSONS OF HIS TIME.

NOW FIRST PRINTED

FROM THE

ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT.

VOL.

PROLOUG DE L' AUCTOR G. C.

In the monyth of June, I lyeng sole alon
Under the umber[1] of an oke with bowes pendant,
Whan Phebus in Gemynys had his course overgon
And entered Cancer, a sygne retrogradant,
In a mean measure his beams radyant,
Approaching Leo, than mused I in mynd
Of fykkellness of Fortune and the course of kynd[2];

How some are by fortune exalted to riches,
And often such as most unworthy be;
And some oppresed in langor and sykness,
Some wayling, lakkyng welthe, by wretched povertie;
Some in bayle and bondage, and some at libertie:
With other moo gystes[3] of fortune varyable;
Some pleasant, some mean, and some onprofitable.

---

[1] *umber*, i. e. shade, *ombre*, Fr.

[2] *kynd*, is *nature*.

[3] *gystes*, or *gests*, are *actions*.

But after dewe serche and better advisement,
I knewe by Reason that oonly God above
Rewlithe thos thyngs, as is most convenyent,
The same devysing to man for his behove[4]:
Wherefore Dame Reason did me persuade, and move
To be content with my small estate,
And in this matter no more to vestigate.

Whan I had debated all thyng in my mynd,
I well considered myne obscure blyndnes;
So that non excuse could I see or fynd,
But that my tyme I spent in idelnes;
For this me thought, and trew it is doughtles,
That since I ame a reasonable creature,
I owght my reason and wytt to put in ure[5].

Than of what matter myght I devise to wright,
To use my tyme and wytte to excercyse,
Sithe most men have no pleasour or delight

---

[4] For his *behove*, for his *behoof* or *advantage*.

[5] To put in *ure*, i. e. to put in *use*. Thus in Ferrex and Porrex, by Sackville:

And wisdome willed me without protract
In speedie wise to put the same in *ure*.

In any history, without it sownd to vice:
Alass! shold I than, that ame not young attise
With lewed ballatts, faynt harts to synne,
Or flatter estatts[6] some favor of them to wynne.

What than shall I wright? the noble doughtyness
Of estatts that used is now a dayes?
I shall than lak matter; for gredy covetousnes
Of vayne riches, which hathe stopt all the wayes
Of worthy chyvallry, that now dayly sore dekayes:
And yet thoughe some behave them nobly,
Yet some ther be that dayly doth the contrarye.

For some lovyth meat fynne and delicious,
And some baudye[7] brothes, as their educasion hath be;
So some lovethe virtue, and some tales vicious:
Sewerly suche tales (get ye non of me,
But to eschewe all ociosite
Of Fortune's fykellnes) hereafter shall I wright,
How greatest estatts she overthrowyth by myght.

---

[6] *estatts*, i. e. nobles, persons of rank or great estate.

[7] This word was used by our ancestors to signify any thing *greasy* or *filthy*; the revolutions of language have at length confined it to one only of its ancient acceptations, that of *obscenity*.

Thoughe I onworthe this tragedy do begyne,
Of pardon I pray the reders in meke wyse;
And to correct where they se fault therein,
Reputing it for lak of connyng exercyse.
The cause that moved me to this enterprise
Especyally was that all estatts myght see
What it is to trust to Fortune's mutabylitie.

With pen and ynke I toke this work in hand,
Redy to wright the deadly dole and whofull playnt
Of them whose fall the world doth understand;
Which for feare made my heart to faynt:
I must wright playn; colours have I none to paynt;
But termes rude their dolours to compile;
An wofull plaint must have an wofull style.

To whome therefore for helpe shall I nowe call?
Alas! Caliope my calling will utterly refuse;
For mornyng dities and woo of Fortune's falle
Caliope dyd never in hir dyties use;
Wherefore to hir I might my self abuse:
Also the Musis that on Parnasus syng
Suche warblyng dole did never temper stryng.

Now to that Lord whose power is celestiall,
And gwydyth all thyng of sadnes and of blysse,
With humble voyce to the I crie and call,
That thou wouldest direct my sely[8] pen in this:
For, wantyng of thy helpe, no marvel thoughe I mysse;
And by thy grace, though my style be rude,
In sentence playne I may full well conclude.

Nowe by thy helpe this hystory I will begyn,
And from theffect varie nothing at all;
For if I shold, it ware to me great synne
To take uppon me a matter so substancyall,
So waytie, so necessarie, of fame perpetuall:
And thus to be short, oon began to speke
With deadly voyce, as thoughe his hart wold breke.

FINIS QUOD G. C.

[8] *sely*, i. e. *simple*.

LE HISTORYE.

CARDINALIS EBORACENSIS.

O FORTUNE! (quod he) shold I on the complayn,
Or of my negligence, that I susteyn this smart?
Thy doble visage hathe led me to this trayn;
For at my begynnyng thou dydst ay take my part,
Untill ambysion had puffed up my hart
With vainglory, honor, and usurped dignytie,
Forgettyng cleane my naturall mendycitie.

From povertie to plentie, which now I see is vayn,
A cardinal I was, and legate de latere,
A byshope, and archbysshope, the more to crease my gayn
Chauncellor of Englond, Fortune by hir false flatterie
Dyd me advance, and gavé me suche auctorytie
That of hyghe and low I toke on me the charge,
All England to rewle, my power extendyd large.

Whan Fortuné with favor had set me thus aloft,
I gathered me riches; suffisance could not content;
My fare was superfluous, my bed was fyne and soft;
To have my desiers I past not what I spent:
In yerthe, such abondaunce Fortune had me lent,
Yt was not in the world that I could well requier,
But Fortune strayt wayes did graunt me my desier.

My byldyngs sòmptious, the roffes with gold and byse[1]
Shone lyke the sone in myd day spere,
Craftely entaylled[2] as connyng could devise,
With images embossed, most lively did appere;
Expertest artificers that ware both farre and nere,
To beautyfie my howssys, I had them at my will:
Thus I wanted nought my pleasures to fullfill.

My galleries ware fayer; both large and long
To walke in them whan that it lyked me best;
My gardens sweet, enclosed with walles strong,
Enbanked with benches to sytt and take my rest:

---

[1] *gold and byse,* is gold and *purple.*

[2] *entaylled,* i. e. carved, vide vol. i. p. 233.

The knotts so enknotted, it cannot be exprest[3],
With arbors and alyes so pleasaunt and so dulce,
The pestylent ayers with flavors to repulse.

My chambers garnysht with arras fynne,
Importyng personages of the lyvelyest kynd:
And whan I was disposed in them to dynne,
My clothe of estate there ready did I fynd,
Furnysshed complett according to my mynd;
The subtyll perfumes of muske and sweet amber,
There wanted non to perfume all my chamber.

Plate of all sorts most curiously wrought,
Of facions new, I past not of[4] the old,
No vessell but sylver before me was brought,
Full of dayntes vyands, the some cannot be told;
I dranke my wynne alwayes in sylver and in gold:
And daylye to serve me, attendyng on my table,
Servaunts I had bothe worshipfull and honorable.

[3] This is no uninteresting picture of the seclusion desired by our ancestors in the old geometric style of gardening. Of this curious knot-garden of Wolsey the remains are still to be seen at Hampton Court, the maze there forming part of it.

[4] *I past not of*, i. e. I cared not for.

My crosses twayne of sylver long and greate,
That dayly byfore me ware carried hyghe,
Upon great horses, opynly in the strete,
And massie pillars gloriouse to the eye,
With pollaxes gylt, that no man durst come nyghe
My presence, I was so pryncely to behold,
Ridyng on my mule trapped in sylver and in gold.

My legantyne prerogatyve was myche to myn avayle,
By vertue whereof I had thys high preemynence:
All vacant benefices I did them strayt retaylle,
Presentyng than my clarke, as sone as I had intelly-
gence:
I prevented the patron, ther vaylled[5] no resistence;
All bysshopes and prelates durst not oons denay,
They doughted so my power, they myght not dysobey.

Thus may you see how I to riches did attayne,
And with suffisaunce my mynd was not content;
Whan I had most, I rathest[6] wold complayne;
For lake of good, alas! how I was blent[7]!
Where shall my gatheryngs and good be spent?

---

[5] *vaylled*, availed. [6] *rathest*, i. e. soonest. [7] *blent*, i. e. *blind*.

Some oon, perchance, shall me thereof dyscharge,
Whom I most hate, and spend it owt at large[8].

Sytting in Jugement, parcyall ware my doomes;
I spared non estatte, of hyghe or low degree;
I preferred whom me lyst, exaltyng symple gromes
Above the nobles; I spared myche the spritualtie,
Not passyng myche on the temperaltie;
Promotyng such to so hyghe estate
As unto prynces wold boldly say chek-mate.

Oon to subdewe that did me always favor,
And in that place another to avaunce,
Ayenst all trewthe, I did my busy labor,
And, whilest I was workyng witty whiles in Fraunce,
I was at home supplanted, where I thought most assuraunce:
Thus who by fraud fraudelent is found,
Fraud to the defrauder will aye rebound.

---

[8] This is a version of the concluding passage of the Life of the Cardinal.

Who workyth fraude often is disceyved;
As in a myrror, ye may behold in me;
For by disceyt, or I had it perceyved,
I was disceyved: a guerdon mete parde
For hyme that wold, ayenst all equite,
Dysceyve the innocent, that innocent was in deede;
Therefore Justice of Justice ayenst me must proceede.

For by my subtill dealyng thus it came to passe,
Cheafely disdayned, for whome I toke the payn;
And than to repent it was to late, alas!
My purpose I wold than have changed fayn;
But it wold not be, I was perceived playn:
Thus Venus the goddesse that called is of love
Spared not with spight to bryng me from above.

Alas! my soverayn Lord, thou didest me avaunce,
And settest me uppe in thys great pompe and pryde,
And gavest to me thy realme in governaunce;
Thy pryncely will why did I set aside,
And followed myn own, consideryng not the tyde,
How after a floode an ebbe comyth on a pace?
That to consider, in my tryhumphe I lakked grace.

Now fykkell Fortune torned hathe hir whele,
Or I it wyst[9], all sodenly, and down she did me cast;
Down was my hed, and upward went my hele,
My hold faylled me that I thought suer and fast:
I se by experience, hir favor doth not last;
For she full low now hath brought me under,
Though I on hir complayn, alas! it is no wonder.

I lost myne honor; my treasure was me beraft;
Fayn to avoyd, and quykly to geve place,
Symply to depart, for me nothing was laft,
Without penny or pound I lived a certyn space,
Untill my soverayn Lord extendyd to me his grace;
Who restored me sufficient, if I had byn content
To mayntayn myn estate, both of lond and rent.

Yet, notwithstanding, my corage was so hault,
Dispight of mine enemyes rubbed me on the gall,
Who conspyred together to take me with asault;
They travelled without triall to geve me a fall:
I therefore entendyd to trie my frends all;
To forrayn potentates wrott my letters playn,
Desireng their ayd, to restore me to favor againe.

[9] *wyst*, i. e. knew.

Myn ennemyes, perceiving, caught thereof dysdayn,
Doughtyng the daynger, dreamed on the dought;
In councell consulting, my sewte to restrayn,
Accused me of treason, and brought it so about
That, travelling to my trial, or I could trie it owte,
Death with his dart strake me for the nons[10],
In Leicester, full lowe, where nowe lyeth my boons.

Loo, nowe you may see what it is to trust
In worldly vanyties that voydyth with the wynd;
For death in a moment consumeth all to dust:
No honor, no glory, that ever man cowld fynd,
But Tyme with hys tyme puttythe all out of mynd;
For Tyme in breafe tyme duskyth the hystory
Of them that long tyme lyved in glory.

Where is my tombe that I made for the nons,
Wrought of fynne copper, that cost many a pound,
To couche in my carion and my rotten boons?
All is but vayn-glory, now have I found,
And small to the purpose, when I am in the ground;
What doth it avaylle me, all that I have,
Seyng I ame deade and layed in my grave?

---

[10] for the *nons*, or *nonce*, for the *purpose*.

Farewell Hampton Court, whos founder I was;
Farewell Westminster Place, now a palace royall;
Farewell the Moore, let Tynnynainger[11] passe;
Farewell, in Oxford, my college cardynall;
Farewell, in Ipsewich, my schole gramaticall:
Yet oons farewell, I say, I shall you never see;
Your somptious byldyng, what now avayllethe me?

What avayllyth my great aboundance?
What is nowe left to helpe me in this case?
Nothing at all but dompe in the daunce,
Among deade men to tryppe on the trace;
And for my gay housis now have I this place
To lay in my karcas, wrapt in a sheete,
Knytt with a knott at my hed and my feete.

What avayleth now my feather bedds soft,
Sheets of Raynes[12], long, large, and wide,
And dyvers devyses of clothes chaynged oft;

---

[11] This is *Tittenhanger*, in Hertfordshire, which Wolsey held as Abbot of St. Albans: there was formerly a palace belonging to the Abbots of St. Albans there. The Moore was also in Hertfordshire.

[12] Sheets of *Raynes*. The fine linen used by our ancestors is frequently called cloth of *Raynes*. Rennes in Brittanny was for-

Or vicious chapleyns walking by my syde,
Voyde of all vertue, fullfilled with pryde,
Which hathe caused me, by report of suche fame,
For ther myslyvyng to have an yll name.

This is my last complaynt, I can say you no more,
But farewell my servant that faythefull hathe be;
Note well these words, quod he, I pray the therfore,
And wright them thus playn, as I have told them the,
All which is trewe, thou knowest well, parde;
Thou faylledst me not, untill that I dyed,
And now I must depart, I maye no longer byde!

FINIS.

---

merly celebrated for its manufacture of fine linen. In the enumeration of the cardinal's treasures at Hampton Court, many pieces of cloth of Raynes are mentioned. In the Old Phrase Book, entitled Vulgaria, by W. Horman, 1519, is the following passage. "He weareth a shurte of *Raynis* whan curser wold serve him."

TH'AUCTOR G. C.

WHEN he his tale had told, thus in sentence,
His dolorous playnt strake me to the hart;
Pytie also moved me to bewayll his offence,
And with hyme to weepe, when I did advert
In his adversite, howe I did not depart
Tyll mortal death had gevyn him his wound,
With whom I was present, and layed hyme in the ground.

When I had wepte, and lamentyd my fyll,
With reason persuaded, to hold me content,
I espied certyn persons comyng me tyll[1]
Strangely disgwysed, that greatly did lament,
And as me seemed, this was ther intent,
On fortune to complayn, their cause was not slender,
And me to requier their fall to remember.

[1] *comyng me tyll*, i. e. coming toward me.

VISCOUNT ROCHEFORD.

ALAS! quod the first, with a full hevy chere,
And countenance sad, piteous, and lamentable,
George Bulleyn I ame, that now doth appere;
Some tyme of Rocheford Viscount honorable,
And now a vile wretch, most myserable,
That ame constrayned with dole in my visage,
Even to resemble a very deadly image.

God gave me grace, dame Nature did hir part,
Endewed me with gyfts of natural qualities:
Dame Eloquence also taughte me the arte
In meter and verse to make pleasaunt dities[2],
And fortune preferred me to high dignyties
In such abondance, that combred was my witt,
To render God thanks that gave me eche whitt.

---

[2] Dame Eloquence also taught me the arte
In meter and verse to make pleasaunt dities.

The unfortunate brother of Queen Anne Boleyn, was distinguished not only for the beauty of his person, but for the qualities of his mind: several of his poems are supposed to be published along with those of his distinguished friends the Earl of Surrey

It hath not been knowen nor seldome seen,
That any of my yeres byfore this day
Into the privy councell preferred hath been:
My soverayn lord in his chamber did me assay,
Or yeres thryes nine my life had past away;
A rare thing suer seldom or never hard,
So yong a man so highly to be preferrd.

---

and Sir Thomas Wiat, in Tottel's Miscellany of Songs and Sonnettes, 1568. One only has been pointed out, but that is of eminent beauty; beginning—

My lute, awake, perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste.

which may be found in Ellis's Specimens and other Miscellanies of Ancient Poetry. He is thus mentioned in a copy of verses by Richard Smith, prefixed to George Gascoigne's Poetical Works:

——Rochford clamb the stately throne
Which muses hold in Helicon.

This accomplished nobleman is represented as being the idol of the ladies in Henry's court. No greater blot perhaps is to be found, in the blood-stained annals of that capricious and self-willed tyrant, than the death of this nobleman and his sister. He was beheaded two days before the Queen, on the 17th of May, 1536, upon bare and unjust suspicion of criminal intimacy with her. Cavendish, like a devout catholic, thinks his fate not unmerited, and hints obscurely at the cause for which he suffered: the predilection which Anne Boleyn showed for the doctrines of the Reformation has caused him to treat her and those connected with her fate as criminals justly deserving punishment.

In this my welthe I had God clean forgot,
And my sensuall apetyte I did always ensewe,
Esteming in my self the thyng that I had not,
Sufficient grace this chaunce for to eschewe,
The contrary, I perceyve, causithe me now to rewe;
My folly was such that vertue I set asyde,
And forsoke God that should have been my gwyde.

My lyfe not chaste, my lyvyng bestyall;
I forced wydowes, maydens I did deflower.
All was oon to me, I spared none at all,
My appetite was all women to devoure,
My study was both day and hower,
My onleafull lechery how I might it fulfill,
Sparyng no woman to have on hyr my wyll.

Allthoughe I before hathe both seene and rede
The word of God and scriptures of auctoritie,
Yet could not I resist this onlefull deede,
Nor dreade the domes of God in my prosperitie;
Let myn estatte, therefore, a myrror to you be,
And in your mynd my dolors comprehend
For myne offences how God hath made dissend.

Se how fortune can alter and change hir tyde,
That to me but late could be so good and favorable,
And at this present to frowne and set me thus aside,
Which thoughte hyr whele to stand both firme and stable,
Now have I found hyr very froward and mutable;
Where she was frendly now she is at discord,
As by experience of me Viscount Rocheford.

For where God list to punysh a man of right,
By mortal sword, farewell all resistence;
When grace faylyth, honor hath no force or myght,
Of nobilitie also it defacyth the high preeminence,
And changythe their power to feeble impotence;
Than tornyth fortune hyr whele most spedely
Example take of me for my lewde avoultrie.

All noblemen, therefore, with stedfast hart entyer,
Lyft up your corages, and think this is no fable;
Thoughe ye sit high, conceive yt in your chere,
That no worldly prynce in yerthe is perdurable;
And since that ye be of nature reasonable,
Remember in your welthe, as thyng most necessary,
That all standythe on fortune when she listeth to vary.

Alas! to declare my life in every effect,
Shame restraynyth me the playnes to confess,
Lest the abhomynation wold all the world enfect:
Yt is so vile, so detestable in words to expresse,
For which by the lawe condempned I am doughtlesse,
And for my desert, justly juged to be deade;
Behold here my body, but I have lost my hed.

TH'AUCTOR G. C.

ANOTHER was there redy to complayne
Of his evyll chaunce, crying owt, alas!
And said of all grace, no man more barayn
Than he was, that in his time so happie was,
And now onhappie fortune hath brought to passe;
That where most happiest he was but of late,
Now most onhappiest fortune hath torned hir date.

NORRES[1].

WITH welthe, worshipe, and houge aboundaunce,
My soverayn lord extendyd his benygnytie:
To be grome of his stoole he did me avaunce,
Of all his privie chamber I had the soverayntie;
Offices and romes he gave me great plentie:

---

[1] Henry Norris was groom of the stole to the king; Weston and Brereton were of the king's privy chamber; as was also Mark Smeeton, though of inferior rank, being a musician. These unfortunate men were fixed upon as having most of the queen's countenance and favour. The three first were men of family, and no

Horsys, hawks, and hounds, I had of eche sort,
I wanted nothing that was for my disport.

Of welthy life I dought it never a wytt,
Thou knewest well I had, and thercof no man more,
All things of pleasure unto my fantzie fitt,
Till ambyssion blyndyd me that I forthinke sore,
From the midst of the streme dryvyn to the shore;
From welthe I say, alas! to wretchedness and waylyng,
For my mysdemenor to God and to the kyng.

My chaunce was such I had all thyng at wyll,
And in my welthe I was to hym onkynd,
That thus to me did all my mynd fulfyll,
All his benyvolence was clean owt of mynd:
Oh, alas! alas! in my hart how cowld I fynd
Ayenst my soverayn so secretly to conspier,
That so gently gave me all that I desier.

---

menaces or hopes of pardon could prevail on them to criminate their gracious mistress: Smeeton was induced, by promises of favour, to confess that he had been criminally familiar with her; but, from the circumstance of his having never been confronted with the queen, and the measures used to prevail on him to confess, renders his testimony more than suspicious.

His most noble hart lamented so my chaunce,
That of his clemency he granted me my lyfe,
In case I wold, without dissimulaunce,
The trouthe declare of his onchaste wyfe,
The spotted queen, causer of all his stryfe[2];
But I most obstynate, with hart as hard as stone,
Denyed his grace, good cause therefore to mone.

To sighe, to sobbe, it ware but wast;
To weep, to waylle, or to lament,
Yt will not prevayle; the tyme is past:
Alas! in tyme why did I not prevent
The rage and fury of fortunes male intent?
But then I did as now all other do,
In tyme of welthe let all these thoughts goo.

---

[2] Sir William Kingston, Lieutenant of the Tower, in a letter to Cromwell, cited by Strype, vol. i. p. 281, says, Mrs. Cosins, a gentlewoman appointed to wait upon the queen here, and that lay on her palate bed, said, that Norris did say on Saturday last unto the queen's amner, that he would swear for the queen that she was a good woman. And then the said gentlewoman added, speaking to the queen, (as minding to inquire of her concerning the occasion of her present trouble), Madam, why should there be any such matters spoken of? Marry, said the queen, I bade him do so; for I asked him why he did not go through with his marriage? and he made answer, that he would tarry a time. Then said she, you look for dead men's shoes; for if aught should come to the king

Who is more willfull than he that is in welthe?
Who is more folishe than he that shold be wyse?
Who syknes soner doth forget than he that hath his helthe?
Or who is more blynd than he that hath two eyes?
Who hath most welthe doth fortune most dispise;
Even so dyd I for whant of Goddis grace:
What now remayneth but sorrow in thys case?

---

but good, you would look to have me. Then he said—if he should have any such thought, he would have his head cut off. And then she said—she could undo him if she would. And therewith they fell out.

Such were the means resorted to, to obtain from the queen's own mouth some unguarded words which might appear like a criminations of herself. But her solemn protestations of innocence, under the most awful circumstances, should surely have more weight than the slight and very suspicious evidence, if evidence it may be called, against her.

I have elsewhere remarked upon the prejudices of Cavendish, who, in common with other good Catholics, saw nothing but the most criminal propensities in one who was heretically inclined and a favourer of heretics. One of the strongest circumstances in favour of the innocence of the queen, is that of Henry having offered Sir Henry Norris, for whom he appears to have had some affection, a free pardon if he would confess what he knew to criminate her; to which Norris replied, that he believed the queen innocent, and knew of nothing which he could lay to her charge.—*Godwin's Annals, p.* 58.

Sometyme in trust, and now a traytor found;
Sometyme full nighe, but now I stand afarre;
Sometyme at libertie, and now in prison bound;
Sometyme in office, and now led to the barre:
The rigor of the lawe justice will not deferre,
But for myn offences syth needs that I must die;
Farewell my frends, loo helplesse here I lye.

TH'AUCTOR G. C.

NEXT hyme followed an other that was of that band,
With teares bespraynt[1], and color pale as lead,
Yt was Weston the wanton, ye shall understand,
That wantonly lyved without feare or dreade;
For wyll without wytt did ay his brydell leade,
Followyng his fantzy and his wanton lust,
Having of mysfortune no maner mystrust.

WESTON[2].

FORTUNE (quod he) not so, but not fearyng God above,
Which knowyth the depthe of every man's mynd,
Whom I forgot to serve in dread and in love
By wanton wyll, for that I was so blynd,
Which caused my welthe full soon to outwynd;

---

[1] *bespraynt*, or besprent; *besprinkled.*

[2] From a letter of Sir William Kingston's to Cromwell, cited by Lord Herbert, Burnet, and Strype, it appears that the queen was more apprehensive of Sir Francis Weston than of any other person, because he had once said to her "that Norris came more to her chamber upon her account than for any body else that was

And cheafe of all, and most to be abhord,
For my unkyndnes ayenst my soverayn lord.

Beyng but young, and skant out of the shell,
I was dayntely noryshed under the king's wyng,
Who highly favored me and loved me so well
That I had all my will and lust in every thyng,
Myndyng nothing lesse than chaunce of my endyng;
And for my dethe that present is nowe here,
I looked not for, this fyvetie or threscore yere.

My lust and my wyll ware knytt in alyaunce,
And my wyll folowed lust in all his desier;
When lust was lusty, wyll did hyme advaunce
To tangle me with lust where my lust did requier:
Thus wyll and hot lust kyndeled me the fier
Of filthy concupicence, my youth yet but grean
Spared not, my lust presumed to the queene.

---

there;" and not as he pretended, to woo Madge, one of her maids. And when upon another occasion she had spoken with Weston, reproving him for appearing to love a kinswoman of hers (Mrs. Skelton) more than his own wife; he answered her, "that there were women in the house that he loved better than them both:" and the queen inquiring who that might be, he answered, "It is yourself;" upon which she defied him in scorn and displeasure, as reflecting upon her honour.

And for my lewd lust my will is now shent[3],
By whom I was ruled in every motion,
Now wyll and lust makyth me sore to repent;
That wyll was my gwyd, and not sad[4] discression,
Therefore agenst wyll I ame brought to correction;
Who folowyth lust his will to obeye
May chaunce to repent, as I do this day.

Lust then gave cause why will did consent
Willfully to rage, where wytt shold restrayn
So highly to presume; to furnyshe his intent
Will was to sawcy, and wold not refrayn,
Havyng no regard to pryncely disdayn;
Wherefore by Justice now hither am I led
To satisfie the cryme with the losse of my hed.

---

[3] *shent*, i. e. punished. [4] *sad*, grave, sober.

TH'AUCTOR G. C.

THEN appeared an other his chaunce to declare,
And sayd, that fortune hathe gevyn hyme a fall,
Which sowced hyme in sorrowe, and combred hyme with kare;
Yt avayllyth hyme nothyng to crye and to call,
For frends hathe he none, their helpe is but small
To socoure hyme nowe: loo, what it is to trust
To fykkyll fortune when she dothe chaynge her lust.

BREERTON[1].

BUT late I was in welthe[2], the world can it record,
Floryshyng in favor, freshly beseen,
Gentilman of the chamber with my soverayn lord,

---

[1] William Brereton, Esq. one of the gentlemen of the king's privy chamber.

[2] *welthe*, i. e. weal, or prosperity.

Tyll fortune onwares hath disceyved me clean,
Which pynchethe my hart, and rubbyth me on the splene
To thynk on my fall; remembryng myn estate
Renewyth my sorowe, my repentance comyth to late.

Furnished with romes[3] I was by the kyng,
The best I ame sewer he had in my contrie;
Steward of the Holt, a rome of great wynnyng
In the marches of Wales, the which he gave to me,
Where of tall men I had sewer great plentie
The kyng for to serve, both in town and feld,
Redely furnyshed with horse, spere, and sheld.

God of his justice, forseyng my malice,
For my busy rigor wold punyshe me of right
Mynestred unto Eton[4], by color of justice:
A shame to speke, more shame it is to wright;
A gentilman born, that thorowghe my myght
So shamefully was hanged upon a gallowe-tree,
Oonly of old rankor that roted was in me.

---

[3] *romes*, i. e. places.

[4] Who this *Eton* was, and for what cause he was hanged I have not elsewhere found any mention.

Now the lawe hath taught me justice to know,
By dyvyn dome, Goddis wordes to be trewe,
Who strykythe with the sword the sword will over-
throwe;
No man shall be able the danger to eschewe;
Thexperience in me shall give you a vewe,
That rigor by rigor hath quit me my mede,
For the rigor of justice dothe cause me to blede.

Loo, here is th'end of murder and tyranny!
Loo, here is th'end of envious affeccion!
Loo, here is th'end of false conspiracy!
Loo, here is th'end of false detection
Don to the innocent by cruel correccion!
Althoughe in office I thought myself strong,
Yet here is myn end for mynestryng wrong.

TH'AUCTOR G. C.

THAN came another, which had lyttil joye,
Sayeng, that some tyme I did hyme knowe
In the cardinal's chapleyn a syngyng boy,
Who humbly requered me, and lowted[1] full lowe
To wright his dekay, as last of this rowe;
And that his desier I wold not refuse,
For, by his confession, he dyd them all accuse.

MARKE AL̃S. SMETON[2].

MY father a carpenter, and labored with his hand,
With the swett of his face he purchast his lyvyng,
For small was his rent, much lesse was his land;

---

[1] *lowted*, i. e. bowed, from the Saxon Hlutan, to bend. Thus Spenser:

"Tho, to him *lowting lowly*, did begin,
To plaine of wrongs which had committed bin."

[2] It appears that Smeeton after his confession was put into irons when in the Tower, an indignity not offered to the other prisoners. The queen being told of this said it was because he was no gentleman; she added, "He was never at my chamber but

My mother in cottage used dayly spynnyng;
Loo, in what mysery was my begynnyng,
Till that gentil prynce, kyng of this realme,
Toke me de stercore et origens pauperem.

And beyng but a boy, clame uppe the hygh stage,
That bred was of naught, and brought to felicite,
Knew not myself, waxt proud in my corage,
Dysdayned my father, and wold not hyme se;
Wherfore nowe Fortune by hir mutabilitie

---

when the king was last at Winchester, and then I sent for him to play on the virginals; for there my lodging was above the king's; and I never spake with him since, but upon Saturday before May-day, and then I found him standing in the round window in my chamber of presence; and I asked him why he was so sad? And he answered and said it was no matter. And then I said, You may not look to have me speak to you as I would do to a noble man, because ye be an inferior person. No, no, said he, a look sufficeth me; and thus fare you well." Strype observes, that this shows him to have been a haughty person, who thought the queen gave him not respect enough, and so might take this opportunity to humble her, and revenge himself by this means on her, not thinking it would cost him his own life. Grafton relates that Smeeton "was provoked thereunto by the Lord Admirall (Fitz-williams) that was after Erle of Southhampton, who said unto him, Subscribe Markes (meaning to a confession, criminating himself, the queen, and others), and see what will come of it." Smeeton on account of his inferior rank was hanged, the others were be-headed.

Hathe made so cruelly hir power for to stretch,
For my presumption, to dye lyke a wretch.

Loo, what it is, frayle youth to advance
And to set hyme uppe in welthy estate,
Or[3] sad discression had hym in governance
To brydell his lust, which now comes to late;
And thoughe by great favor I lease but my pate,
Yet deserved have I cruelly to be martred,
As I ame juged to be hanged, drawn, and quartred.

---

[3] *Or*, i. e. before.

TH'AUCTOR G. C.

In the myddys of my labor intendyng to take rest,
Beyng fortossed[1] in this my long travayl,
Disposed to pawse, I made me therto prest[2];
But as I sat musyng on Fortune so frayl,
A lady I saw sobbyng, that happe made to wayl,
Wryngyng of her hands, hir voyce she owt brayd,
Complaynyng on Fortune, thes words to me she sayd.

QUEENE ANNE.

Alas, wretched woman, what shall I do or say?
And why, alas, was I borne this woo to susteyn?
Oh how infortunat I ame at this day,
That raygned in joy, and now in endles payn,
The world universal hathe me in disdayn;
The slander of my name woll aye be grean,
And called of eche man the most vicious quene.

---

[1] *fortossed*, i. e. disquieted. [2] *prest*, is ready; prêt, Fr.

What nedythe me my name for to reherce,
For my fall, I thynk, is yet freshe in the mynd;
I dread my faults shall thy paper perce,
That thus have lyved and byn to God onkynd;
Vices preferryng, settyng vertue behynd,
Hatfull to God, to most men contrarye,
Spotted with pride, viciousnes, and cruelty.

Oh sorrowfull woman, my body and my soule
Shall ever be burdened with slander detestable!
Fame in her register my defame woll enroll,
And to race owt the same no man shall be able,
My lyfe of late hathe byn so abhomynable;
Therfor my frayltie I may both curse and ban,
Whissyng to God I had never known man.

Who was more happier, if I had byn gracious,
Than I of late, and had moore my wyll,
For my soverayn lord of me was so amorous
That all my desiers he gladly did fulfyll;
My hosbond and soverayn thought in me no ill,
He loved me so well, havyng in me great trust:
I turned trust to treason, and he chayngd all his lust.

The noblest prynce that raygned on the ground
I had to my hosbond, he toke me to hys wyfe;
At home with my father a maiden he me found,
And for my sake of pryncely prerogatyfe:
To an erle he advanced my father in his lyfe,
And preferred all them that ware of my bloode;
The most willyngest prynce to do them all good.

Whan Fortune had displayed abrode my freshe sayle,
Also had arryved me in the most joyfull port,
I thoughte that Fortune wold me never fayle,
She was so redy to avance all to my comfort;
But nowe, alas, she is as redy my vice to transport,
Changyng my joy to great indignacion,
Leavyng me in the stormes of depe desperacion.

I may be compared in every circumstance
To Athalia that destroyed Davythes lynne,
Spared not the blood by cruel vengeance
Of Goddis prophets, but brought them to rewyn:
Murder askyth murder, by murder she did fynd,
So in lyke wyse resystyng my quarell
How many have dyed and ended parell.

I was the auctor why lawes ware made
For speking ayenst me, to daynger the innocent;
And with great othes I found owt the trade
To burden mens concyence: thus I did invent
My sede to advance; it was my full intent
Lynnyally to succeed in this Emperial crown:
But howe sone hath God brought my purpose down!

Who that woll presume a purpose to achyve
Without Goddis helpe their matters for to frame,
At thend they shall but skarsly thryve,
And for ther enterprice receyve great blame
At Goddis hands, presumyng to the same
Thexperyence in me, wantyng Goddis ayd,
Wold mount aloft: how sone ame I dekayd!

Yt had byn better for myn assuraunce
To have led my lyfe in meke simplyssitie,
Owt of all daynger of Fortune's dissemblaunce,
Usyng my lyfe in wyfely chastitie
As other women, regardyng myn honestie;
Oh how myche prayse is gevyn to thos
That wold in no case ther chastitie loos.

But well away, evermore the spott
Of my default shall, aye, spryng and be grean;
For who, alas, can bear a greater blott
Than of such lyfe to bear the name onclean?
My epitaphe shall be,—"The vicious quene
Lyethe here, of late that justly lost hir hed,
Bycause that she did spott the kyngis bed."

But God that dyd abhorre this lothesome deade,
For that I was a quene and lyved not chast
Hathe spotted me, alas, and all my sede;
Oon for a pledge, here left behynd for bast[3]:
Thus after swete sawce folowd an egere[4] tast,
A payment fyt, full well as it apperes
Dewe unto me for myn onjust desiers.

How happy art thou, quene Jane (the kyng's next wyfe),
Whos fame from ferre dayly doth rebound
For usyng of thy chast and sober lyfe;

---

[3] *bast*, i. e. based, bastard, or illegitimate.

[4] *egere*, i. e. eager, sour, from *Aigre*. Fr.

Allthoughe thou art deade and layed in the ground,
Yet deathe wantithe power thy fame to confound;
For of thy chast sides perpetually to record
Sprong Kyng Edward, that swete and loyal lord.

O lady most excellent, by vertue stellefied,
Assendyng the hevyns, where thou raynest aye,
Among the goddes eternal, there to be deified,
Perpetually to endure unto the last day;
And I, most wretched, what shall I do or saye?
But humbly beseche the, O Lord, for thy passion,
That my worthy deathe may be my crymes purgacion[5].

---

[5] "That my worthy deathe may be my crymes purgacion."

The marriage of Henry with Anne Bullen having led to the separation of this kingdom from the See of Rome, her memory has consequently always been vituperated in all possible ways by every true son of the Catholic Church who has had occasion to advert to it. The unfounded assertions and calumnies of Sanders and others have been propagated and dilated upon without mercy, or commiseration for the frailties of human nature. The Protestant writers have not however been wanting in zeal to defend the queen from all the unjust aspersions upon her character, and have almost considered her as a martyr to the cause of the reformed church. They could not without injustice forget that

Gospel light first dawn'd from Bullen's eyes.

Now must I depart, there is non other boote[6];
Farewell, fayer ladies, farewell, all noble dames,
That sometyme ware obedyent and kneled at my foote,
Eschewe detraction, preserve your honest names,
Geve non occasion a sparke to kyndell flames;
Remember this sentence, that is both old and trewe,
"Who will have no smoke the fier must nedes eschewe."

Whether Anne was unfaithful to her marriage vow or not must now be placed among other historical paradoxes, which are themes of endless discussion, but at the same time the absence of direct and *unsuspicious* evidence of her guilt is favourable to the more charitable conclusion. That she was indiscreet and indulged in familiarities with some of the male attendants upon her person, unbecoming her high station, there can be no doubt; and a bare suspicion once awakened in such a mind as Henry's, added to the strong motive of unbridled passion for another who had taken Anne's place in his affections, will very well account for the unrelenting severity with which he attempted to stamp infamy upon her and her innocent offspring. Cavendish himself tells us that Wolsey said of him, "Rather than miss or want any part of his will or appetite he would put the loss of one half of his kingdom in danger, and that he had often kneeled before him the space of an hour or two to persuade him from his will and appetite, but could never bring to pass to dissuade him therefrom." What was the life of a mistress for whom he had conceived a distaste, or by whom he *suspected* he had been injured, to such a being, especially when opposing an obstacle to the accomplishment of his desires?

[6] There is none other *boote*, i. e. there is no help for it.

Thus Shakspeare in King Richard II. Act I. Scene I.

"Norfolk, throw down; we bid; *there is no boot.*"

Farewell, most gentill kyng; farewell my lovyng make[7];
Farewell the pieussant prynce, flower of all regally,
Farewell most pityfull, and pitie on me take;
Regard my dolorous woo marcyfully with your eye,
Howe for myn offences most mekely here I dye:
Marcy, noble prynce, I crave for myn offence;
The sharped sword hathe made my recompence.

---

[7] *make*, for *mate*.

TH'AUCTOR G. C.

FYNYSHYNG hir dole and woful complaynt,
Concludyng the same with a sorrowfull conclusion,
My hart lamentid by carefull constraynt,
To se fortune conceyve such an occasion,
A quene to overthrow from hir royal mancion;
Havying no respect for hir highe renown,
But from hir estate thus cruelly to throwe down.

Thus beyng astonyed with fortune's mutabilitie,
Who no man favoryth, of hyghe or low estate,
Hir assurance standyth not in any sewer tranquilitie,
But, at a soden blast, she saythe to them chek-mate;
Then hir to resyst, alas! it is to late.
Sytting in this muse, for sorow lakkyng brethe,
A nomber dyd appere that suffred paynes of dethe.

MORS DIVERS. PERSONARUM.

Of parsons lamentable, whome fortune did forsake,
And left them in daynger of deathe and worldly shame,
Whom she before encoraged boldly to undertake,
As traytors, to rebell, deservyng that fowle name;
Ther fame detestable, blowen abrode by fame:
And for as myche as ther offences ware not all of oon effecte,
I leave, therefore, the circumstance, ther name to you detecte.

First I will ther names playn to you resite,
Kepyng non order, but as they come to mynd:
As Lord Hussy, Lord Darcy, and Constable the Knight[1];

---

[1] In June, 1537, the Lord Darcy, the Lord Hussey, Sir Robert Constable, and Sir Thomas Percy suffered for rebellion. Lord Darcy at Tower Hill, Lord Hussey at Lincoln, Sir Robert Constable at Hull, and Sir Thomas Percy, with six others, at Tybourn. These insurrections had their origin in the opposition made to the forced loans called Subsidies.

Lord Hungerford also, that wrought ayenst kynd;
And Lord Leonard Grey[2], accused, as I fynd,
Wrongfully, in Ireland, even of very spight:
God send his accusers as they deserved of right.

Aske of the Northe, ther captayn onkouthe[3];
Bygott and Bulmer, Percy and Nevell,
Lumly the yong, Lord Dacre of the Southe[4];

---

[2] "The Lorde Leonarde Gray being indited of certaine pointes of treason by him committed, as was alledged against him, during the season that hee was the king's lieutenant in Ireland, to witte, for delivering his nephew Geralde Fitz Geralde, brother to Thomas Fitz Geralde, before executed; and also for that hee caused certaine Irishmen to invade the landes of the king's friends, whom he favoured not. He pleaded guilty to the indictment, and was beheaded on Tower Hill the 28th of June, 1541. This nobleman, as he was come of high lineage, so was he a right valiant and hardy personage, having, in his time, doon his prince and country good service, both in Ireland, France, and other places, greatly to his commendation, although now his hap was thus to loose his head." *Stowe.*

[3] *onkouthe*, uncouthe, i. e. *strange.*

[4] Thomas Fines, Lord Dacre, Geo. Roydon, John Frouds, and John Mantell, were hung at Tybourn, for killing one John Busbrig, in a fray, in the park of N. Pelham, Esq. at Laughton, in Sussex. They suffered on the same day with Lord Leonard Gray. Lord Dacre was only four and twenty, and, according to Stowe, "being a right towardly young gentleman, was by manie

And Tempest also, that haynous rebell;
Fortescue, Dyngley, Roydon, Frouds, and Mantell;
Also Carowe and Moore[5], thank nights bothe twayne;
For ther offences whom justice hathe slayn.

Many moo ther ware that stode in a rowte,
Of priests and prelates, a byshop[6] them among,
For old custòmes that than ware sought out;
With weepyng and waylyng they tewned ther song,
For certyn abuses sayd they used long:
To tell you ther names, I cannot at this season,
But let them alone, defamed with treason.

---

sore lamented." Sir John Nevell, and the others before enumerated, suffered about the same time for rebellion. ROBERT ASKE was the leader of this insurrection, and was hung in chains on a tower at York. Sir Francis Bigot and Sir John Bulmer, at Tybourn. Lady Bulmer was burnt in Smithfield.

[5] *Carowe* and *Moore*. Sir Nicholas Carew and Sir Thomas Moore, both beheaded in the reign of Henry VIII. The former was related to Anne Bullen, through their common ancestor Lord Hoo; he suffered on Tower Hill, March 3, 1539, the pains of high treason, for being engaged in a conspiracy (to place Cardinal Pole on the throne), with the Marquis of Exeter, the Lord Montacute, and Sir Edward Neville. A portrait and interesting memoir of Sir N. Carew will be found in Lyson's Environs of London, vol. i. p. 54.

[6] Fisher, Bishop of Rochester.

THE AUCTOR G. C.

ANOTHER there was, of whome I neds must tell:
Cromwell; all men hyme knewe as well as I:
Which in my mynd all others dyd excell
In extort power and insacyat tyrannye.
First advanced to be the kyng's secretarye,
And next set uppe on the toppe of the whele,
Made Erle of Essex and Lord privye seale.

CROMWELL, ERLE OF ESSEX[1].

Than began he to speke: Such was myn adventure
To be placed, quod he, in hyghe dignytie,

---

[1] Cavendish, who saw the rise of his fellow-servant, and has left us a most interesting record of his conversation with him when he posted to the court determined 'to make or mar,' as he expresses it, is not entirely, in the course of his narrative, without some querulous reflections upon the partial distribution of the favours of Fortune. But how must the sad catastrophe of Cromwell's sudden fall from his high eminence have reconciled him to his own more humble course

Wenyng[2] my authoritie ever to endure,
And never to be trobled with non adversitie;
But, I perceyve, with royal egles a kight may not flie;
Allthoughe a jay may chatter in a golden cage,
Yet will the eagles disdayne hys parentage.

I rayned and ruled in hyghe estimacion,
From office to office assendyng the degrees;
First in the privye councell was my foundacion,
And cheife secretary with all vantages and fees:
Than folowed me sewters like a swarme of bees.
Thus began fortune on me for to smyle;
I trusted hir so myche that she dyd me begyle.

---

and happy tranquil retirement? The activity which Cromwell had used in suppressing religious houses and obliterating all remains of catholic superstition, his persecution of all who still clung to the faith of their forefathers, his unceasing endeavours in effecting the great work of the reformation, have rendered him obnoxious to the censure of all writers of the catholic persuasion. We cannot therefore be surprised that Cavendish should accuse him of abusing the laws, and condemning men without trial, of wanting God's grace, or that he should think him only justly dealt with in having the measure he meted to others measured out to himself. This supplement to what he has said of him in the life of the cardinal their master will not be deemed void of interest.

[2] *Wenyng*, i. e. supposing or imagining.

The title of vice-gerent I had in my style,
Governor of the prelacye and of the lawes devyne;
Also master of the rolls I was, in short while;
Thus began my glory to florish and to shyne,
As thoughe fortune wold hir whele to me resigne:
Unto the state of baron she did me than advaunce,
And next to an erle: thus was fortune's chaunce.

In this hyghe estate I myght not long endure,
Fortune did so chaynge hir favorable chere;
She slipte away all sodenly as it hathe byn her ure,
Hir covert countenance dyd than to me appere;
I trusted hir to myche, I bought hir trust to dere;
She promysed me so fayer, that I could not beware
Of hir disceytfull bayte, till I was in hir snare.

To Aman the Agagite I may be compared,
That invented lawes God's people to confound;
And for Mardocheus a galhowsse he prepared,
To hang him theron, if he myght be found,
Which he erected fyvetye cubytts from the ground,
Wheron Mardocheus to hang was all his trust,
Yet was hymself hanged on theme first.

So wrought I, alas! with the lawes of this realme,
Devised a law ayenst the accused,
Condempnyng without answere, or he could understand
The ground of his offence, it myght not be refused;
Thus straytly the lawes my subtill wytt abused:
Therfor, oon of the first, I ame tastyng on the payn;
Such measure I measured is measured me again.

I may therfore conclude, experience hath me taught
All is but vayn that man doth here invent;
Ther worldly wytt God bryngyth oft to naught,
And with ther workes he is not well content.
Behold my deads, than may you se it evydent,
That for my presumption, wanting Goddis grace,
My lyfe consumed is within a short space.

This is thend of my complaynt, I must therfor depart;
Farewell, my frends! farewell, my foos all;
Take of me ensample and plant it in your hart,
That suche lyke fortune may geve you a lyke fall;
Consider well, therfor, that here ye be mortall:
All thyng hath an end, whye do ye honors crave?
Whan ye shall, as I ame, be covered with your grave.

TH'AUCTOR G. C.

THYS late Lord Cromwell may warne you all
That foremost ride aloft in the chayer,
Not to trust to fortune, that tomblethe as a ball;
For chaunces uncerteyn, that often fall onware;
To God, se first, your harts ye prepare;
And next after that, in all your doyng,
Observe your faythe and allegyaunce to the kyng.

Pawsyng a while, reformyng of my penne,
For dulled with writyng and feobled was my brayn;
Thus sitting in a muse, I saw too noble men
Present byfore me redy to complayn;
Desiryng me bothe to take on me the payn,
Ther fall to remember, dissended of oon race;
Whome to behold it was a pityous case.

MARKES OF EXETER. LORD MONTAGU[1].

What gretter prerogatyfe, quod they, have we
Of our lyves, or stand in more sykkernes[2],
Allthough of the lyne imperiall dissendyd we be,

---

[1] "The 5 of November [1539] Henry Courtney, Marquesse of Excester, and Earle of Devonshire, and Sir Henry Poole, knight, Lord Montacute, and Sir Edward Nevill, brother to the Lord of Burgavenie, were sent to the tower, being accused by Sir Geffrey Poole, brother to the Lord Montacute, of high treason, in devising to maintaine, promote, and advance, on Reginald Poole, late Deane of Excester, enemie to the king, beyonde the sea, and to deprive the king."

"The Marquesse of Excester and Henry Lord Montacute were arraigned on the last of December, before the Lord Audley, that was lorde chancellor, and for that present high stewarde of England, where they were found guiltie. The third day after were arraigned Sir Edward Nevill, Sir Geffrey Poole, two priests called Crofts and Colens, and one Holland, a marriner, all attainted. And the 9th of Januarie [1540] were Henry Marquesse of Excester, Henry L. Montacute, and Sir Edward Nevill beheaded on Tower Hill. The others were hanged and quartered at Tyborne, except Geffrey Poole, who was pardoned."—*Stowe.*

[2] *Sykkernes*, i. e. security. Thus in the Mirror for Magistrates:

In their most weale let men beware mishap
And not to sleepe in slumbring *sickernesse.*

Than hathe the mean sort of fortune's fykkilnes?
If she list to swerve, than is it remedylesse:
We must fortune abyde and suffer all with pacience,
For hyr to resist ther botythe no violence.

I was, quod thoon, a marquis, of late creacion,
Called of Exeter, and lynyally dissended
To the Erledom of Devonshyre by dewe generation;
Alas! all this have I lost; it cannot be amendyd,
For we are accused of purpose pretended,
Our soverayn to offend in such an offence
As nothyng but our heds can make therfore recompence.

That is trewe, quod the other, I must it neds confesse,
For I have felt the smart, whom ye know full well,
Sometyme Lord Montague, and now in great distresse;
Such is my chaunce, I can it not refell,
But with my cosyn here I suffer every dell
Of fortunes lott, and take it in good part,
Gevyng God thanks, therfore, with all my hart.

The blast of our cryme is greater shame
Than is the losse of all our brittel glory,
That we, alas! shold bere the slaunderous name

Of traytors falce in any boke or storye:
What is he of our bloode that wold not be sory
To here our names with vile fame so detected[3],
Wherewith our posteritie shall allways be suspected?

What cause shold we have to be onkynd
Unto our soverayn lord, of hygh magnyficence?
Which, with his regal benyfitts did us hyghly bynd,
To bere to hyme our love and dewe obedyence;
Wherof all the world had intelligence,
That we, of all other, bothe of bloode and otherwyse,
Had least cause his magestie to dispise.

But the evyll spyrytt, that of canckard malygnytie,
Malygned our honor and hyghe renowne,
Disdayned our blood and auncyent dignytie;

---

[3] 'To heare our names *with* vile fame so detected.'

Detected with vile fame, appears to modern ears a singular mode of expression, but we have in Shakspeare a somewhat similar phrase:

'I sooner should suspect the sun *with* cold.'

The fact is, that *by*, *with*, and *of*, were used indiscriminately with very great license by our ancestors. To *detect* was synonymous with to *impeach*, to bewray, to accuse. Thus in a future passage:

'But onjustly ayenst nature did me thus *detecte*.'

Intendyng our overthrowe and to bryng us down,
Accused us of conspiracie agenst the royal crown:
Whos falce accusations ware than regardyd more
Than ever was our trouthe, used alwayes byfore.

Accused by hyme that shold rather excuse,
And defend our truthes with all his trewe endevor;
Oh, howe onkyndly did he us abuse!
The fact onnatural purged will be never,
But allwayes fresh, continuyng still for ever;
Who ayenst nature condempned hathe his brother
To cruel death, so hathe he done his mother.

To the great slaunder and blott of his name,
His credytt is lost, and so is his estymacion,
And he confused; alas! he was to blame,
Hymselfe to overthrowe, and all his generation,
Ayenst God nowe, how can he make purgation,
That so agaynst nature onnaturally hath wrought,
Destroyeng all his blood and brought hymself to nought?

Cruel accuser! thy malice was too strong,
Our fall to conspire by falshod brought abought;
Ayenst all nature thou hast done us great wrong,

Therfore from shame we put the out of dought:
Thou shalt never escape, it is so ferre blowen owt;
For of all kynd of vice, shortly to conclude,
The worst ayenst God is ingratitude.

Though thy necligence bryngythe us to this end,
Yet, that thou mayst have therof remembraunce,
We God humbly beseeche such grace to send
That thou mayst repent or he on the take vengeaunce
For thy great ingratitude: take this for thy penaunce:
Alwayes in thy hart call to thy memory
That by thy oonly meane hedles here we lye.

L'ENVOY DE L'AUCTOR G. C.

SINCE fortune sparith non of hyghe lynnage,
All men, therfore, be ye not rechelesse[4],
Prewdently to forsee the daynger of this pilgrimage;
Syth fortune waytithe onwarely you to oppresse,
Be circumspect and advise you in all your busynes,
And with vertewe ay pursue your noble pieussaunce,
Byfore fortune extendyth hir cruel vengeaunce.

For it is not your estates fortune can defend,
Your diligent travel or noble behavour,
Whan flykkeryng fortune doth hirself entend
To cast you out of your prynces favour;
For if a prynce hath caught a deadly savour
Of indygnacion, farewell all treuthe and noblenes;
To the blokke ye must, it is remedyles.

---

[4] *rechelesse*, i. e. careless.

There is no consideration with prynces in ther ire,
And most in especyall ayenst an hyghe estate;
For where dread and dysdayn hath set the hart on fier
Of a wilfull prynce, with mercy not socyatt;
Also where pitie and clemency cannot his ire abate,
There you, myghty peers, must take fortunes chaunce,
To trype on the trace as some hath led the daunce.

To be a lord of royall bloode and dygnytie,
Sometymes, ye se, doth but small avaylle;
For better it ware to be of basse and low degree
Than in suche honor for a while to prevaylle;
A ragyng wynd may torne your brittel sayle,
And dryve you bake agayn, and rove you on some rocke[5],
Where your noble pates may happe to catche a knock.

[5] '*rove* you on some rock,' i. e. *rive* or *split* your vessel on some rock.

TH'AUCTOR G. C.

THERFOR thou, salved smart, for aye shallt be sore,
The great losse most worthy to be playned,
The onware chaunce that passed but of yore,
Wherof the greaffe so depe in me is grayned
That from myn eyen the teares skantly be refrayned
For the great dekay that still comyth me toward,
Of the late quene, whos name was Katheren Howard.

Thus as I sat, the teares in myn eyen,
Of hir the wrake whiles I did debate,
Byfore my face me thought I sawe this quene;
No wytt as I hir laft, God wott, of late,
But all bewepte, in blake and poore estate;
Which prayed me that I ne wold forget
The fall of hir within my boke to set.

QUENE KATHEREN,

CALLED

KATHEREN HOWARD.

O CRUEL Destiny, (quod she) O Fortune insacyable,
O waveryng world, rollyng lyke a ball!
You are so wayward and so onstable
That never any assuraunce can be in you at all;
To all estates[1] you are ennemyes mortall:
Who list of you to have experyence,
My fall may geve them intelligence.

To be a quene fortune dyd me preferre,
Floryshyng in youthe with beawtie freshe and pure;
Whome nature made shyne equall with the sterre,
And to reynge in felicitie with joy and pleasure,
Wantyng no thyng that love myght procure;
So hyghly beloved, farre beyond the rest,
With my soverayn lord who lodged in his nest.

---

[1] *Estates,* here and in other passages means persons of rank or high estate.

But well away, how dredfull is the joyell
Of brittel beautie, that grace doth not concerve;
Yf dread of shame do not attend it well,
How lyke is lust to make them for to swerve,
With wanton provokyng, whan reason dothe not preserve
From onleafull licence, which causithe youth, parde,
To breke the fetters of fame and chastitie.

O tender youthe, frayle for to resist
The wanton appetites of carnal delight;
Whan love with lust dothe in youth consist,
Than hard for youthe ayenst vice to fight:
For youthe is blynd and hath no sight,
The trade[2] to consider of honest wyfehod,
Till shame hath beten them with hir rode.

Alas! dame nature, who hathe in every vayn
Endewed me with gyfts, as to hir partie she thought mete:
Beautie, alas! also thou givest me cause to playn!

---

[2] the *trade*, i. e. the true course or proper usage. Thus Baret: "Except thou appoint to thyself some *trade* and manner of life. Nisi tibi aliquem vitæ *modum* constitueris." Alvearie, 1575 T. 275.

Why floryshest thou my youthe with thy licoure sweete,
Excellyng all other, from toppe unto the feete?
My blazing beautie is greatly to reprefe,
Chefe cause and ground of all my myschefe.

Who wyshethe beautie or wanton youth desier,
They covet that thyng they shold no wyse do so:
The brond I now repent that late was set on fier
Within my brest, which workythe me all this woo;
What daynger in Cupid's fier I playnly now do knowe:
Beware all ye, therfore, that nature hath you lent
Lyke graces, use them well, lest after ye repent.

Culpeper yong, and I, God wott, but fraylle,
We bothe to feeble our lusts for to resist;
Whan shamefastnes in me began to faylle
Of chastitie, than did I breake the twyst
With Dereham first, that my maydenhed possyst;
Deathe was ther mede, I with shame defaced:
Who shamely dothe, of long will not be raced[3].

[3] '*of long will not be raced,*' that is, their course or race of life will not be long.

O vessell of vice! O thou frayle youthe!
In whom no vertue can take roote,
Onles that grace have on the rewthe[4],
To plant in the some vertue sote[5],
Vice to resist there can be no boote:
Where grace wantithe, and hath of youth no cure,
There vertue in youth hath seldom byn in ure.

Nowe I knowe well (quod she), among my frends all
That here I laft the day of my dekaye,
That I ne gett no pompes funerall,
Nor of my blake no man my charge shall paye,
Save that some oon perchance may happe to say,
Suche oon there was, alas! and that was rewthe,
That she hirself distayned with such ontrewthe.

Farewell, my bretherne and frends all arowe!
For all your harmes I oonly ame to blame
That thus have fallen, as all men knowe,

---

[4] *rewthe*, ruth or *pity*.

[5] *sote* i. e. sweet.

To your dekay and my great shame,
Though I ame well worthy of the same;
Yet pray ye to God, allthoughe that I have swerved[6],
That my sowle may have better than my body deserved.

EPITAPH.

By prove of me, non can denye
That beautie and lust, ennemyes to chastitie,
Have been the tweyn that hathe dekayed me,
And hathe broughte me to this end ontoward;
Some tyme a queen, and now hedlesse Howard.

CULPEPER.

And I, Culpeper, alas! born in Kent,
Admyttyd, from a boy, to be the kyng's page,
Prowde out of measure, which I may repent,

---

[6] This poetical confession is very different from the historical fact. Catherine only confessed and deplored the disorders of her former life, but called God and his angels to witness that she had never been unfaithful to the king's bed.

Drowned in the depthe of myn own outrage,
Over myche wenyng put God out of knowlege;
For by myne abusion of pride and viciousnes,
My lyfe is ended with shame and wredchednes.

Take example of me, I desire you, yong men all,
That rageth in youthe and tradyth[7] the courtly lyfe,
All is but vanytie, your lives be but bestiall;
Bytween will and deade let virtue breake the stryffe,
And suffer vice to asswage, which hath in you prerogatife:
So contynewe ye may to live in your degree;
For if ye followe vice, dought it woll not be.

I folowed my pleasure, of God I had no feare,
Thynkyng myself but idell; and my labour vayn spent
In dyvyn servyce, the tyme that I was there;
For my devocion and my hole entent
Was gevyn to pleasure, such as I did invent:
Nowe I repent, therefore, my necligence to God,
Who hathe me corrected with his dyvyn rod.

---

[7] *tradyth*, i. e. useth: see note on page 65. We have the same expression in a future page:

'When I did *trade* the courtly life.'

Besechyng you, my frends, whom I have left behind,
To pray that Lord, whom I most have offended,
That he of his mercy wyll to me be kynd;
For now to late, my lyfe to be amended,
Wherefore, mercy, good Lord, that for me dissendyd
To shed his precious blood, hangyng on a tree;
Nowe yet, mercy, good Lord, I hartely byseche thee.

TH'AUCTOR G. C.

As I drewe towards thend of my boke,
Purposyng to fynyshe that I had begon,
By chaunce, asyde, as I cast my loke,
I aspied a wydowe in blake full woo begon
[1]* * * * * *
That I wold hir a place here afford,
Whom I oons knew, Jane, Vicountess Rocheford.

VISCOUNTESS ROCHEFORD.

My grave father (quod she) of the Morlas lynne,
My mother of the St. John's; this was my parentage:
And I, alas! that dyd myself inclyne
To spot them all by this my owltrage,
Brought uppe in the court all my yong age,
Withouten bridell of honest measure,
Folowing my lust and filthy pleasure.

---

[1] This hiatus is not filled up in the manuscript.

Without respect of any wyfely truthe,
Dredles of God, from grace also exempte,
Viciously consumyng the tyme of thys my youth;
And when my beautie began to be shent[2];
Not with myn owne harme sufficed or content,
Contrary to God, I must it nedes confesse,
Other I entised by ensample of my wredchednes[3].

---

[2] And when my beautie began to be *shent*,
This may be an error for *spent;* yet *shent* formerly signified injured, decayed or ruined, from the Saxon ꝛcenꝺan. Thus Chaucer:

"O foule lust of luxurie, lo thin ende,
Nat only that thou faintest mannes mind,
But verily thou wolt his body *shend.*
Thende of thy werke, or of thy lustes blind,
Is complaining: how many may men find
That not for werk somtime, but for th' entent
To don this sinne, ben other slaine or *shent.*
Cant. Tales, v. 5347.

[3] It seems doubtful whether Lady Rochford suffered for any real crime; her alleged offence was a participation in the supposed guilt of the queen, by introducing Culpeper into her chamber and remaining with him there for three hours one night. Catherine was hardly so lost to all sense of shame as to require a witness of her amours. Culpeper was probably a relation to the queen, for her mother's maiden name was Culpeper: he had formerly been mentioned as her intended husband. In the absence of more direct proof of criminal conduct after marriage, it will be only charitable, as Dr. Lingard suggests, to surmise that Catherine and Lady Rochford were sacrificed to the manes of Anne Boleyne. The reader will find some misrepresentations of Hume and Smollet corrected by Dr. Lingard in vol. iii. p. 410, of his History. 8vo. *Edit.*

Of right me thynkith I ought to be a glass
To all the rest of great estates; and dames
Seyng me nowe, considering what I was,
Without any blott, to kepe their honest names:
Seyng that vice ne endyth without flames;
And thoughe that shame may be wayled all day,
Thereof the blott will not be washt away.

Howe bright among us yet dothe shyne the starre
Of them that ride within the chayer of Fame,
Above all things, which only did preferre
The brewte[4] to kepe of their onbroken name;
As auctors right well dothe testifie the same
Ayenst such vices that wan the victory,
And beare the palme to their eternall glory.

As vertuous Sara, Rebecca, and Racell,
Judyth, Hester, and chast Pennelopie,
And Cornelia, that onbroken kept the shell,
And bare the lampe of onquenched chastitie,
Fleeyng excesse or superfluitie,
Where carnall lust for all his violence
Ne made them breke chastitie or obedyence.

[4] *brewte*, or bruit, i. e. *report*.

Where sturdy Silla, to nature contrarious,
Enforced by lust hir father's heare to pull;
With Cleopatra, concubyn to Anthonyous,
With vicious Pasiphæ that deled with the Bull;
And Messalyne, insacyatt, that never was full:
But ever thes wretches, vicious and discommendable
To God and nature, they lived abhominable.

Wold to God that I, in my flowryng age,
Whan I did trade the courtly life,
Had fostered byn in a symple village,
Beryng the name of an honest and chast wyfe;
Where[5] now my slaunder for ever shall beryfe
In every matter, both early and late,
Called the woman of vice insaciatt.

The tyme is past, and I have now receyved
The dewe dett of my onjust desiers,
Prayeng to God my fall may be conceyved
Within their harts that burn in vicious fiers;
The just God, as right allwayes requires,
That hathe me punyshed for my mysgovernaunce,
Ne take of me a greater vengeaunce.

[5] *where* for *whereas*.

TH'AUCTOR G. C.

ENDYNGE thus hir playnt, another was commyng,
Of corage impotent, and depe worne in age;
Whos pitious dekay, if that I had connyng[1],
I wold expresse hir grevous dammage;
Althoughe she ware a lady of excellent parentage,
Of the bloode royal lynyally dissendyd,
Yet by cruel fortune at myschefe she ended.

For Fortune, ye know, regardyth non estate;
All estates to hir is oon whan that she list to frown:
Wherefore, ye nobles, beware hir cruel hate;
Non hath more nede than ye of grett renown;
For whan ye are most hyghest then doth she throwe you down,
And tomblyth you hedles from your hygh stages,
Who will not be retayned with now ther fees or wages.

---

[1] *connyng*, cunning, generally used for *skill*.

COUNTESS OF SALISBURY[2].

THYS matron hir playnt began in this wyse:
Alas, (quod she) age hath no more assurauuce
Of Fortune's sewertie, whom she dothe dispise,
Than hathe lusty youthe; all hangyth in hir balaunce,
Disposyng as she will to favor or to myschaunce;

---

[2] The death of the venerable Countess of Salisbury is one of the bloodiest stains in the sanguinary annals of Henry. She was arrested on account of the opposition which her son, Cardinal Pole, had offered to some measures of the king, but nothing could be urged against her, and she behaved with so much firmness, in the conscious integrity of innocence, as to disconcert her persecutors. An attempt was therefore made to attaint her without trial or confession, and at length her name, together with that of Gertrude the widowed Marchioness of Exeter, and that of the son of Lord Montague, were introduced into a bill of attainder found against several persons who had been condemned by the lower courts, though none of them had confessed any crime, nor had been heard in their own defence. The marchioness was pardoned and liberated at the end of six months; of Montague's son it is not known what was the fate. The countess was kept in the tower (probably to intimidate the cardinal her son), and at the end of two years upon some provocation received, in which she could have had no share, she was led to the scaffold. Being requested to lay her head on the block, she replied, "No, my head never committed treason, if you will have it, you must take it as you can." Being held down by force while the executioner performed his office, she exclaimed, "Blessed are they who suffer persecution for righteousness sake." She was more than 70 years of age, the nearest relation in blood to the king, and the last in a direct line of the Plantagenets.

Which I have felt, as well thoon as the other,
Although I was the daughter of a kyng's brother.

My father, a Duke, of Clarence was his style,
And brother of Kyng Edward, the IVth of that name,
Who was condempned also, alas, alas, the whyle!
By subtill accusacion, and he nothyng to blame
For a prophane prophesye, of whom than ran the fame;
Condempned therefor to dye, and drownd in a butt of wyne:
Thus by cruel Fortune brought he was to rewyn.

A brother than I had, who also was his heyer,
Yong and tender, and I, God wott, not old,
Laft in the hands of worldly dispayer,
Whos lyfe thorough daynger was both bought and sold;
And so I here remayned in sorrows manyfolde,
Untill my sovereyn lord of his royal clemencye
Restored me againe to the Erledome of Salesbury.

Ledynge thus my lyfe accordyng to myn estate
I was the more estemed for my grave demeanor,
I banysshed allwayes the cause of ryott and debate
Owt of my hall, my chamber, and my bower.

With whome I had non acquaintance day ne hower;
So that my soverayn, for my sad[3] disposicyon,
Assigned me the governaunce and prudent direccion

Of his oonly doughter, than prynces of this land,
Of femynyn vertues the very soverayn flower;
The cuer than of whom I gladlie toke in hand
To governe and rewle as lady governour
Of that swete lady; I dyd my best endevoure,
For whome God I did beseche and pray
That he wold preserve hir long and many a day.

Thus passed I my lyfe, not wyllyng to offend,
But did myself employ, with all my dyligence,
That which was amyse, to se it well amend,
In all thes my places wherof I had premynence:
In mynestryng of justice I never used vyolence,
But with pacyence and charitie asswaged my affeccion,
Beryng in my hart no malice after correction.

Yet at the last, for all my sober lyfe,
The chaunce of fortune I cowld no wyse resist,

[3] *sad*, i. e. grave, serious.

Whos crueltie myn honor cruellie did depryfe,
And gave me an overthrowe or ever I it wyst;
With a frownyng countenance she stroke at me hir fyst,
As thoughe she had sayd, in words expresse,
Thou shalt not escape this hand of cruelnes.

I saw no remedy; for deathe with his mace
Gave me chek-mate, led to execucion;
Ther boted no excuse I could fynd, no grace,
I was condempned without examynacion:
Of the Plantagynetts last of that generation,
Which bare that name of old and noble fame,
Some tyme esteemed, and nowe in worldly shame.

O ye matrons that be of noble race,
A myrror make of me, trust not your estate;
Beware of Fortune with hir dissembled face,
Allthoughe she smyle, as she did on me but late,
With face benygn, yet nowe she dothe me hate,
And will no more spare, for all my highe degree;
I warne you all—example take of me.

THE EARLE OF SURREY.

WHAT advantage had I to be a duke's heyr,
Endowed with such qualities as few in my tyme,
Lakkyng nothing that nature myght repayr;
In dewe proportion she wrought hathe every lyme,
Assendyng Fortune's whele, made lyke to clyme;
Syttyng in myn abode, supposing to sitt fast,
With a sudeyn tourne she made me dissend as fast.

Who trustith in honor, and settythe all hys lust
In worldly riches, havyng of them aboundance,
Let hyme beware, and take good hede he must
Of subtill fortune, with dissembling countenaunce;
For whan she smylyth than hathe she least assuraunce,
For the flatteryng world dothe often them begyle
Withe suche vayn vanynes: alas! alas! the whyle.

I have not only myself overthrowen,
But also my father, with heares old and hoore;
Althoughe his acts marsheall be right well knowen,
Yet was myn offence taken so passyng sore
That I nedes must dye, and he in prison for evermore

Shall still remayn, for it will not avaylle
All his great conquests, wherin he did prevaylle.

O Julius Cæsar! O thou mighty conquerour!
What myght thy conquests and all thy victorye
The prevayle? that of Rome was emperour,
Whos prowes yet remaynyth in memorye,
Whan Brewtus, Casseus, with falce conspyracye
Ayenst the in the Capitoll did contend,
Than all thy worthynes could the not defend.

Also Scipio of Affrican, that for the comon wele
Of Rome, the empire, the citie beyng in distresse,
Lykly to be subdewd, than every dele
By Anyball's valyaunt hardynes,
And dyvers noble victoryes, as the history doth express,
That he atchyved to the honor of the town,
Cowld not hym prevayle[3] whan Fortune lyst to frown.

Thes myghtie champions, thes valyaunt men,
Who for the publyke wele travelled all their lyfe,

[3] *prevayle* for *avail*.
"He may often *prevail* himself of the same advantage in English."
Dryden's Essay on Dramatic Poetry, 1*st Edit*.

Regarded not their ease, nowther where or when,
But most valyauntly with corage intentyfe
Defendyd the wele publyke from all myschyfe;
Yet was ther nobles[4] put in oblyvion,
And by matters conspired brought to confusion.

Loo the reward, alas, that men shall have
For all ther travells[5] in ther dayes old,
With a small spot ther honor to deprave;
Alas, it causithe full often men's harts to be cold
Whan suche chaunces they do behold,
How for oon offence a thousand conquests valyaunt
Can have no place, ther lyves make warraunt.

Therfore, noble father, hold yourself content,
And with your captyfe lyve; be you nothing dysmayd,
For you may see in historys, playn and evident,
That many noble persons, as ye are hath byn dekayed;
The chaunce therfore of fortune nedes must be obeyed,
And perpetual prisonment here shall be your gwerdon,
And dethe for my deserts, without remyse and pardon.

---

[4] *nobles*, noblesse, or nobility; from the Fr.
[5] *travells*, i. e. travails, works.

For all my knowledge, wisdom, and science,
That God hath me endowed all others to precell[6],
Gave me here but small preemynence,
All thoughe some ware advaunced in the comon wele
From basse estate, as experience dothe tell,
For suche virtues as vices in me accompted were,
Caused me to be doughted and in great feare.

That thyng which in some deservyth commendation,
And hyghly to be praysed, as virtues comendable,
Beyng esteemed therefore worthy exaltacion,
And to be advanced to dygnyties honorable,
I assure you ware to me nothing profitable;
For suche some tyme as are but vayn and idell
Dysdaynythe all them that owght to rewle the bridell.

Therfore, farewell, my peeres of the noble sect,
Desyryng you all my fall for to behold,
Let it a myrror be, that ye be not infect
Wythe folyshe wytte, wherof be not to bold;
My warnyng to you is more worth than gold:

[6] *precell*, i. e. excell.

An old proverbe there is, which trewe is at this day,
The warned is half armed, thus I hard men say.

I thought of no suche shame as now to me is chaunced,
I trusted so my wytt, my power, and myn estate,
Thynkyng more rather highly to be avaunced
Than to be deposed, as I have byn but late;
Be it right or wrong, loo, I have lost my pate:
Ye se thend of many noble estates,
Take a vewe of me, and of some your late mates.

TH'AUCTOR, G. C.

WITH that he vanyshed, I wyst not whether,
But away he went, and I was left alone,
Whos words and talke I gathered them together,
And in this sentence rewd wrote them everychone;
Yet was my hart with sorrow full woo begone,
So noble a yong man of wytt and excellence
To be condempned for so small offence[1].

---

[1] "To be condempned for so small offence."

Small indeed was his offence; he was impeached solely on the ground of having 'set up and bore the arms of Edward the Confessor, then used by the Prince of Wales, mixed and joined with his own proper arms.'—'The head and front of his offending had this extent,—no more.' But, according to the iniquitous mode of conducting criminal trials in that unhappy reign, other matter of an idle and irrelevant nature was allowed to be urged against him in aggravation of his offence. With respect to this offence, Surrey proved that he had the authority of the heralds for quartering the arms of Edward the Confessor; that his ancestors had of long continuance borne them, as well within as without the kingdom; that they had been constantly borne by himself in Henry's presence; and by others of his family in the presence of several kings, Henry's predecessors. The fact is, that Richard II. out of regard to his patron St. Edward, placed his arms on the dexter side of his escutcheon, granting the same honour to his favourites, among whom were Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, and his descendants; from him Surrey derived the right, one of his ancestors

L'ENVOY DE L'AUCTOR.

BUT nowe behold the busynes that some hathe to overthrowe,
Some suche which after could hurt them but a small,
Mark them well, how they folowe on a rowe,
Stumblyng at the bloke; they doughted not at all
But as they measure—that same to them shall falle,

---

having married a coheiress of the Mowbray family. His trial exhibited the unnatural spectacle of a sister (the Duchess of Richmond) giving evidence, suggested by a diabolical spirit of hatred against her own brother, which evidence also tended to the destruction of the author of her being and his fortunes. Yet all that could be gathered from her depositions was, that he had spoken with asperity of Hertford, and that he had caused his arms to be surmounted by what, in her judgment, seemed much like a close crown, and a cipher resembling that of the king; but in both circumstances she was wrong. It is thought "that Surrey's death and Norfolk's downfall were owing, not to the king's apprehension of their intention to disturb the succession and to reestablish popery, but to the ambition, the jealousy, and the fears of Hertford; who, anxious to secure to himself the Protectorship during his nephew's minority, wished to remove both the duke and his son; they being the only rivals he had to fear. His fears were not without foundation, for Surrey had openly declared his resolution to revenge himself on Hertford, after Henry's death, for injuries of which he considered him to have been the cause." The reader will do well to consult Dr. Nott's very elegant Memoir of the accomplished and gallant Surrey, prefixed to his Poetical Works, 4to. 1815.

Thexperience is seen dayly byfore ther eyes,
But will woll not suffer them from folye to arise.

Hope of long lyfe causithe all this desier
With ambyciόus honor that ther wytt defaces,
Yt makithe them so poore-blynd they cannot se the fier
Which them consumyth playn before ther faces;
But, to be short, it is for lake of graces
Which they myght have, if they wold call to God,
But they be so stoute they feare not his just rod.

Evyn so did he, but now he felythe the smart,
Trustyng than, as they do now, in his tong and wytt,
To prevent all suche myschefs whereof he had his part,
Perceyvyng what wytt is when from God it doth flytt;
Trust in hyme therefore which eternally above doth sytt
Beholdyng your madnes, which ye so myche esteem,
Laughyng therat, and for foly dothe it deme.

L'AUCTOR G. C.

INTENDYNG here to end this my symple worke,
And no further to wade in this onsavery lake,
My penne was fordulled, my wytts began to lurke,
I sodenly trembled as oon ware in a brake[1],
The cause I knew not that I shold tremble and shake,
Untill dame Fame I hard blow hir trembling trompe
With woofull blast, brought me in a soden dompe[2].

Dame Fame I asked, why blowe ye your tromp so shryll
In so deadly a sound? ye make my hart full sorry.
She answerd me agayn, and sayd, Sir, so I wyll.

---

[1] a *brake*, i. e. a trap or snare. Vide vol. i. p. 92.

[2] 'a soden *dompe*' is 'a sudden *sorrow*;' this expression was not anciently either ludicrous or vulgar. Thus Harington in the xliii. book of the Orlando Furioso, st. 147.

"The fall of noble Monodantes son
Strake them into a *dumpe*, and made them sad."

Deade is that royal prynce, the late VIIIth Harry;
Wherfor adewe, I may no lenger tarry,
For thorowghe the world I must, to blow this deadly
blast:
Alas, thes woofull newes made my hart agaste!

I went my wayes, and drewe myself aside,
Alone to lament the deathe of this royall kyng;
Perceyvyng right well dethe wyll stope no tyde
With kyng or kaysier, therefore a wonderouse thyng
To se how will in them dothe raygn, makyng ther
ryconyng
Ever to lyve, as thoughe Deathe ware of them afeard
To byd them chekmate, and pluke them by the berd.

To fynyshe thys worke I did myself dispose,
And to conclude the same, as ye before have red,
I leaned on my chayer, entendyng to repose;
In a slepie slomber I felle, so hevy was my hed,
Morpheus to me appered, and sayd he wold me lede
My spyritts to revyve, and my labor to degest,
With whom fantzy was redy, and stayed in my brest.

Fantzy by and bye led me, as I thought,
To a palice royal of pryncely edyfice
Plentyfully furnyshed, of riches it lacked nought;
Astonyed not a littill of the woofull cries
Which I hard there with many wepyng eyes,
Even as we passed from place to place,
I beheld many a pityfull bedropped face.

So that at the last, to tell you playn and right,
We entred a chamber without light of the day,
To whome wax candells gave myche light,
Wherin I perceyved a bed of royall array,
To the which I approched, makyng no delay,
Wherin a prynce lay syke with a deadly face,
And cruel Atrophos standyng in that place.

Clotho I aspied also, that in hir hand did support
A distaffe, wherof the stuffe was well nyghe spent
Which Lachesis doth spynne, as poetts doth report,
Drawyng the lyvely thred, till Attrophos had hent[3]
Hir sharped sheres, with a full consent

[3] To *hent*, Henran, *Saxon*, to take or lay hold of.

HENRY THE EIGHTH.

FROM AN ORIGINAL PICTURE BY HOLBEIN

IN THE COLLECTION OF BARRET BRYDGES ESQ.

AT LEE PRIORY IN KENT.

London Published June 1.1812 by Harding Triphook & Lepard

To shere the thred, supporter of his life,
Ayenst whome ther botythe[4] no prerogatyfe.

Attendyng on his person was many a worthy grome
Where he lay syke, to whom syknes said chekmate;
Allthoughe he ware a prynce of highe renome,
Yet syknes regarded not his emperyal estate;
Tyme approched of his lyfe the fynall date,
And Attrophos was prest his lyves thred to devyde:
Hold thy hand (quod he) and let thy stroke abyde.

HENRICUS REX LOQUENS, AD MORTEM.

GEVE me leve, Attrophos, myself for to lament;
Spare me a lyttyll, for nature makes me sewe;
The fleshe is frayle and lothe for to relent,
For deathe with lyfe cannot be shett in mewe,
They be contraryaunt, ther is no thing more trewe;
For lyfe ayenst dethe allwayes dothe rebell,
Eche man by experience naturally this can tell.

---

[4] *botythe*, i. e. *availeth*; boot is profit, advantage.

From Clothos distafe my lyvely stuffe is spènt,
Which Lachesis the slender thred hathe sponne
Of my lyfe emperyall; and thou, Attrophos, hast hent
The sharped sheres to shere my feoble throme[5]
That the warbeled[6] spendell no more abought shold
ronne;
And of my regall lyfe thus hast thou great disdayn
So slender a thred so long shold it susteyn.

But leve of, Attrophos, thou nedes not make suche hast
My symple lyfe with vigor to confound,
Thy sheryng sheres thou shalt but spend in wàst,
For the spyndells end alredy is at the ground,
The thred ontwynned cannot more be twound:

---

[5] *throme* or *thrum*, any collection of short threads, generally the end of the warp in weaving. The reader will recollect Bottom's passionate exclamation:—

'O fates, come, come,
Cut thread and *thrum*.'

[6] 'the *warbeled* spendell,' i. e. the *quivering* or *undulating* spindle. This word in our language is now only applied to a quavering or undulating sound. To *wabble* is still used in vulgar language for an unsteady rotatory motion. The Scotch have *warble* in the same sense. Baret, in his Alvearie, 1573, F. 300, has "a *warbling* or quavering feather;—Tremula in pileo pluma."

Great folly in the, that takes suche idell payne
To slee that thyng that is all redy slayne.

Wherfore leave of, Attrophos, for end of lyfe is deathe,
And deathe I se is end of worldis payn,
What shalt thou wyn than to stope my faynted brethe,
Sythe well thou knowest whan that thou hast me slayn,
To wele or woo I shall oons rise agayn:
Thoughe in thy fury my lyfe nowe thou devour,
To sle me agayn it shall not lie in thy power.

Slee me not, Attrophos, but let [the] spyndell ronne,
Which long hathe hanged by a feoble lynne,
For whan Lachesis hir fyned flees hathe sponne,
The spyndell woll fall; thou seest well with thyn eyne,
No stuffe is laft agayn the threds to twyne:
So slender it is, that with oon blast of wynd
The thred wyll breke, it is so slakly twynd.

But nowe, alas! that ever it shold befall
So famous a prynce, of fame so notable,
That fame with defame shold the same appall,

Or cause my concyence to be so onstable,
Which for to here is wonderous lamentable,
How for the love and fond affeccion
Of a symple woman, to worke all by collusion.

I broke the bond of marriage, and did myself incline
To the love of oon in whome was all my felicitie,
By means whereof this realme is brought in rewyn;
Yet notwithstandyng, I neds wold serve my fantzye,
So that all my lust in hir was fyxt assuredly,
Which for to color, I colored than my case,
Makyng newe lawes, the old I did deface.

With colour of concyence I colored my pretence,
Entendyng therby to sett my bond at lybertie,
My lusts to frequent, and have of them experyence,
Sekyng but my lust of onlefull lecherye,
Wherof the slander remaynethe still in me;
So that my wilfullnes and my shameful trespace
Dothe all my magestie and noblenes deface.

Whan Venus veneryall of me had domynacion,
And blynd Cupido my purpose did avaunce,
Than willfull lust thoroughe indiscression,

Was chosyn juge to hold my balaunce
Of onleful choyse, by whos onhappie chaunce,
Yt hath darked my honor, spotted fame and glory,
Which causithe my concience oft to be full sory.

Alake, therfore, greatly I ame ashamed
That thus the world shold know my pretence,
Wherwith my magestie is slaundred and defamed
Thoroughe this poysoned lecherous offence,
Which hathe constrayned by mortall violence
So many to dye my purpose to attayn,
That nowe more grevous surely is my payn.

Though I ware myghty and royal in pieusaunce,
Havyng all thyngs in myn own domayn,
Yet was my reason under the obeysaunce
Of fleshely lust, fetered in Venus' chayn,
For of my lust, will was my soverayn;
My reason was bridelled so by sensualitie,
That wyll rewled all without lawe and equytie.

After I forsoke my first most lawfull wyfe
And toke an other, my pleasure to fullfill,
I chaynged often, so inconstant was my lyfe;

Deathe was the meade of some that did non ill[6],
Which oonly was to satisfie my wyll;
I was so desirous, of newe, to have my lust,
Yet could I fynd non lyke the furst.

In excellent virtue and wyfely trouthe,
In pryncely prudence and womanly port,
Which floryshed in hir evyn from hyr youthe,
So well disposed and of so sad[7] a sort,
To all men it was no small comfort;
And synce the tyme that I did hir devorse,
All England lamentethe and hathe therof remorse.

Hir to commend and prayse, evyn at the full,
As she was worthy, it lyethe not in my myghte,
My wytt and connyng is to grosse and dull
Hir worthynes in so rude a style to wright,

---

[6] "Deathe was the meade of some that did not ill,"

By this it appears, notwithstanding Cavendish's foregoing censure of Henry's unfortunate wives, that he did not consider them guilty. It is honest in Cavendish, with his prejudices, to attribute the death of Henry's queens to his love of change.

[7] *sad*, i. e. *serious, grave.*

Unto pacient Greseld, if ever there ware any;
For lyke hyr paciente there hathe not regned many[8].

What inconvenyence have I nowe brought to passe,
Thoroughe my wilfullnes of wylfull necligence,
Within this realme, fare from the welthe it was,
It nedes not therfore to gève you inteligence,
For you have felt the smart and the indygence;
Wherfore to make any ferther declaration,
It ware to me but an idell occupacion.

For all my conquests and my royal powers,
My pleasaunt tryumphes and my bankettyng chere,
My pryncely port and my youthfull powers,
My great liberalities unto my darlyngs dere,
My emperyall magestie, what ame I the nere?
For all my great aboundance, nothyng can me defend
From mortall dethe; all fleshe must have an end.

[8] This praise of Catherine of Aragon, which is put into the king's mouth, is accordant with what he is represented to have said of her in the speech given in the Life of Wolsey. The queen is much indebted to Cavendish for her reputation with posterity, which we have no doubt was deserved, but which she owes, probably, to the Catholic spirit of her panegyrist.

Who had more joyes? who had more pleasure?
Who had more riches? who had more aboundaunce?
Who had more joyells? who had more treasure?
Who had more pastyme? who had more dalyaunce?
Who had more ayd? who had more allyaunce?
Who had more howsis of pleasure and disport?
Who had suche places as I for my comfort?

All thyng to reherce wherin I toke delight
A long tyme, I assure you, wold not suffice;
What avayllethe now my power and my myght,
Since I must dye and shall no more aryse
To raygn in this world, nor seen with bodely eyes?
But as a clott of clay consume I must to dust,
Whom you have seen to raygn in welthe and lust.

Farewell, my nobles! farewell, my prelates pasturall!
Farewell, my noble dames! farewell, yow prensells fayer!
Farewell, my citezens! farewell, my commons all!
Farewell, my howses! where I was wont repayer;
Farewell, my gardens! farewell, the pleasant ayer!
Farewell, the world! farewell, eche creature!
Farewell, my frends! my lyfe may no more endure.

Adewe, myn impe[8]! adewe, my relyke here!
Adewe, my sonne Edward! sprong of the royall race
Of the wight rose and the red, as it may well appere:
Lord God, I beseche the to send hym of thy grace,
Prosperously to raygne and long to enjoy my place,
To thy will and pleasure, and the common welthe
Justly here to governe in great joy and helthe.

---

[8] *Impe* literally meant a graft, slip, scion or sucker, and by metonymy is used for a child. Cromwell, in his last letter to Henry, prays for the *imp* his son. Shakspeare uses it, but only in familiar passages; it was probably going out of use in his time. Modern language has only retained it in an ill sense for a young devil or evil spirit.

L'AUCTOR G. C.

WITH that I sawe his breath fast consume away,
And lyfe also, allthoughe he ware a kyng;
Whan deathe was come nedes he must obeye;
For deathe is indyfferent to eche creature lyvyng:
He sparithe none, all is to hyme oon ryconyng:
All estates by deathe must end, ther is none other boote;
Loo here nowe I lie (quod he) underneathe your foote.

Makyng thus an end of his most dolorouse talke,
I strayt awoke owt of my sobbyng slomber;
Morpheus than forsoke me and forthe began to walke,
But fantzy with me abode, who did me mychc encomber,
Puttyng me in remembrance of the lamentable nomber
Which in my slepe I sawe, with every circumstance;
It was no small grieve to my dull remembrance.

And when I degested eche thyng as it was,
I could but lament in my faythfull hart,
To se the want of our wonted solas,
With whome I nedes must take suche equall part;

And than to my remembrance I did agayn revert,
Recountyng his noblenes, shortly to conclude,
Wrott than thus his epitaphe in sentence brefe and rude.

EPYTAPHE.

Victoryously didest rayn
The viiith Herrye,
Worthy most soverayn,
Tenth worthy, worthy.

A Jupiter of providence,
A strengthe of Herculus,
A Mars of excellence,
A paynfull Janus.

A Cesar of clemencye,
A corage of Hector,
A Solomon in sapience,
An armez of Arthore.

A Cicero in eloquence,
A hardy Aniball,
A David in prudence,
An Alexander liberall.

A Plato in peace,
Of beawtie an Absolon,
An Achilles in presse,
In governance Agamemnon.

A force of Sampson,
A Charlemayn in myght,
A Godfroy of Bulloyn,
A Rowland in fyght.

An Holy Phocion,
A continent Fabricyus,
An intier Caton,
A pieussaunt Pompeyous.

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A Marcus Marcellus,
A Scipio Affrican,
A Ceasar Julius,
An other Octavyan[1].

This beawtie of Britayne
Reyned prosperously.
Of progeny Grecean,
Dissendyd lynyally.

Whos honor to magnifie
The mighty power dyvyn
Hath chosyn hyme for thyn eie
Above the sterres to shyne.

FINIS G. C.

---

[1] A similar attribution of all the virtues of the most celebrated worthies of antiquity to one distinguished person, is to be found in the celebrated Coplas of Jorge Manrique on the Death of his Father, written about the middle of the fifteenth century. The coincidence, notwithstanding, appears to be purely accidental; Cavendish probably never heard of this celebrated Spanish poem, which has been pronounced "so inimitable in its execution, that it is as impossible to translate it as to paint the fragrance of a rose, or the sound and motion of a waterfall." I shall subjoin the stanzas which resemble Cavendish's Epitaph, though they are not that part of the poem which should be adduced in support of the above panegyric.

En ventura Octaviano,
Julio Cesar en vencer
y batallar:
en la virtud Africano
Hanibal en el saber
y trabajar.
En la bondad un Trajano,
Tito en liberalidad
con alegria;
en sus brazos un Troyano,
Marco Tullo en la verdad
que prometia.

Antonio Pio en clemencia,
Marco Fabio en igualdad
del semblante:
Adriano en eloquencia,
Theodosio en humildad
y buen talante:
Aurelio, Alexandro fue
en diciplina y rigor
de la guerra,
un Constantino en la fé,
y Camilo en el amor
de su tierra.

The Spanish poet has confined himself to the worthies of the Greek and Roman History, but Cavendish, with characteristic licence, has jumbled together gods and mortals, heroes of romance and philosophers, with regal worthies.

L'AUCTOR G. C.

THUS havyng just cause on dyvers thyngs to wonder,
Wayeng within myself the soden chaunce and fall
Of pryncely magestrates whom fortune hath brought under,
Chayngyng ther swetnes unto bitter gall,
Havyng no respect to great ne yet to small;
Thys all men knowyth that hath bothe wytt and reason,
That fortunes fayned favors lastithe but a season.

Thus syttyng in a dompe, sodenly came in
Oon with visage sade and pale as any lead,
Inwardly pensyve complaynyng of his kynne,
Who was condempned for to loose his hed;
Hymselfe to defend he knew non other stede,
But paciently to suffer as fortune shold provide,
The crueltie of theme that shold have byn his gwyde.

LORD SEYMOUR[1].

SOMETYME Lord Seymour I was, and uncle to a kyng,
Allthoughe (quod he) onworthy to so highe a name,
Yet did his grace encrease so my lyvyng;
To my highe honor and perpetual fame,
I maried the quene by means of the same,
Who was wyfe to Kyng Herre my soverayn lord,
Wherat some disdayned and greatly did remord[2].

They grudged, they groned, and fret very sore,
They fumed, they femed, fantazyng what way
They myght me dispatche and distroy for ever more;
Ther purpose cloos wrought, which they did delay
Untill they brought abought my utter dekay;
Procured by a woman, as all the world sayethe,
No malice lyke thers, who it justly wayethe.

O ingrate, (quod he) O kyn onkynd, alas!
Ayenst all nature thus to be unkynd;

---

[1] Thomas Lord Seymour, Baron of Sudely and Lord High Admiral of England, married Queen Catherine Parr. Beheaded March 17, 1549.

[2] To *remord* was to reprehend or blame, from the old French *remordre*. Thus Skelton: 'Sometyme he must vyces *remorde*.'

All the world abhorrethe to see it brought to passe,
Nature to repugne that often is full blynd;
Yt grudgythe myche more every honest mynd
Than it did the Romans whan Nero slewe his mother,
A fact as onnatural oon brother to slee another.

Nature, alas! to disdayn ayenst natures newe estate,
Where nature shold rejoyce, there nature to repyne;
Yt nedes must cause nature to thynk it onnaturate,
To cause his owen nature from nature to declyne,
Thorowghe ambycyous disdayn so miserably to fyne:
Alas! that brother ayenst brother such vengeaunce
shold procure;
Can there be more vengeaunce?—no! I make you sewre.

I allwayes ment justly! Lord, be thou my juge,
Entendyng no man hurt, nother in word or deede;
My soverayn lord, who was my cheafe refuge,
I loved and obeyed, as nature did me leade;
Yet, that notwithstandyng, ayenst me they did procede,
Not havyng to justice or nature any respecte,
But onjustly ayenst nature did me thus detecte[3].

[3] Vide Note on p. 37.

I deamed all treuthe to be in my brother,
Supposyng that he had byn so to me,
Perceyvyng non occasyon, I sawe in hyme non other
But brotherly love, void of all duplicitie;
But who, alas! did ever heare or se,
Or who did ever in any story fynd
Blood unto blood to be more onkynd?

As a brother shold, I put in hyme my trust,
And trusted hym ever in hart, wyll, and thought;
For by his countenaunce non other cause I wyst,
And of any malice I mystrusted hyme nought,
That ever he cowld so false a thyng have wroughte;
But who may sooner another man disseyve
Than he in whome no malice we conseyve?

My brother surmysed and toke a wrong occasion
To condempn me of treason, onjustly for to fayn,
A matter ayenst right to bryng me to confusion,
The whiche he conceyved of hatred and disdayn,
Ayenst me affirmyng in very certeyn,
That I ayenst trouthe and myn allegeaunce,
Wold of my soverayn have the sole governaunce.

The which was surmysed of pretenced malice,
Hyme self well knowyng it was not so;
Yet ayenst concyence he did my death devyse,
Not lyke a brother, but like a cruel foo;
And, to thencrease of my mortall woo,
In short processe by crafty invencion,
He imagyned my death and my distruccion.

Whos oonly purpose kyndeled was by covetise
Thys realme to rewle, cheafe cause of his disdayn;
And yet myght the governaunce, truly to devyse,
Have byn governed by us bretherne twayn,
The better for our sewerties and lesse to our payn;
Howbeit he dispatched me and brought to distruccion,
Hymself allonly to have therof proteccion?

This falce conspiracy was not wrought alon
By my oonly brother, without the helpe of other,
Which in my way hathe cast this mortal bone;
Yt was the Erle of Warwyke, it was non other,
That to my deathe procured hathe my brother[4],

[4] Cavendish has before alluded to the popular opinion that the death of the Lord Admiral was promoted by his brother's wife. Her hatred of him arose from the animosity which had arisen

By whos consent hathe brought me to thys end,
Which at his most nede myghte have byn his frend.

The very ground and cause was of my distres
The sayd Erle of Warwyke, thoonly sours and well,
And cheafe inventor of all this falcenes,
Who in craft and falshod all others did precell,
As all the world can beare me wytnes well,

---

between her and the Queen Catherine Parr, who had humbled the pride of the Dutchess by taking precedence, and even insisting on her bearing her train. We here see that he makes Warwick the principal instigator in procuring his brother to lend his hand to his ruin. The Protector is said to have yielded to Warwick's arguments and those of his dutchess, who were chiefly instrumental in moving him to sign the fatal warrant for his brother's execution. He is represented as saying on this occasion, "I'll do and suffer justice:" words considered ominous of his own subsequent fate. The Lord Admiral was a more deepsighted politician than his brother, and more aware of the machinations of Warwick, who knew that to sow divisions between the brothers was to weaken and ultimately to overthrow them both. That he was jealous of the power of his brother, and ambitious of ruling the realm himself cannot be doubted, from the measures he took to obtain that object, but that he was innocent of the charges brought against him of intending to carry off the king and raise a civil war in the realm there can be no doubt. Sharington, master of the mint at Bristol, was probably induced to accuse him by the hope held out to him of saving his own life; at least the subsequent pardon of that offender, and his restoration to the office which he had so iniquitously filled, countenance such a supposition.

Whome I supposed of my deathe to be innocent;
But suerly it was he, and that he may repent.

This whyly *Beare*[5] that intended to devoure
Me sely lambe, onprovided for defence,
Not sekyng any helpe myselfe for to socoure,
I was so innocent to make any resistence,
Mysdeemyng non falcehed, mystrustyng non offence;
What wonder was it, the frawde not conceyved,
Thoughe I beyng innocent onwarely was dysseyved?

Allthoughe my greafe be great, as nedes it must,
Yet somethyng it is releafed whan I inwardly remember
The deathe of the Quene, that now lyeth in the dust,
For in this world she myghte have lyved longer;
Hir deadly sorrowes shold have byn not full slender;
Whos deyntie dolower wold myche encrease my payn,
When I the teares shold se from hir face derayn.

But blessed is she that thus is now depryved
The paynful cares of this tempestious skie,

[5] An allusion the crest of the Earl of Warwick.

Whos alterasion the origynal is deryved
From onstedfastnes and sodayne mutabylitie;
Therfore I nedes must say that blessed nowe is she,
Synce she is delyverd of this my desolacion,
Which wold have chaynged hir joy to lamentacion.

I thought to myn answere I shold be forthe brought,
Where that my trouthe myght justly have beene tried,
And proved all thyng vayn which ayenst me was wrought:
But whan they consulted and had well espied
That ther accusacions myght lawfully byn denyed,
Than without answere condempned I was to dye;
Yf the lawe be suche, than justice I defie[6].

But whan their purpose was fully resolved,
Be it right or wrong, malice wold geve no place;
For right was sett aside and trew justice desolved;
Say what I wold and still defend my case,

---

[6] To *defie* here signifies to *renounce*, to *reject*. In this sense Shakspeare uses it in K. Henry IV. p. 1.

"All studies here I solemnly *defy*
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke."

My deathe was determyned before any trespace;
That nedes I must dye do what I can;
Yt boted me not to requyer justice than.

Ther malice was great, it apperithe by ther facts,
After dethe to slaunder me and cause falce report,
Ye may se it playn in ther parliament acts;
And yet not content, but a preacher they did exhort
Opynly in a pulpit byfore a noble sort
To accuse me of thyngs to all men onknowen:
Was it mete for a prechcr such slander to beblown[7]?

---

[7] "Was it mete for a prechcr such slander to beblown."

See Latimer's fourth Sermon in the early editions. The good bishop was not contented with arraigning the whole course of his life, accusing him of being a man the farthest from the fear of God that ever he knew in England, but relates the following story of what happened at his death. When he was ready to lay his head upon the block, he turned to the lieutenant's servant, and requested him to bid his servant *speed the thing he wot of*. In consequence of this, Latimer says, the Admiral's servant was examined, and confessed that his master had contrived by some means to make himself ink, while confined in the Tower, and with the tag of a point for a pen, had written on two small pieces of paper, letters to the princesses Mary and Elizabeth, exhorting them to consider the Protector as their greatest enemy, and as one who estranged the king their brother from them, in order to deprive them of the right of succession. These papers he caused to be sewed between

O Precher! what moved the, me to defame?
Was it thyn office, or was it thy profession,
To applie Goddis scripture to the slaunder of my name?
Are not ye therfore brought to confusion?
You may se, howe God wyll in conclusion
All suche punyshe that slander invents;
Therfore preache no slaunder of innocents.

Innocent I was of any cryme or offence
That myn ennemyes ayenst me cowld prove;
Therfore death here I take uppon the pretence,
And to that just Judge sytting in hevyn above
I commytt my cause, that the tender love
He bare to mankynd whan he suffred passion;
Have mercy uppon me and grant me clear remyssion.

---

the sole of a velvet shoe of his; which being examined, the letters were found, and so came to the hands of the protector and the council. This story rests on the authority of Latimer, for the examination of the servant is not upon record. The passage, with others, is omitted in later editions of Latimer's Sermons, and probably had no foundation in truth. The admiral died with earnest assertions of his innocence upon his lips, and his confident manner has even been made an argument against him. Latimer concludes thus: "Whether he be saved or no, I leave it to God: but surely he was a wicked man, and the realm well rid of him."

TH'AUCTOR G. C.

WITH that I stept uppe and wold have gone my wayes.
Nay, not so soon, to me than sayd an other,
For I am come to complayn my fall and my dekayes:
He that last departed hence was my very brother;
Our father Sir John Seymour, and borne of oon mother[1]:
Alas! I was the causer of his death, craftely surmysed;
An act as unnatural as cowld be devysed.

Wherfore, I pray the, wright my complaynt;
And spare me not, for I woll tell the duly.
Alas! (quod I) my hart nowe waxith faynt

[1] Edward Seymour and Thomas Seymour, both sons of Sir John Seymour of Wolf Hall, in Wiltshire, and brothers to the Queen, Jane Seymour, mother of Edward VI. "I join them together," says Lloyd, "because whilst they were united in affection they were invincible, but when divided, easily overthrown by their enemies."

With sittyng so long, I tell the truly,
Heryng complaynts of men so onruly;
Wherefore be short, I pray you, and go your way;
I will wright all thyngs what so ever you say.

THE DUKE OF SOMERSETT.

How to complayn, or what sorrows for to make,
Or how to lament (quod he) my woofull chaunce,
I lake teeres sufficient; fortune hathe me forsake,
Whom she heretofore highly did advaunce,
And traced[2] me forth in the pleasaunt dance

---

[2] *traced*, i. e. followed. To *trace*, originally a hunting term, signified *to follow the track* of an animal. The old French *tracer*, *tracher*, *trasser*, and the Italian *tracciare*, have the same meaning. Thus Hall, in his third satire of the fifth book:

> "Go on and thrive, my petty tyrant's pride,
> Scorn thou to live, if others live beside;
> And *trace* proud Castile that aspires to be
> In his old age a young fifth monarchy."

And Shakspeare in Othello:

> If this poor trash of Venice whom I *trace* (i. e. follow)
> For his quick hunting, bear the putting on, &c.

where the editors have absurdly altered this word to *trash*, and then give an erroneous explanation.

Of worldly honors and hyghe dignytie,
Havyng no regard to hir mutabilitie.

O mortal lyfe! O momentary estate!
O deathe oncertayn, and yet no thyng more suer!
O honor and renowne, whos suertie hath no date,
So that in this world no thyng may endure!
The prove in me ye may playnly se the ure,
For late I was a duke of high renowne,
Whome fortune hathe full low brought down.

I clame[3] aloft and mounted uppe the stage
Of honorable estate to be a noble peere,
But fykkyll fortune in hir cruel rage
Of very dispyght, hath thrust me from hir speere,
She is nowe fled and will no more come neere;
Thus ame I lefte alone in an woofull case;
In worldly felicitie I fynd but littil grace.

With great presumcion, whan the king was gon,
And passed the passage of this oncertyn lyfe,
To be than the Protector I presumed to it anon,

[3] *clame* or clomb, i. e. did climb.

And banyshed all them that had prerogatyfe,
By his pryncely will, to avoyd all stryfe,
And the lawes of this realme which he made of equitie,
I changed and made new with great extremytie.

I, thought for my wytt mete to be a juge,
All other to preeell in wysdome and discression;
Yet, by comparison, in wytt I was a druge,
For if wysdom had had of me any possession,
I shold have considered for to reule a region
Was a greater matter than my wytt cold comprehend;
I was but a fool[4], and so it proved in the end.

Yf reason had rewled me, or wysdom had place,
I wold not have meddeled, not mete for my capacitie,

[4] "I was but a fool, and so it proved in the end!"

It should seem that the cotemporaries of the Protector had no very high notion of his capacity, but good fortune and courage made amends: no one can deny him the meed of an enterprising and skilful general. "Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset Lord General (says Sir John Hayward, speaking of the Northern Expedition) was *a mail little esteemed either for wisedome or personage*, but being in favour with King Henry VIII, and by him much imployed, was always observed to be both faithful and fortunate, as well in giving advice as in managing a charge."

But ordered all thyngs by the wyll of the kyngs grace,
As he left them in writyng for a perfect memorye,
And to preserve thes laws which ware of auctoritie,
That the kyng had made for the preservacion
Of this his realme and his sonnes educasion.

Alas! yong prynce, thou reygnedest lyke a kyng,
Thou barest the name, but I rewled all by wyll,
And bare a kyngly port in every manner thyng;
I presumed on thy name whan I wold fullfill
My covetous appetyte, owther in good or yll;
Thoughe he ware kyng, and bare therof the name,
I had the gaynes, wherin I was to blame.

Sewrly a Protector shold in every thyng
Defend the realme from warre and debate,
And mantayn thos forts which Herre our kyng,
Whan his owen persone in his royale estate,
Leavyng them to his sonne after that rate,
Which I suffred to be lost for lake of defence,
That owght to be defended with my personal presence.

I mynyshed his houshold and his regal port,
I consumed hys treasure, I abated his possessions,

I banyshed all men that ware not of my sort,
I esteemed no gentlemen of auncient conditions,
I mayntened the commens to make insurreccions;
I thought in the commons to have suere ayd,
But at my most ned I was of them denayed.

The plage of God must justly on me lyght,
For shedyng of my brothers blood by cruel assent,
Whome I caused to dye of malice and dispight;
Alas! I was to blame to his death for to consent,
Therfore I ame well worthy of thys punishment[5];

[5] Such reflections were very likely to have arisen in the mind of the Duke of Somerset after his condemnation, when in the solitude of his confinement he could not fail to remember his brother, with bitter contrition that he was ever induced to lend his hand to his destruction. Somerset however from the indulgence of the peers, or perhaps from the commiseration of the king, was not hurried to execution without trial, but after conviction was allowed six weeks to prepare himself for death. He could hardly expect pardon, though he stooped to ask it, at the hands of Northumberland and others, against whom he confessed he had meditated mischief; he begged them to intercede with the king in his behalf, and recommended his wife and children to the pity of his nephew. Neither could he expect that his ambitious enemy Warwick would show him more commiseration than he had shown to his unfortunate brother. The ears of those proud rivals were deaf to appeals from one upon whose ruin they hoped to rise. Every avenue to the mercy of his nephew was carefully closed, and the young monarch was persuaded that the reiterated

For suche ontruthe with like ontruthe again
God will punyshe; the same shall still remayn.

Of all my greves nothyng more grevous
Than to remember my cruel deade,
Which ayenst nature was mere contrarious.

---

offences of his ambitious uncle left him no hope of security but in his death.

The three daughters of the Duke of Somerset, Anne, Margaret, and Jane Seymour, may be added to the list of noble authors. In 1551, a volume was published at Paris entitled "Le Tombeau de Marguerite de Valois," containing one hundred distichs, written by these illustrious sisters in Latin, on the death of Margaret, sister to Francis I: with versions in Greek, Italian, and French, by the most distinguished wits of the French court, such as Ronsard, Baif, D'Aurat, D'Herberay, and the Count D'Alsinois. In a preliminary Epistle addressed to the ladies, D'Herberay Seigneur des Essars, by a piece of poetic galantry, supposes them dead, and proposes the following epitaph to be inscribed on their tomb:

CY DESSOUBZ REPOSENT LES CENDRES D'ANNE, MARGUERITE, ET JANE, LUMIERE ET HONNEUR DES DAMES D'ANGLETERRE, QUI EURENT EN ELLES LA BEAULTÉ D'HELENE, L'HONNESTETÉ DE THIRME, L'ESPRIT DE SOCRATE, LA LANGUE D'HOMERE, ET LE BIEN-ESCRIRE DE CRANE LEUR PRECEPTEUR.

By this it appears that Crane, who was the principal evidence against the duke, had the merit of educating these learned ladies. It should be remembered that the fashion was then to teach the dead languages to females, and the proficiency of Elizabeth, Mary, and the Lady Jane Gray in the Greek and Latin is well known.

O brother, forgeve me, for I stand in great dreade
Of God's indignacion, now at my neade:
Forgeve me, good God, my fact onnaturall;
For mercy and pitie to the I cry and call.

A kyng and his realme I presumed to defend,
That at my most nede cowld not myself preserve:
O blynd asse, whye wold I than pretend
A prynce and his realme royally to conserve,
Supposyng for my worthynes honor to deserve:
Of an auncyent dukedome, to beare the high style,
Twyse I was subdcued; I enjoyed but a whyle.

At last lyke a traytor led to the barre,
There of high treason for to be raygned[6],
And tried by my peers to make or to marre,
Whome they of justice without favor fayned,
Quyt me therof, wherat some disdayned,
And rayned me agayn of fellony conspired;
Yt was but my deathe that they desired.

[6] rayned, i. e. arraigned.

Well, I was condempned and juged for to dye,
To hang lyke a thiefe; such was than my jugement;
Who hath hard the lyke, or seen with his eye
A duke condempned for a fellonous entent[7]?
Where was no hurt don that they cowld invent:
Howbeit I ame the first that shall in this case,
For others ensample dye without trespase?

---

[7] "Who hath hard the lyke, or seen with his eye,
A duke condempned for a fellonous entent?"

Sir John Hayward in his History of the Life and Reign of Edward VI. puts a similar reflection into the mouth of that excellent young prince: "Was it ever known before that a king's uncle, a lord protector, one whose fortunes had much advanced the honour of the realme, did lose his head for a felony, neither cleere in law, and in fact weakly proved? Alas! how falsly have I bin abused! how weakly carried! how little was I master over mine owne judgement, that both his death and the envie thereof must be charged upon me!" It is said, that to dispel such reflections, Edward was supplied with a continued series of occupations and amusements. The duke has been considered innocent or guilty of the crimes laid to his charge according as the writers who have had occasion to consider this portion of our history have been partisans of the reformed religion or otherwise. It is remarkable, that the peers, after mature deliberation, acquitted him of the treasonable part of the charge, but found him guilty of purposing and intending to seize and imprison the Earl of Warwick, a privy counsellor, which, by an Act passed in the 3d Year of Henry VIII. was constituted felony without benefit of clergy. It is said his popularity was so great, that when he was acquitted of treason

My tyme is come, and I must nedes suffer
The rigor of the lawes; there is no remedye;
And for my lyfe, it boted not to profer
Gold ne sylver, but dye I must assuredly;
And yet God wot there is no cause whye;
How be it my hed is lost, and I am gone before
My ennemyes may ensewe and repent therfore?

---

there was so loud a shout in Westminster Hall and its vicinity, as to be heard at Charing Cross; and that when he was pronounced guilty of felony, the people were struck with dumb amazement. The account of his execution as given by Stowe, who was an eye-witness, has some interesting particulars which tend to solve the signs and portents ascribed to that event by the good old martyr-ologist Fox, who, considering the Duke of Somerset as one of the most earnest and strenuous promoters of the reformation, has compared the tumult to what "happened unto Christ when as the officers of the high priests and pharisees coming with weapons to take him, being astonied, ran backwards, and fell to the ground."

LE AUCTOR G. C.

THEND of his complaynt made me for to muse
More than the rest of all his tale byfore;
A duke most shamefully with crueltie to abuse,
And a kyng's uncle, whom they shold have forbore;
But how they durst presume it wonders me therefore:
Howbeit I see God's works which be knowen to none,
For his jugements be secret tyll they be past and gone?

As I loked about and cast my hed aside,
Beyng faynt with travell, and in wofull playnt,
Fower knyghts[1] on a rowe by me I aspied,

[1] The next day after the committal of the Duke of Somerset to the Tower, the Dutchess, with her favourites Mr. and Mrs. Crane, Sir Thomas Holcroft, Sir Michael Stanhope, Sir Thomas Arundel, Sir Ralph Vame, Sir Miles Partridge and others were committed to the same prison; and these were followed at short intervals by the Lord Paget, the Earl of Arundel, and Lord Dacre of the North. But of all those accused as accomplices, or implicated in his alleged crimes, the *four knights* whom Cavendish here brings on the stage were all that suffered capital punishment. They were convicted on similar evidence to that brought against the duke, perhaps as Sir John Hayward asserts, "because it was not

Desyryng me vouchesalve for to consent
To wright their myshappe whilest they ware present:
Goo to, than, (quod I) and say what ye lyst,
Your sayengs I woll wright, or I desist.

With that I hard a sound and a wonderous noyce,
As though they wold have spoken all at oons,
Whos speeches semed me to be but oon voyce;
They shevered for cold, with bare and naked boons;
Full lamentable was their woofull moons:
They agreed at last, and oon spake first of all;
Thes ware his words, of whom I make rehersall.

---

thought fit that such a person should be executed alone, who could hardly be thought to offend alone." Sir Thomas Arundel and Sir Michael Stanhope were beheaded on Tower Hill, and Sir Ralph Vane and Sir Miles Partridge were hung on the same spot. All of them at the place of execution made the most solemn protestations of innocence, and it was the opinion of many that Somerset was much cleared by the death of these men, who were executed with a view to make his death appear only a tribute to justice. Sir Ralph Vane, after speaking of his services in the field, concluded by saying "The time hath been when I was of some esteem, but now we are in peace, which reputeth the coward and courageous alike." He scorned by any submission to entreat for life, but at the place of execution assured the spectators in the strongest language of the innocence of himself and his fellow sufferers, and that as often as Northumberland should lay his head on his pillow he would find it wet with their blood.

SIR THOMAS ARONDELL.

Alas! (quod he) some tyme I was a knyght,
Beyng in my contre of great estimation;
By my father Aroundell, evyn so my name hight,
A yonger brother I was by dewe generation,
And with the Cardinal Wollsey was my educasion;
Whos favor brought me first to aboundaunce
Of riches and possessions of great inheritaunce.

Chancellor I was also, onworthy though I ware,
To Katheren Howard, that some tyme was quene;
Such fayned favor than fortune me bare,
That worthy of dignitie she did me esteme;
As I than thought she used me so cleane:
But the quene is dekayed and past this vyle passage,
Which by wanton youthe was brought in dotage.

Yet it was of trouthe I must neds confesse;
Se of privye malice howe God now plagethe me,
Evyn for his cause, whos cause causeles
I was cheafe cause to bryng to calamytie,
Yea God in his jugements a right wyse juge woll be;

For though I offendyd not wherein found gyltie,
Yet hathe God punyshed me for my privye envye.

But will you see a wonderous thyng
That God hathe wrought by dyvyn operacion?
Marke nowe, and ye shall here shortly, concludyng:
With the Duke of Northumberland I was in consultacion,
Who bare the Duke of Somerset high indignacion:
I was cheafe councellor in the first overthrowe
Of the Duke of Somerset, which few men dyd know[2].

Thinke not to escape, ye that do offend,
The punysshment of God for your offence;
He knowyth the secrets that you do pretend,
Thoughe it be wrought with a secret pretence;

---

[2] I am not aware that this circumstance of Sir Thomas Arundel having been confederate formerly with Northumberland in endeavouring to ruin the Duke of Somerset, is elsewhere recorded. Cavendish asserts that it was known but to few. The condemnation of Sir Thomas was not procured without difficulty; his trial commenced at seven o'clock in the morning; about noon the jury retired to deliberate on their verdict, and were shut up during the remainder of the day and the whole of the next night before they could come to an agreement. The following morning they came into court and pronounced him guilty.

Ye cannot blynd his dyvyn intellygence;
Therefore ame I punyshed for my conspiracye
Ayenst the innocent with my deadly ennemye.

To be hanged thoughe my jugement ware,
Yet to do me honour they chaynged ther sentence,
And to leese my hed to ease me of my care;
But death was the thyng of all ther pretence
Which they desired; such was ther concyence.
Here I make an end, and I without redresse,
As here ye may se me, a symple body hedlesse.

SIR MICHAEL STANHOPE[3].

THAN came forthe another makyng lyke complaynt,
And sayed he was a knight dobbyd by the kyng,

---

[3] Sir Michael Stanhope was related to the Dutchess of Somerset, as was also Sir Miles Partridge; "Both (says Hayward) reputed indifferently disposed to bad or good, yet neither of them of that temper as to dare any dangerous fact." They probably suffered more on account of their strict alliance with Somerset than from any guilty participation in his schemes of ambition or revenge.

That worthy prynce, that worthy innocent,
Edward the Syxt, virtuous in lyvyng,
As it appered in all his procedyng;
Of whós privye chamber I was without dought,
And nowe condempned and clean cast owt.

Our deathes ware conspyred to satisfie and content
Some persons that thoughte we stode in ther way,
In suche matters which after did repent;
They studyed to compas, both nyght and day,
Ther purpose how they myght by pollicy conveye
To bryng that to passe which they long loked for,
That oons knowen did all honest harts abhorre.

Nowe we be deade and passed thes stormy showers,
Let them alone which wrought us all this woo;
The day wyll come whan they woll the death of owers
Repent full sore; fortune may torne hir purpose soo,
For Fortunes whele tornythe often to and froo:
The experience ye may behold whan we be gon;
Farewell, my frends! hedles I leve you alon.

SIR RAFE VANE,

SIR MYLES PARTERYGE.

Too other knyghts, that ware of that band,
Complayned them sore of fortunes chaunce,
Whom she had taught for to understand,
How to knyghthod she did them lately avaunce,
And gave them possessions of great enheritaunce;
But at last she favoured so their high degree,
That they ware bothe hanged uppon a gallowe tree.

FINIS.

L'AUCTOR

IN MORTEM EDWARDI VI.

I LAKE, teares to lament, and connyng to compile
Matter sufficient of fame most worthye;
My wytt is to dull for so lamentable a style,
And my penne is to blount to put in memory
Of Edward the Sixt the woofull tragedie,
Which hathe here passed the paynfull passage
Of thes mondayn stormes in his tender age.

He was a kyng royal, of byrthe and of port;
In virtue surmountyng, garnyshed with grace;
In vice he had no joye ne any disport;
Sober in countenance, no lyghtnes in his face;
All was don with gravitie, in tyme and in place;
Yong he was in yeres, but in manners sage;
Yet deathe devoured hym in his tender age.

Ah deathe! most cruel, thyself to revenge
On so tender an impe of vertue the flower:

Oh deathe! thy bytt[1] was bytter in tarenge[2];
Alas! I say, that ever we saw that hower,
That thou sholdest so cruelly this prince devoure,
Regardyng hyme no more than a poore page;
Thou sholdest have spared hym in hys tender age.

In connyng and wysdome, Solomons right heyer;
His wytt was so excellent, his sentence so profound;
Absolon in beawtie, his visage was so fayer:
If he myght have lyved ther shold not have byn found
A prynce more excellent raynyng on the ground[3];

---

[1] *bytt*, i. e. bite. [2] *tarenge*, tearing.

[3] "If he myght have lyved there shold not have byn found
A prynce more excellent raynyng on the ground."

This character of Edward is very honourable to the writer; for that prince's memory has not been very much cherished by the adherents of the catholic church, on account of the zeal with which he forwarded the great work of the Reformation. Hume indeed has summed up his brief sketch of Edward's character in kindred terms: "He possessed mildness of disposition, application to study and business, a capacity to learn and judge, and an attachment to equity and justice. He seems only to have contracted, from his education and from the genius of the age in which he lived, too much of a narrow prepossession in matters of religion, which made him incline somewhat to bigotry and persecution: but as the bigotry of protestants, less governed by priests, lies under more restraints than that of catholics, the effects of this malignant

Yet for all his virtues and noble parentage,
Deathe hathe hyme devoured in his tender age.

Noble Alexander, whom clarkes call Severe,
That was of Rome emperour by eleccion,
Who rewled his empier in love and in feare
Duryng all his lyve, by clemency and correccion;
To whom this yong kyng myght make comparison,
Yf deathe would have spared in hir cruel rage,
Hyme to devoure in his yong and tender age.

---

quality were the less to be apprehended if a longer life had been granted to young Edward." Dr. Lingard thinks the praises which have been lavished on him should be received with some degree of caution, and says it may be a question whether his early death has not proved a benefit to the Church of England, as it is at present established, because his sentiments were tinged with Calvinism, and he might perhaps have been persuaded by his rapacious courtiers, whose appetite for the spoils of the church was insatiable, to have entirely suppressed bishoprics and chapters, in order that they might devour the remainder of her possessions. I fear the historian's usual candour and circumspection have forsaken him in his estimate of the character of this prince, and the probable consequences of a more extended reign; surely we have reason to think that the horrors which succeeded in the reign of his sister Mary would not have sullied the page of history, if it had pleased the Disposer of events to have spared his life until the work of reformation, so temperately and well forwarded during the brief space in which he filled the throne, had been more fully established by authority, reason, and custom.

Wanton youthe raygned in hyme nothyng at all,
But wysdome, connyng, and sober gravytie;
For all his care and study pryncypall
Was to consider hys charge knytt to his dignytie,
And to governe his subjects in justice and equytie,
And nobly to raygne without any owtrage:
This was his disport in his tender age.

A virgin prynce, a mayden kyng,
Never corrupte with thought oncleane;
So chaste he was in all hys lyvyng,
Suche grace in hyme was daylye seen,
That all men dyd bothe juge and deme
Deathe to be to blame in hir[4] fond rage,
This prynce to devour in his tender age.

From hyme all vice vanished was by grace,
That no rote of oncleanness cowld take hold;
Vertue had so furnyshed fully in the place
Which made vice in hyme so fyble and cold,

---

[4] "Deathe to be to blame in *hir* fond rage."

Our ancestors in their personification of Death represented it as a female deity.

And virtue so famylier that made hyme so bold,
With discression to rewle hys realme and baronage,
Tyll deathe devoured hym in his tender age.

With pride he never entendyd to stryve,
Of covetous[5] also he had non acquaintaunce,
Nor had indignation to any man alyve,
And to be revenged he never knew vengeaunce,
Gloteny could not prevayle for temperance,
Idelnes was banyshed, his commyn usage,
Discression so rewled his tender age.

My stile to direct with trewe dyligence,
This royal prynce to commend evyn at the full,
Of connyng clarkes I want the eloquence;
My experyence in suche matters are very dull,
And wysdome is banyshed my old[5] grosse skull;
Therfore I beseche the, Lord, which is eternall,
That in hevyn this prynce may raygn immortall.

---

[5] *covetous*, i. e. covetise or covetousness.

[6] By this passage we perceive that George Cavendish was now descended into the vale of years: his younger brother, Sir William, is said to have been born about the year 1505.

L'AUCTOR G. C.

MUSYNG of this world and of the incertentie,
Where nother prynce, kyng, ne any other estate
In lusty youthe floryshyng in felicitie,
Can have of deathe any sewer date;
For whan deathe saythe oons to them, chekemate,
Geve over the playe for ye have lost the game;
This was my last studye musyng on the same.

Perceyvyng at the last it ware great folly
Ferther to muse of thyngs in experyence,
Which daylie is seen, bothe symple and jolly,
That departithe this lyfe where can be no resistance,
For all must desolve and departe from hence;
Therfore to be sorrye it ware but a madnes,
For after old sorrowes comyth newe gladnes.

The wether broke uppe that cloudy was byfore,
And the sonne gave lyght whom mystes did deface,
But God that knewe our lamentable sore,

Hathe agayn of his especyall grace
Torned our old sorrowes to a newe solace;
For the losse of a kyng which was a virgin clean,
He hathe restored us a mayden quene.

IN LAUDEM REGINE MARIE.

Whome our Lord of his benygne goodnes
Hathe preserved from many stormye showers,
Or ells had she peryshed in great distresse;
But nowe hathe he made hyr a quene of owers,
Whom Jesu defend all tymes and howers,
And geve hyr grace to rewle thys realme in peace,
To the honor of God, our welthe and quyet ease.

Let us love hir with faythfull harts,
For she is our lawfull quene, born by just dissent;
We be hir subjects, it is therfore our parts
To be to hir obedyent, with a good entent,
And let us not dought that ever we shall repent;
Yf we do otherwyse, our wytts be to blunt,
Quia corda regum in manu Dei sunt.

God hathe ordened hir to raygn in this regally,
Therefore lyke trewe subjects let us be content;
To grudge ayenst God it ware a great folly,
For he is a Lord that workyth his devyn intent
Secretly and cloos ayenst all mens intendment[1];
His workes be not knowen untill they come to passe,
Therfore hyme to prevent[2] thou art a very asse.

Yf thou pretend Gods holy word to know,
Whye dost thou rebell ayenst hir grace,
Maliciously abrode scedycion to sowe,
To slander hir honor, hir virtue to deface
With any falce reports as some of late hase?
Mayntayn non suche, let them not be releved,
For from the comon welthe they owght to be remeved.

To travell any further hir virtues to comend,
My tyme I shold spend with insufficyence;
Though my will be good my wytt cannot comprehend

---

[1] 'ayenst all mens *intendment*,' i. e. above all men's *understanding*.

[2] *to prevent* here signifies to *anticipate*.

All hyr nobles and hyghe magnyficence,
Worthely to prayse as I owght of congruence;
Therfore lest my rude stile shold them deface,
I hir commyt to the protection of God's grace.

Leavyng hyr with God, whome she lovyth best,
She is his servant, he will not hir disseyve,
Nor leave hir with ennemyes cruelly to be opprest,
From whos malyce he will hir receyve
Into his protection, as we of late perceyve
How he hathe preserved hir, this royal quene:
Defend hir, good Lord, from ennemyes yet not seen.

L'AUCTOR G. C.

Now let me retourne to the foure knyghts
That late suffred deathe, I know not the cause,
But the wyll to fullfill of a man of myght,
Which caused them to dye by colour of the lawes;
Wherin was found a certyn defuse[1] clause,
Wrested by craft to a male intent,
To cause them to dye that therin ware innocent.

As I sat complaynyng, in my studye alone,
The deathe of thes knyghts and of ther wooful fall,
My hart was so greved I could no wyse but mone,
Rebukyng fortune most in especyall,
Which is of nature bothe cruel and mutall[2],
Without all pitie and will no mercy have
Of non estate ther honors to deprave.

[1] *defuse*, i. e. dark, obscure. See vol. i. p. 92.

[2] *mutall* is mutable, changeable.

Thes Clarkes old[3] that wrott wocful tragedies,
I pray you ware not ther playnts of hyghe estates,
Recordyng ther onware falls and dayngerous jeopardies,
Ther sodeyn changes and ther woonn rates,
Ther disdaynous dispyghts and onnaturall debates;
Allwayes concludyng, who list to take heade,
Howe hyghe estates are alwayes in most dreade.

With that, in blakke, I sawe oon come and goo,
Whos countenance was sade, nowe standing in a staye,
His looke downcast in token of sorowe and woo,
The salt teeres in droppes on his bare cheeke laye,
Which bare record of his woo and deadly affray;
Wherfore he prayed me my penne for to redresse,
And therwith to discrybe hys playnts and hevynes.

---

[3] 'Thes Clarkes old.' The allusion is most probably to Lydgate's "Boke of Johan Bocas, descryving the fall of princes, princesses, and other nobles." I presume that Cavendish when he began his visions was unacquainted with any part of the Mirror for Magistrates.

DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

THE ground (quod he) and begynnyng of my destruction
I shall to you reherse shortly in sentence;
Yt was covetous pryde and hyghe presumpcion,
Disdaynyng all men of royal excellence,
Covetyng by ravyn[4] to have the preemynence;
And whome I suspectyd that stade in my waye,
I shortly by falshod intended ther dekay.

First I caused a duke wrongfully to dye,
By rigor of the lawes purposely invented;
Yt hathe not byn hard in my symple fantzy,
A duke for fellony to be convented[5],

[4] *ravyn*, i. e. rapine, force, or violence, from peapian, Sax. whence also rapine is derived. The permutation of the letters *f*, *b*, *v*, and *p* is well known to etymologists. Milton uses the substantive *rapine* much in the same sense with Cavendish's *ravyn*.

"——— Her least action overaw'd
His malice, and with *rapine* sweet bereav'd
His fierceness of its fierce intent."

[5] *convented*, i. e. called before a judge or judicature. Thus in Measure for Measure:

——— "what he with his oath
And all probation will make up full clear
Whensoever he's *convented*."

Without any acte wherby that he offendyd;
But of cankard malice my cruelty to fullfyll,
Caused hyme and knyghts fower to dye on Tower Hyll.

Froward ambycion set so my hart on fier
To assend uppe the imperyall see,
And to possesse the governaunce of the empier;
I did the best that lay in me
To rewle thys realme and have the soverayntie;
Thys was my purpose by covetous and pride,
Whan I sawe tyme, the just titile to sett aside.

For lyke a subject to lyve I was not content,
But this realme to governe most lykest a kyng,
Which caused me to study what meanes to invent,
My desier to attayne and to my purpose bryng;
I revolved in my brayn, immagynyng every thyng,
Howe to governe and rewle, and still in this land,
Till at the last this subtiltie[6] I fand.

I had a sonne that tender was of age,
Which greatly stode in my conceyt and favor,

[6] *subtiltie* is a wile, a plot, or contrivance.

Whome I intendyd than to joyn in mariage
To the doughter of Suffolk, the dukes enheritor,
And so in possibilitie myght be successor
Unto the emperyall crown, by lawes of this land,
As by the statutes ye may well understand.

Thus I presumed by falce usurpation,
In all Englond to quenche the cleare light,
And troble the lynne of just succession,
Which I intendyd by force, and not of ryght,
Contrary to the order of a royal knyght,
To subdue the lawfull quene, I falcely did ordeyn,
That I in this regyon the quyeter myght rayn.

I assembled to ayd me, shortly to conclude,
A great number of people in every degree
Advauncyng thus forward with a confused multitude,
Without any title, but grounded on sotiltie[7];
Wherfore the gentlemen and comons of the countrie,
All of oon assent and in oon opynyon,
Assembled them together, brought me to confusion.

[7] *sotiltie:* the same as subtiltie in the preceding page.

Thus can the Lord the meke enhaunce,
And from ther seats the proud thrust down,
Specyally them that have no remembraunce
To remember by wysdome, or by reasown
To know the Lord, most myghty of renown;
The Lord of Lords playnly to compile,
Who sufferyth tyraunts to raygn but a wyle.

For cruell murder and falce oppression
Caused me to stand in great hatred[8];

---

[8] This representation of the unpopularity of Northumberland for the flagrant share he took in the destruction of the Protector Somerset is historically true. Speaking of the execution of Somerset, Sir John Hayward says: "The people, whose property it is by excessive favour to bring great men to misery, and then to be excessive in pity, departed away grieved and afraid, and yet feared to seem to be afraid; and for this cause chiefly did never beare good mind to Northumberland afterwards, although in shew they dissembled the contrary: for nothing is more easie than to discerne when people observe great men from the heart, or when they do it for fashion or for feare. And as it often happeneth that men oppressed work revenge after their deaths, so the remembrance of Somerset much moved the people to fall from Northumberland in his greatest attempt, and to leave him to his fatal fall; whereat they openly rejoiced and presented to him handkerchiefs dipped in the blood of Somerset, for whom they thought he received rather late than undeserved punishment. So certain it is that the debts both of cruelty and mercy go never unpaid."

What avaylled me my hyghe domynacion,
Without love of the people when I had most nede?
Whome for a wyle they did honor and dreade:
But now love and dreade are quenched and gone,
I ame but a wretche left all alone.

Take an example howe Mallios of Carthage,
For all his towers and castles made of stones,
For his oppression, tyranny, and owtrage,
The people of Africke fell on hyme all at oons,
Cuttynge his fleshe and hewgh all his bones;
Entendyng on hyme, they were so wood[9],
Unto ther gods to offer uppe his blood.

Evyn so was I brought to myschefe and to dreade,
For all my great power where in I then stode;
Here may you se who lyst to take heade,
Howe gery[10] fortune, furious, and wood,

---

[9] *wood*, i. e. mad.

[10] *gery*, changeable: probably from *girer*, Fr. to revolve, turn, or change. Chaucer applies the word to Venus:

"———— *gery* Venus—
———— right as hir day
Is *gerful*, right so changeth she array."

Will not spare for power nor for good,
Myghty prynces, which lyst not God to knowe,
From ther estates to bryng them down full lowe.

What myght avayle the conquest of great price
Done by kyng Zerses in his estate royal,
Which overcame in battayl, as clarkes doth devise,
Ten hondreth thousand; the nomber was not small,
Yet for all that he had a cruell fall
Whan he was, as in storyes is remembred,
On pieces small petyously dismembred.

My seade, my succession, and all my bloode,
By my default are brought to distruccion;
Thus cruel fortune most froward and wood,
For my great pride and falce usurpacion,
Hath thrown me down and all my generation;
Thus can fortune with twynklyng of an eye
Bryng hyme full lowe that sometyme sat full hye.

Of myn end what ned it any more to wright,
Or of my deathe make farther degression,
God may his vengeaunce a while respight,

But murder wyll owte, and all suche treason;
And thoughe it ware my disposicion
Falcely to murder, to you I must be playn,
Nedes must murder be my guerdon[11] agayn.

Therfore I beseche you that be here alyve,
Pray for my sowle to that Lord above,
To pardon my conspyracye that I did late contryve,
Which ambytious honor therto did me move;
What madnes is to conspire myself dothe well prove:
Beware by me, therfore, thynk not to opteyn
By rebellious conspiracye ayenst your soverayn.

And here I make an end of this my complaynt,
Repentyng me full sore of my corrupt mynd;
My lyfe is consumed, my purpose hath me attaynt:
Therfore, ye my frends, whom I have left behynd,
That loved my body, to my sowle be not onkynd;
Remember me, I beseche you; shortly to conclude,
This world and fantzy did me thus delude.

[11] *guerdon* is reward.

L'AUCTOR G. C.

WHAN this stout duke had ended thus his playnt,
Jhesu, thought I, what, did this man intend
To mount the seage royal by forceble constraynt;
He was ferre overseen so madly to offend,
Yt was no loyaltie thus to assend;
Thereby to enjoye the throne emperyall,
His fond enterprice requirethe a just fall.

Beyng discontent partly in my mynd,
To se a man of honor and of hygh discression,
With ambycion to be so betyll blynd,
That he could not se the segnell progression
Which dothe ensewe suche haynous transgression:
With that I hard oon crie, makyng a rewfull mone,
That late was in honor, and now left alone.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Somtyme a duke (quod he) of highe estymacion,
Of Suffolk, that bare the name and style
Which hathe nowe corrupted my hole generacion;
Yt was fortune and fantzy dyd me thus begyle,
And brought me to ruyn, alas! alas! the while;
I lakked wytt, I lakked also reason,
Ayenst my soverayn whan I comytted treason.

What neded me conspire that was so ferre in favor
With the quenes grace, whom she called cosyn;
I myght have at lengthe with my sewte and labor,
Delyvered my daughter from the daynger she was in;
But wenyng made me thynk allwayes to wyne
All that I went abought with a corrupt mynd,
Hopyng to attayn that yet I could not fynd.

And when I remember the fond[1] enterprice
Which I toke in hand to compasse and to bryng abought,

[1] *fond*, i. e. foolish.

Yt was the greatest folly that I could devyse;
Supposyng to assemble so great a rowte
To take my part and to beare theme owt:
Ther wytts ware better than I at that tyme had;
To followe me they ware not so frantyke mad.

I claimed and proclaymed, from place to place,
The title to be just of my daughter Jane[2];

---

[2] "I claimed and proclaymed, from place to place,
The title to be just of my daughter Jane."

Suffolk's narrow escape from the consequences of his participation in Northumberland's measures for placing the crown on the head of Lady Jane Gray had not taught him discretion. He had been pardoned and received into favour; had given Mary repeated assurances of attachment to her person, and had even manifested his approbation of her intended marriage with Philip of Spain. But his religious scruples, it is presumed, made him upon consideration, think it his duty to oppose himself to that match, and to risk his life and the fortunes of his family in support of the reformed religion. Accompanied by his brothers the Lords John and Thomas Gray, and about fifty followers, he suddenly retreated toward his estates in Warwickshire. It has been doubted whether his purpose was to revive the claim of his daughter the Lady Jane, or whether in concert with Wyatt and other conspirators to set up the Princess Elizabeth. Cavendish's testimony is therefore important if not decisive upon this head. "In Leicestershire (says Holinshed) he caused proclamation to be made in semblablewise as Sir Thomas Wiatt had done aganst the queen's match with the king of Spaine

In citie and town I travelled than apase
To declare hyr tytle just; but all was prophane[3],
For I sawe my trust dayly decrease and wane:
Than was I fayne to flee and hide my hed,
For if I ware taken shortlie I shold be ded.

Than was I persewed and sought for round abought,
There was no place wherin I myght be suer;
At the last I was aspied, taken, and brought owte;

(lest it should bring the whole nobilitie and people of this realme into bondage and thraldome of strangers); but few there were that would willingly hearken thereto." The Earl of Huntingdon being sent in pursuit of him, with very superior forces, and with the country on his side, Suffolk dismissed his followers, rewarding them according to their quality and his power, and secreted himself and his brother Lord John Gray in Astley Park, near Coventry, when they were betrayed to the Earl of Huntingdon, who brought them prisoners to the Tower of London. He was arraigned, and led to to the block Feb. 23, 1553. His fate excited little commiseration on account of his ingratitude for the leniency which the queen had shown to his former offences, and he has been blamed for a disregard to his daughter's safety. He was followed to the scaffold by his brother Lord Thomas Gray, whose ambition equalled that of of his brother while he excelled him in enterprise and talent. It was thought that he had been chiefly influenced by him to take up arms again on this occasion against his sovereign.

[3] *prophane*, i. e. unhallowed, and therefore unsuccessful.

For in whome I put my trust did me first discure[4];
My presumcion no longer myght endure:
Than was I taken with shame and dishonor,
And led away lyke an errant traytor,

And brought to the barre, tried by my peers,
Who found me giltie wherin I did offend;
My offence was evydent as playnly it appeers,
My colors of trowthe cowld me not defend,
Allthoughe I excused me howe truly I did intend,
Yet wold not myn excuse so symple be taken,
And whan I sawe that, I knew I was forsaken.

Non other remedy than have I, none
But to make me redye in charitie to dye;
Yt boted me not to make ferther mone,
I thought it best, therfore, myself to mortefie,
And to receyve my deathe most paciently;

---

[4] *discure*, that is, *discover*: so used by Spenser.

"I will, if please you it *discure*, assay
To ease you of that ill."

He had trusted himself to the supposed fidelity of one of his tenants named Underwood, who moved either by the hope of reward or the fear of punishment betrayed him.

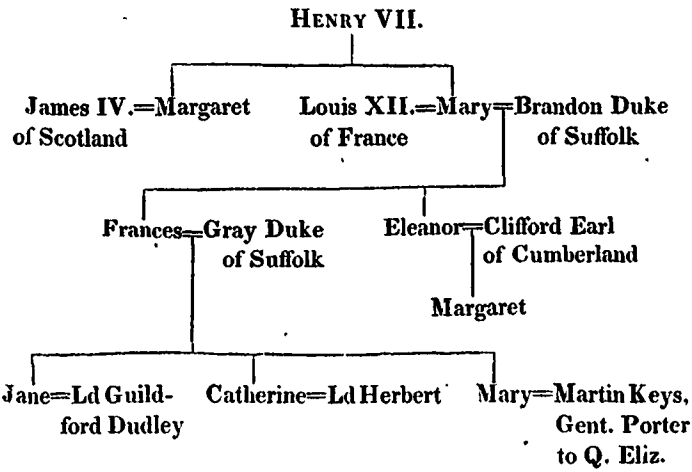
Down to the bloke to bowe my hed a lowe;
This is the sede that disloyaltie dothe sowe.

Farewell, Lady Frances! my most lovyng wyfe,
Lynyally dissendyd of the blood royall[5],

---

[5] Farewell, Lady Frances! my most lovyng wyfe,
Lynyally dissendyd of the blood royall.

She was the eldest daughter of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, by Mary sister of Henry the Eighth. Her two brothers Henry Duke of Suffolk and the Lord Charles died of the sweating sickness in the reign of Edward the Sixth, upon whose death, at the instance of the Earl of Warwick, the king created her husband, Henry Gray, Marquis of Dorchester, Duke of Suffolk; at the same time Warwick was raised to the Dukedom of Northumberland. Frances had no ambition to ascend a disputed throne, and therefore her eldest daughter *Jane* was made the innocent victim of Northumberland's ambitious views, she having been previously married to his fourth son, the Lord Guildford Dudley.



Though I be gon, and chaynged hathe my lyfe,
Which myght have lyved still if I had byn loyall,
But presumption hathe nowe distroyed all;
Therfore comfort yourself with sober pacience,
And thynke that nothyng hathe here perpetuance.

Farewell, my bretherne! for I ame your dekay;
This is my last farewell; God send you of his grace
To escape the pajaunt[6] that I must nedes play,
For I ame cheafe causer of your offence and trespace:
Farewell, all ye also, dissendyd of that race,
Pray God for his mercy my sowle may be saved,
And my hedlesse body vouchesave to se it graved[7].

---

[6] *pajaunt* or pageant, any show or spectacle. Thus Shakspeare:

'I'll play my part in fortune's *pageant*.'

[7] *graved*, i. e. buried. Thus Lord Surrey in his translation of the Fourth Æneid:

Cinders, think'st thou, mind this, or *graved* ghosts.

And Shakspeare in K. Richard II.

And lie full low *grav'd* in the hollow ground.

Again in Timon of Athens:

—— Ditches *grave* you all.

L'AUCTOR G. C.

O, LORD God! yt is to me a marvelous thyng
To se the folly, the madnes, and the pryde
That now among states is dayly raynyng;
Yt is for lake of grace to be ther cheife gwyde,
For vertue and wysdome they are clean sett aside:
Alas! that you shold your honor so defile
With fowle disloyaltie, to put all in exile.

O ye honorables of noble and highe degrees,
Whan will ye be content with suffisaunce?
What mean ye so wyllfully, so madly to leese
Your highe honors and riche enheritaunce
Thorowghe necligence and your myssegovernaunce:
Amend your lyves, consider well your callyng,
Lyve justly, uppright, and for se your fallyng.

Than sawe I a ladye that tender was of age,
Sodenly appeere with an hedlesse body;
The sight was straynge, it abated my corage

To se so yong a thyng to chaunce on suche folly
Hir hed to loose, that myght have lyved full jolly:
By signes without wordes she made me to understand
To wright her doole[1] that I shold take in hand.

LADY JANE GRAY.

By sygnes she taught me thus to wright:
As thoughe (quod she), why did ye me dysseyve,
With faynyng fantzye ayenst all equitie and right,
The regall powers onjustly to receyve,
To serve your tornes, I do right well perceyve;
For I was your instrument to worke your purpose by;
All was but falshed to bleere withall myn eye.

O ye councellors, why did ye me avaunce
To a quenes estate, full soore ayenst my mynd,
Assuryng me it was my just enheritaunce!

---

[1] *doole*, or dole, sorrow.

Now, contrarye to your suggestion, I perceyve and fynd
All was in vayn, your wytts ware to blynd
Me to delude ayenst the forme of lawe;
Forsoothe you ware to blame, and all not worthe a
strawe.

Your crepyng and knelyng to me, poor innocent,
Brought me to wenyng with your perswasions,
That all was trewthe which ye ontruly ment;
Suche ware your argumeṇts, suche ware your reasons,
Made to me at sondrye tymes and seasons;
Your subtill dealyng dissayved hathe bothe you and me,
Dissimulacion woll not serve nowe may you se.

Cowld non experyence force you to know
Howe dissimulacion and covert craftynes
Hathe byn the occasion of the overthrowe
Of many a person beyng in welthynes[2],
And suche as used the face of dublenes;

---

[2] *welthines*. *Welth* is before used in these poems in contradistinction to *woe*, to signify a tranquil and prosperous condition, in the same manner as *weal* is used in more modern language.

Wherfore dissimulacion and crafty dealyng
Hathe brought you and mè to utter undoyng.

For your pryncely powers and hault dygnyties
Assured me with suche perfection,
To-establyshed me in the hyest degrees[3],
Untill fortune hathe brought us into subjeccion,
Of the lawes to abyde the publyke correccion;
Nowe accuse we fortune as cheafe ground of our falle,
And yet is she not giltie no thyng at all.

Yt is your pride and pevyshe[4] presumpcion
That hathe us led to this myschaunce,
By means wherof all is in consumpcion:
Where be now your promysis and your assuraunce?
Where is your ayed? where is your mayntenaunce?

---

[3] "To-establyshed me in the hyest degrees."

The prefix *to* is here only an augmentative particle, frequently thus used in our older language. Take one instance out of many to be found in Chaucer.

"His shelde *to-dashed* with swerds and with maces.
Troilus and Cresséide, B. ii, *v.* 640.

[4] *pevyshe*, i. e. foolish.

Be they not abated and layed full lowe?
Yf ye wold denye, yet all the world doth knowe.

My sorowes are treble and full of doble woo,
To remember the tragedy and wofull case
That to my father, my hosbond, and me also
Ys happened, thoroughe folly and lake of grace;
Yt causithe the teeres to run down my face,
And to lament your mysfortune and myn,
By such blynd folly to fall into rewyn.

Wherfore the Lord that is Lord of lords all,
And sittyth in heven above the Iherarcheyes,
Behold and consider our whofull fall,
We the beseche, with thy mercyfull eyes,
And geve thy holy eares to our lamentable cries;
As thou art mercyfull of thyn owne natures,
So have mercy on us thy poore creatures.

Farewell, madame! farewell, lady mother!
Farewell, my sisters! farewell, my frendes all!
Helpe us with your prayers our prayers to further

Unto God allmyght, the Lord supernall,
That he his grace will unto hyme call
The sowles of his creatures that now lyeth deade,
Which by the lawes hathe[5] receyved our meade.

---

[5] *hathe* for *have*.

L'AUCTOR G. C.

To answer hir complaynt I wist not what to say,
Wherfore I thought to pawse and rest a while,
Entendyng here to have made a stay,
No more to wright of this wofull style,
Supposyng that fortune cowld no more begile
Men so well warned of hir fayned flatterye,
The experience being of late had in memorye.

Yet some there be that wantyth God's grace[1],
Whos wytts be oppressed so with vice,
Though fortune doth still them menace,
Yet of suche precedents they set small price,
But runnyng hedlong without any advice

[1] This and the following stanza are crossed out with a pen in the original MS. It appears that it had been the intention of Cavendish to extend his poem so as to embrace other characters, to whose appearance these stanzas are the induction. The leaves of the manuscript are very much transposed, but there are references in a cotemporary hand writing showing the order in which it is to be read. Nothing occurs after these stanzas but the Epitaph on Queen Mary, and the Author's Address to his Book.

Untill all myschefe and utter distruction,
Lyke men given to all evyll dysposition.

That sentence is trewe, yt cannot be denyd
(Quod oon to me), for I have felt the smart;
Thexperience in me is evydently aspied,
Which causythe me to lament with a carefull hart:
With that I cast myn eye aside, where I did advert
A rowt with sorrowe woofully arayed,
And oon most rewfully to me these words he sayd—

AN EPITAPHE

ON

THE LATE QUENE MARIE.

DISCEND from hevyn, O Muse Melpomene,
Thou mournfull goddesse, with thy sisters all,
Passe in your playnts the wofull Niobe,
Torne musyke to mone with teeres eternall,
Blake be your habetts, dyme, and funeral;
For deathe hathe bereft, to our great dolour,
Mary our mastres, our quene of honor.

Our quene of honor, compared aptly
To VERITAS VICTRIX, daughter of Tyme,
By God assisted, amased in armye,
When she a virgin cleare, without cryme,
By ryght, without might, did happely clyme
To the stage royal, just inheritor,
Proclaymed Mary our quene of honor.

And as a victrix, valerus endewed
With justice, prudence, high mercy, and force,
Dredles of danger, with sword subdued
Her vassells rebells, yet havyng remorse,
With losse of few she saved the cursse;
Suche was thy mercy, surmountyng rigour,
O Mary, mystress! O quene of honour!

To a virgin lyfe, which lyked the best,
Profest was thyn hart; whan, moved with zele
And teeres of subjects expressing request,
For no lust, but love of the common weale,
Virginities' vowe thou diddest repelle,
Knytt with a kyng coequal in valour,
Thyn estate to conserve as quene of honour.

The Roos and pomgranat joined in oon,
England and Spain by espousal allyed;
Yet of thes branches blossomes came none
Wherby ther kyngdoms myghte be supply'd;
For this conjunction a comytt envied,
Influence castyng of mortal vapour
On Mary the rose, our quene of honour.

Then faded the flower that wyllome[1] was freshe,
For Boreas blasts dyd wether away
The spyritt of lyfe from the tender flesh
Of that impe royal, that pryme rose gay,
Equal in odor to Flora in May:
The virtue vanished with vitall vigour
From our fayer Mary, our quene of honour.

Though virtue vitall dyd vanyshe away,
Hir virtues inward remayn immortal,
Eterne, and exempte from deathe and dekay,
As fountaynes flowyng with course contynuall;
As vere[2] in verdure and greene perpetuall,
Or lamps ever lyght and supplyed with licoure,
Enduryng endles to Mary's honoure.

Add there to virtue, blood, and parentage,
In all Europa no prynces equall,
So noble of byrthe, discent, and lyneage,

---

[1] *wyllome*, usually spelt *whilome*, the same as *erewhile*, before, or onetime.

[2] *vere* or *ver*, i. e. spring.

As no man can nomber the joynts legal,
Of Emperors old and houses regall:
No herauld hewked[3] in kyngs coate armoure,
Sufficyth to blaze our Mary's honoure.

Lament, ye lords and ladys of estate,
You puissaunt prynces and dukes of degree,
Let never nobles appere so ingrate
As to forget the great gratuytie
Of graces granted and benifits fre,
Gevyn and restored oonly by favour
Of noble Mary, our quene of honoure.

Hyghe prieste of Rome, O Paule appostolike,
And college conscrypte of cardynalls all,
And ye that confesse the fayth catholyke,
Of Christs Churche chief in yerthe unyversall;
O clerks and religious, to you I call,
Pray for your patron, your frend, and founder,
Mary our mastress, our quene of honoure.

---

[3] 'herauld *hewked*' forsan *hewed?* from his many *coloured* suit.

Which late restored the right religion[4];
And fayth of fathers observed of old,
Subdewd sects and all dyvision,
Reducyng the flocke to the former fold;
A piller most firme the church to uphold:
Loo, where she lyeth, trew faythes defendour,
Mary our mastress, our quene of honoure.

---

[4] Cavendish's lament over Mary is not merely poetical, but proceeded from a sincere and pious feeling of the loss which he considered the *right religion*, the faith of his fathers, would suffer by the fall of this pillar of the Catholic Church. The fact is, that Mary has been painted in blacker colours than her conduct, dispassionately considered, warrants. I am not about to join in the panegyric of the text, but surely Hume and others of our popular historians have gone too far in handing her down to posterity as a monster of crime, deformed in mind and in person, without one redeeming virtue but sincerity. It should be remembered that the accounts we have of her reign are almost without exception from writers whose prejudices were strongly opposed to an *impartial* examination or representation of its leading events, and perhaps no mode of flattering Elizabeth could be found more grateful than that of opposing her own character to an exaggerated picture of that of her predecessor. That the annals of Mary are foully stained with bloody persecutions hardly paralleled in modern history must be confessed; but this was more the fault of *her creed*, and of the unfortunate influence of a doctrine which teaches that to extirpate heretics 'to subdue sects and all division, and to reduce the flock to its former fold,' as Cavendish expresses it, is the highest of virtues, and that to effect it recourse must be had to the purifying influence of fire, to the ruthless terrors of torture and the

Whan sacred aulters ware all defaced,
Images of saints with outrage burned,
Instade of priests apostatas placed,
Holy sacrements with spight down sporned,
Whan spoylle and ravyn hade all overturned;
This chaos confuse, thys hepe of horrour,
Dissolvethe Mary as quene of honoure.

Elizabethe, excellent of God elect,
With cepture to sytt in state imperyall,
In throne thriumphant, where thou art erect,

---

sword. If the catholic church was not singular in inculcating this as a duty, at least its most strenuous advocates must allow that it has been unfortunate in the excess of zeal with which in all ages its partisans have endeavoured to compel conformity by the most cruel persecutions. By those who have viewed Mary's character with more lenient eyes, she has been allowed 'the praise of piety, clemency, of compassion for the poor, and liberality to the distressed,' and of some acts of retributive justice to those who had been wrongfully despoiled by her predecessors. Her life and manners were at least free from reproach in regard to domestic virtues, her friendships were lasting and sincere, and she possessed that vigour of mind which was inherent in her family, yet knew how to yield the preference in some instances to right over expediency. Bishop Godwin says of her: "Mulier sane pia, clemens, moribusque castissimis, ut usque quaque laudanda, si religionis errorem non spectes." And Camden: "Princeps apud omnes ob mores sanctissimos, pietatem in pauperes, liberalitatem in nobiles atque ecclesiasticos nunquam satis laudata."

Have deathe allways in thy memoryall,
Death is thend of fleshe unyversall;
The world is but vayne; make for your mirrour
Mary thy sister, late quene of honour.

So shall thalmyghty stablyshe thy throne
In quyet concord and dew obeysaunce,
And send the a prince to appeas our mone
With happy reign of long contynuance,
This thyng reposed in depe remembraunce;
Say and pray all, O Christ, O Savyoure!
Have mercy on Mary, our quene of honoure.

O Virgin Mary, O mother of Jesu!
O spouse unspotted, and quene eternall!
As our quene Mary was handmayd trewe
To the, O lady! in this lyfe mortal,
So of thy grace and bountie speciall
To the Kyng on hyghe be intercessor,
In hevyn to crown hir a quene of honoure.

FIAT, FIAT, FINIS.

TH'AUCTOR TO HIS BOOKE.

CREPE forthe, my boke, under the proteccion
Of suche as have bothe learnyng and eloquence;
Humbly submyttyng the to the correccion
Of worthy writers of virtuous excellence,
Besechyng all them, of ther benygn pacience
To take the meanyng, however the matter frame,
Of this thyn auctor, abasshed of his name.

For, first of all, whan I do behold
Of famous writers the goodly circumstance,
My quaking hand my penne unnethe can hold,
So dombe I ame of doctryn, lame of experience,
Stakeryng in style, onsavery of sentence,
Save oonly hope, that saithe withouten fayll,
That my well meanyng shall quytt my travayll.

Thus, not presumyng of learnyng ne eloquence,
Hope made me shove the boote from the shore;
Desyryng no thyng for my fare or expence,

But only good wyll; I aske no more:
And for[1] the hurt of envy that myght rore,
I shall set my shrowd[2] for my defence,
Under the mantell of well wyllyng audyence.

And pryncypally this my worke for to assist,
I humbly beseche that Lord that is eternall
To defend my penne that wrott this with my fist,
To be my savegard, my staffe, and my wall;
And consequently for feare least I shold fall
In the daynger of the learned[3] and honorable sort,
I pray them all my lamenes to support.

Least perchaunce the pleasaunt floode do faylle
Of witty writyng or sugred eloquence,

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[1] 'And *for* the hurt of envy,' i. e. *against* the hurt of envy. Envy being the *cause* of his seeking to shroud himself.

[2] A *shrowd* signified a shield or buckler, and metaphorically any kind of defence, coverture, or place of protection.

[3] ——— 'least I shold fall
In the daynger of the learned and honorable sort.'
That is, 'lest I should encounter their *censure*, or fall into the control of their severe judgment.' The phrase has its origin from the barbarous Latin *in dangerio*, and is common to Chaucer and our elder writers as well as to Shakspeare and his cotemporaries.

Followe, therfore, good wyll at the boots tayle,
Me to preserve in the waves of ignoraunce,
Socoured by hope of gentill sufferaunce:
Nowe hale uppe, skuller; God graunt me wynd,
And Jhesu defend me to my lives end.

Whan thou, my boke, comest into the prease
Bothe of the wyse and learned multitude,
To excuse thyn auctor thou canst do no lesse,
Wantyng learnyng, and of utterance rude,
Which did never this enterprise entrude;
Trustyng other of wytt or learnyng,
But for an exercise, and non other thyng.

FINIE ET COMPILÉ LE XXIIIJ JOUR DE JUNIJ
Ã REGNOÑ PHILIPPI REX & REG. MARIE IIIJ^{ti}. & V^{ti}.[4]
PER LE AUCTOR G. C.

Novus Rex, nova Lex. Nova sola Regina, probz. pene ruina.

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[4] By this is meant the Fourth Year of the Reign of Philip, and the Fifth of Queen Mary, answering to 1558. The Latin rhyming sentence Cavendish appears to have added after the commencement of Elizabeth's reign. How far from a true prophecy it proved, the long and prosperous reign of Elizabeth may witness.

APPENDIX.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LIFE

OF

THE VIRTUOUS CHRISTIAN AND RENOWNED

QUEEN ANNE BOLEIGNE.

BY GEORGE WYATT, ESQ.

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT COLLECTIONS OF THE REV. JOHN LEWIS.

Among the other calumnies with which the memory of the unfortunate Queen Anne Boleyn has been aspersed by the enemies of the Reformation, it has been said—"that she had long carried on a criminal intercourse with Sir Thomas Wyatt the poet; who, we are told, had gone so far as to confess to the king that he had debauched her; and had urged this, in the first instance, as an argument to dissuade the king from marrying her." The story requires no refutation; but Wyatt's name having been called in question when Anne Boleyn's conduct was scrutinized, gave the forgers of fabulous history an opportunity of engrafting their libellous inventions on slight circumstances, in order to give them something of the colour of probability. How far there was any foundation for these calumnies will now appear. The following interesting pages were written, it is presumed, by the grandson of the poet, George Wyatt, Esquire, sixth son and heir of Sir Thomas Wyatt the younger, who was beheaded for rebellion in the first year of the reign of Queen Mary. The writer died at the advanced age of eighty, at Boxley in Kent, in the year 1624, *and seems to have meditated a complete exposure of such parts of Saunders' Book on the Reformation as came within his own immediate knowledge. He was maternal uncle to Sir Roger Twysden, and in* 1623 *communicated to him part of his collections. A fragment of the Life of Cardinal Wolsey, by George Cavendish, was in the late Mr. Bindley's library, to which we have already referred, at p.* 57 *of the present edition; prefixed to which was the following note by Sir*

Roger Twysden.—"I receaved this from my uncle Wyatt, Anno 1623, *who beeing yonge had gathered many notes towching this lady, not without an intent to have opposed Saunders." It is remarkable that this fragment from Wolsey's Life has been twice printed as a piece of original and authentic cotemporary history, without suspicion of its being an extract from Cavendish;—the first time for private distribution, in* 1808, *and secondly by Dr. Nott, in his appendix to Wyatt's Poems, in* 1816.

The manuscript from which the present very interesting memoir is printed, was purchased at the late Sir Peter Thompson's sale. It is in the hand writing of the Rev. John Lewis, of the Isle of Thanet, the celebrated antiquary. It was printed in 1817 *for a few noblemen and gentlemen, but twenty-seven copies only having been taken off, may be considered still to have almost the rarity of a manuscript.*

SOME PARTICULARS

OF THE

LIFE OF QUEEN ANNE BOLEIGNE.

THE peculiar means that I have had, more than others, to come to some more particular knowledge of such things as I intend to handle, ought to draw thus much from me; yet much more the request of him that hath been by authority set on work in this important business, both for the singular gifts of God in him, of wisdom, learning, integrity, and virtue; and also the encouragement I have had of late from the right reverend my Lord of Canterbury's grace, to set down what understanding I have had of this matter, is both my warrant, and a bond the more upon my conscience, to hold me urged and constrained not to neglect such an opportunity of my service to the church, my prince, and country. Principally his desire was, and my purpose in satisfying it, to deliver what I knew, touching certain things that happened to the excellent lady, the LADY

ANNE BOLEIGNE, about the time of her first coming to the court. Yet, considering I had some other knowledge of things that might be found serviceable no less than that, and also might give light and life to the faithful narration of this whole matter, I have supposed it would fall best, to deliver the same, as it were, under the description of her whole life; and this the more particularly and frankly, that, all things known, those that I understood were to visit it again might take what they should think most material for their use. And would to God I could give that grace and felicity of style unto it that the worthiness of the subject doth require, notwithstanding that in this regard I am the less carefull, for that it is to pass through their hands that can give it better vesture; and I shall the more turn my care to intend the sincere and faithful delivery of that which I have received from those that both were most likely to come to the most perfect knowledge hereof, and had least cause or, otherwise for themselves, could least give just reason of suspicion to any, either of mind, or partiality, or wit, to fayne or misreport any whit hereof. And, indeed, chiefly the relation of those things that I shall set down is come from two. One a lady[1], that first attended on her both before and

[1] Mrs. Anne Gainsford.

after she was queen, with whose house and mine there was then kindred and strict alliance. The other also a lady of noble birth, living in those times, and well acquainted with the persons that most this concerneth, from whom I am myself descended. A little, therefore, repeating the matter more high, I will derive the discourse hereof from the very spring and fountains, whence may appear most clearly by what occasion and degrees the stream of this whole cause hath grown to such an ocean as it were of memorable effects through all our parts of Christendom, not by chance or wits of men so much as even by the apparent work of God, as I hope presently to make plain to all men.

The see of *Rome* having risen, in this our age, unto a full tide of all wickedness, had overflowed all these parts of the world with the floods of her evils, whereby was occasioned and had beginning the ebb of all her pomp, power, and glory, every particular devising, as if it had been by one consent and accord (so showing it the more apparently to come of God), to provide for the time to come against her so great inundation of mischiefs. Hereof, in *England, Germany, Italy,* and in many other places, sundry persons of singular learning and piety, one succeeding another, at divers times, opened their mouths as trumpets to call men to this work upon

several occasions, all rising from the outrageous corruptions and foaming filth of that see. But chiefly and most notoriously, in the time of Henry the Eighth, of famous memory, this came to pass by the just judgment of God upon her, and his mercy upon us, where the same polity by which she had in custom, and then made herself most assured, to strengthen herself in giving to princes licence to unlawful contracts (esteeming thereby to tie them and their issue the more strongly to her); the bond of so evil counsel breaking suddenly, set at liberty the certain means of this great opposition against her after almost through all Europe. So little assurance especially have evil foundations of usurped authorities against the provoked judgments of God by sin, and general displeasure of man upon just conceived indignities.

There was, at this present, presented to the eye of the court the rare and admirable beauty of the fresh and young Lady Anne Boleigne, to be attending upon the queen. In this noble imp, the graces of nature graced by gracious education, seemed even at the first to have promised bliss unto her aftertimes. She was taken at that time to have a beauty not so whitely as clear and fresh above all we may esteem, which appeared much more excellent by her favour passing sweet and cheerful; and these, both also increased by her noble presence of shape and fashion,

SIR THOMAS WYATT KT

representing both mildness and majesty more than can be expressed. There was found, indeed, upon the side of her nail upon one of her fingers, some little show of a nail, which yet was so small, by the report of those that have seen her, as the workmaster seemed to leave it an occasion of greater grace to her hand, which, with the tip of one of her other fingers, might be and was usually by her hidden without any least blemish to it. Likewise there were said to be upon some parts of her body certain small moles incident to the clearest complexions. And certainly both these were none other than might more stain their writings with note of malice that have caught at such light motes in so bright beams of beauty, than in any part shadow it, as may right well appear by many arguments, but chiefly by the choice and exquisite judgments of many brave spirits that were esteemed to honour the honourable parts in her, even honoured of envy itself.

Amongst these, two were observed to be of principal mark. The one was *Sir Thomas Wiat*, the elder[2], the other was the king himself. The knight, in the beginning, coming to behold the sudden appearance of this new beauty, came to be holden and surprised

[2] See the Earl of Surrey's character of him, in an Elegy on his Death, among his poems.

somewhat with the sight thereof; after much more with her witty and graceful speech, his ear also had him chained unto her, so as finally his heart seemed to say, *I could gladly yield to be tied for ever with the knot of her love,* as somewhere in his verses hath been thought his meaning was to express[3]. She, on the other part, finding him to be then married, and in the knot to have been tied then ten years, rejected all his speech of love; but yet in such sort as whatsoever tended to regard of her honour, she showed not to scorn, for the general favour and good will she perceived all men to bare him, which might the rather occasion others to turn their looks to that which a man of his worth was brought to gaze at in her, as, indeed, after it happened. The king is held to have taken his first apprehension of this love after such time as upon the doubt in those treaties of marriage

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[3] It is presumed that the allusion is here to Sir Thomas Wyatt's verses entitled "A description of such a one as he would love:"

A face that should content me wonderous well,
Should not be faire, but lovely to behold:
Of lively loke, all griefe for to repel
With right good grace, so would I that it should
Speak, without words, such words as none can tell;
Her tresse also should be of cresped gold.
With wit and these perchance I might be tide
And knit againe the knot that should not slide.

Songes and Sonettes, 8vo. 1557, p. 35, 2.

with his daughter Mary, first with the Spaniard, then with the French: by some of the learned of his own land he had vehemently in their public sermons, and in his confessions to his ghostly fathers, been prayed to forsake that his incestuous life by accompanying with his brother's wife; and especially after he was moved by the cardinal, then in his greatest trust with the king, both for the better quietness of his conscience, and for more sure settling of the succession to more prosperous issue.

About this time, it is said that the knight, entertaining talk with her as she was earnest at work, in sporting wise caught from her a certain small jewel hanging by a lace out of her pocket, or otherwise loose, which he thrust into his bosom, neither with any earnest request could she obtain it of him again. He kept it, therefore, and wore it after about his neck, under his cassock, promising to himself either to have it with her favour or as an occasion to have talk with her, wherein he had singular delight, and she after seemed not to make much reckoning of it, either the thing not being much worth, or not worth much striving for. The noble prince having a watchful eye upon the knight, noted him more to hover about the lady, and she the more to keep aloof of him; was whetted the more to discover to her his affection, so as rather he liked first to try of what

temper the regard of her honour was, which he finding not any way to be tainted with those things his kingly majesty and means could bring to the battery, he in the end fell to win her by treaty of marriage, and in this talk took from her a ring, and that wore upon his little finger; and yet all this with such secrecy was carried, and on her part so wisely, as none or very few esteemed this other than an ordinary course of dalliance. Within few days after, it happened that the king, sporting himself at bowls, had in his company (as it falls out) divers noblemen and other courtiers of account, amongst whom might be the Duke of Suffolk, Sir F. Brian, and Sir T. Wiat, himself being more than ordinarily pleasantly disposed, and in his game taking an occasion to affirm a cast to be his that plainly appeared to be otherwise; those on the other side said, with his grace's leave, they thought not, and yet, still he pointing with his finger whereon he wore her ring, replied often it was his, and specially to the knight he said, Wiat, I tell thee it is mine, smiling upon him withal. Sir Thomas, at the length, casting his eye upon the king's finger, perceived that the king meant the lady whose ring that was, which he well knew, and pausing a little, and finding the king bent to pleasure, after the words repeated again by the king, the knight replied, And if it may like your majesty to

give me leave to measure it, I hope it will be mine; and withal took from his neck the lace whereat hung the tablet, and therewith stooped to measure the cast, which the king espying, knew, and had seen her wear, and therewithal spurned away the bowl, and said, It may be so, but then am I deceived; and so broke up the game. This thing thus carried was not perceived for all this of many, but of some few it was. Now the king, resorting to his chamber, showing some discontentment in his countenance, found means to break this matter to the lady, who, with good and evident proof how the knight came by the jewel, satisfied the king so effectually that this more confirmed the king's opinion of her truth than himself at the first could have expected. Shortly, upon the return of the cardinal, the matter of the dutchess[4] cooling every day more and more, his credit also waned till it was utterly eclipsed; and that so busied the great personages that they marked the less the king's bent, the rather for that some way it seemed helpful to their working against the cardinal. The king also took here opportunity to proceed to discover his full and whole meaning unto the lady's father, to whom we may be sure the news was not a little joyful. All this notwithstanding, her virtue

[4] The King of France's sister.

was not so dased with the glory of so forcible attractives, but that she stood still upon her guard, and was not, as we would suppose, so easily taken with all these appearances of happiness; whereof two things appeared to be the causes. One the love she bare ever to the queen whom she served, that was also a personage of great virtue: the other her conceit that there was not that freedom of conjunction with one that was her lord and king as with one more agreeable to her estate. These things being well perceived of, the queen shew she knew well to frame and work her advantage of, and therefore the oftener had her at cards with her, the rather also that the king might have the less her company, and the lady the more excuse to be from him; also she esteem herself the kindlier used, and yet withal the more to give the king occasion to see the nail upon her finger. And in this entertainment of time they had a certain game that I cannot name then frequented, wherein dealing, the king and queen meeting they stopped, and the young lady's hap was much to stop at a king; which the queen noting, said to her playfellow, My Lady Anne, you have good hap to stop at a king, but you are not like others, you will have all or none. So often earnest matters are delivered under game. Yet had the king his times, and she in the end yielded to give

her consent of marriage to him, whom hardly ever any before was found able to keep their hold against. This was now so far to the pleasure of the king, that forthwith he with her and her father concluded to open the matter to the council, all other things being ripe thereunto, and specially for that it was not possible to keep it any longer from the talk of men near his person, and the more, the queen being found to take such knowledge thereof. It is thought then the table was diversely carried to give opinion upon this matter; some of the nobility wishing rather to have had so good hap lighted to some of their own houses; others that it had not been at all; some inclining to either of these as depending on them; but most liked better the king's own choice, both for the hope of issue, and that the greatness of great men should not grow too great to sway with in managing of matters of state. But howsoever, it appeared manifestly that presently there were practices discovered on all sides under sundry arts, on the parts of Spain, from Rome and that faction, and from the queen herself, and specially some with the king, some with the lady herself, plotted to break or stay at the least till something might fall between the cup and the lip, that might break all this purpose with one of them, if it might have been. And verily one of these may seem for this present occa-

sion, not unmeet to be recounted; which was this: There was conveyed to her a book pretending old prophecies, wherein was represented the figure of some personages, with the letter H upon one, A upon another, and K upon the third, which an expounder thereupon took upon him to interpret by the king and his wives, and to her pronouncing certain destruction if she married the king. This book coming into her chamber, she opened, and finding the contents, called to her maid of whom we have spoken before, who also bore her name: "Come hither, Nan," said she, "see here a book of prophecy: this he saith is the king, this the queen, mourning, weeping and wringing her hands, and this is myself with my head off." The maid answered, "If I thought it true, though he were an emperor, I would not myself marry him with that condition." "Yes, Nan," replied the lady, "I think the book a bauble; yet for the hope I have that the realm may be happy by my issue, I am resolved to have him whatsoever might become of me."

The Romish fable-framer[5], if he may be believed,

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[5] *Sanders De Origine ac Progressu Schismatis Anglicani. Libri* 3. This book was first printed at Cologne, in 1585, and passed through several editions, the last in 1628. It was subsequently translated into French, and printed in 1673-4; which induced Burnet to write his History of the Reformation. In the appendix to his first volume

affirmeth another practice after this sort: "That Sir Thomas Wiat coming to the council, for his better security, confessed to have had dealings with that lady, before he had any perceiving of the king's purpose of marriage; but not being credited by the king, that Wiat, as not finding it well he was not believed, affirmed he would bring the king where he might see him enjoy her. And that again being delivered by the Duke of Suffolk to the king, he yet believed it not." But it is certain that the whole or greatest part of this is fiction; for the persons, manner, and event of these things have been utterly mistaken and misshapen. For I have heard by the report of one of right good and honourable account, and of much understanding in such things, who also hath the truth of his word in high respect, that it was Sir Francis Brian that confessed such a like thing to the king by another lady, with other success more likely, which was that the king thereupon pardoned *him* indeed, but rejected and gave over the lady ever after to him. Whether the

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he gives a particular account of Sanders' book, and refutes the calumnies and falsehoods contained in it. This called forth a reply from the catholic party, under the title of *Histoire du Divorce de Henry* VIII. *par Joachim Le Grand. Paris*, 1688, 3 vols. 12mo. A work not without interest on account of the documents printed in the third volume, some of which I have found useful as illustrations of the present work.

duke might, upon the sight of that which happened at bowls, take any occasion with the king to dissuade the marriage, supposing the knight could not or would not otherwise have cleared himself and the lady, but by confessing and craving pardon for it as done before he had knowledge of the king's intention, I cannot say; and by guess I will not affirm it in any case of any, much less of so worthy and noble a personage. Only this I say, that if he did so, I believe verily that he was greatly deceived therein of his expectation; as finding that by good proof the knight could clear himself and her of that matter, even to the full assuring and ascertaining of the king of the manner of his coming by the jewel without her dishonour, and that so the duke, if he did so, might come to find himself had gone too far, as to have purchased to himself thereby mislike both of the king and queen, whereupon he might turn his heavy displeasure to the knight ever after. I know of a certainty, that the knight had a most high opinion of that princely lady's noble virtues as by trial, and chiefly in the matter of the bowls; in that she took not or interpreted ill of his deed (as herself, being in her own conscience clear), but as he meant it to the king's disport before knowledge of the marriage. This is true also, that Sir Thomas Wiat was twice sifted and lifted at, and that noble-

man both times his most heavy adversary, as I have to show under the knight's own hand in his answer to his last indictment. Neither could I ever learn what might be the cause of his so perpetual grudge, save only that it appeareth to be as old as this. Some man might perhaps be led to think that the duke might have a special end to draw him to enter and venture so far to the breaking off the match. And it is true that he was then married with the king's second sister, when the king had then remaining but one only daughter, and then she also questioned whether legitimate: That then also was procured a statute to cut off foreign titles; and it is true also, that after the ambition of some to occasion hereby to thrust the duke's issue, even before the proper and lawful issue of the king, into the regal seat. All this notwithstanding, I will never be induced to give that opinion of that nobleman, but rather I would think, if he did any such thing, in any sort giving colour to this fancy of the Roman legender, he did it upon zeal that in his conceit it was true, and that he thought the knight would so far confess it as done before talk of the king's marriage, when he saw he had passed so far in the measuring of the cast. And though the whole fiction have scarcely so much as shadow of colour of any appearance, yet for that part where he deviseth

that Sir Thomas should before the council apeach himself and that lady, or after not being credited, offer to make the king see him to have to do with her, this showing itself sufficiently falsified to any wise and understanding reader, especially considering it particularly with the circumstances, it is so far from all likelihood, as all presumptions are flat against it, as in a word or two shall now be showed.

For that princely lady, she living in court where were so many brave gallants at that time unmarried, she was not like to cast her eye upon one that had been then married ten years. And her parents, then in good and honourable place, resident in court, and themselves of no mean condition, they would keep, no doubt, a watchful eye over her to see she should not roam to the hinderance of her own preferment, a course so foul with one where was no colour of marriage. The King's eye also was a guard upon her, as also those that pleased the king in recounting the adventures of love happening in court made it hard, specially for the shortness of time after her placing there, and the king's own love. Also she that held out against such a king where was hope of marriage, what was like she should do to the knight, where his own lady and her friends were still to attend upon their doings, whose testimonies of the honourable carriage of that lady are therefore here most strong for her? And

for the knight, if he had enjoyed her, was he so far desperately wicked and a monster in love, that he would openly, purposely, and to his own disgrace, vaunt the spoil of a maid of so good friends and likelihoods of advancements, without all regard of God or man? especially when she had stood so well upon the assurance of her own innocence for the matter of the jewel without turning him to any displeasure thereby. Those that knew him best, knew him far from that dishonest disposition chiefly in this kind, and for so gross a villany. And if he had been of that mind, yet was he known not of so little wit or understanding, upon a point that was not very likely to be known, to discover his own and her evil; where was a great deal more likelihood that, the king believing her rather than him, he was to incur a more certain and greater mischief, that might in all presumption, fall by the heavy displeasure of them both upon himself ever after. And if we could imagine him both so wretchedly dishonest, and so very a sot (neither of which could be found of him), his father then counsellor to the king, for his wisdom, years, and experience, more grave, would not have suffered him yet to quit himself so fondly and to be so mad; especially as when the king had showed not to believe it, then to run more obstinately to offer when the king had made her privy hereunto,

to bring her that the king should see her also so mad as to yield to him after she had given consent of marriage to the king. Who would not believe them also mad, that would believe so mad a carriage of such a business amongst grave and wise men, howsoever the railing Romanist be so mad to write it so as he would seem mad with reason? For the king also, besides that he had more occasion and means than any other to note and observe her doings, yet much more (as the nature of generous spirits carries them) he was watchful upon the knight, as in other things so chiefly in this, not to be outrun at this garland of love; so as by himself and by the eyes of others, there was not any trip but would have been spied, no likelihood but would have carried suspicion with it; how much more would the knight's confession have sunk into his head? Would he, being so wise a prince, have forgotten that the soberness of his choice would serve much for satisfying the world, touching his divorce? Had he not time, had he not leisure to learn, to inquire and sift out all things? His care used in gathering opinions of universities, and in informing princes of the whole matter, with all circumstances in the managing this cause, by the space of some years, show he was not so passionate a lover, but also withal a wise and considerate prince. But it is said the king believed

it not! Yet what? when the knight (as this tale saith) offered to make the king see it, and that avowed to the council! Could such a prince as he swallow this? Doubtless none that hath his wits will think so, none that knew the complexion of the king could induce himself to suppose a thing so incredible. The case of Sir Francis Brian's[6] opening of his love had another effect, and shows plainly that the king was of another metal, since he cast off that Lady loved right dearly (as hath been said) without farther matter. And doubtless in this case, he believing the matter would have thrown off this lady also, the marriage not yet consummate, and he having

[6] Sir Francis Brian was one of the most accomplished courtiers of his times: a man of great probity and a poet. Wyatt addresses his third satire to him, and pays a high compliment in it to his virtue and integrity. He was, like Wyatt, firmly attached to the Protestant cause: on this account he seems to have drawn on himself the hatred of the Roman Catholic party. Sanders, in his malevolent account of the Reformation in England, relates the following absurd and wicked story of him.—Cum autem Henrici Regis domus ex perditissimo hominum constaret, cujusmodi erant aleatores, adulteri, lenones, assentatores, perjuri, blasphemi, rapaces, atque adeò hæretici, inter hos insignis quidem nepos extitit, Franciscus Brianus, Eques Auratus, ex gente et stirpe Bolenorum. Ab illo rex quodam tempore quæsivit, quale peccatum videretur matrem primum, deinde filium cognoscere.—Cui Brianus, "Omnino," inquit, "tale O rex quale gallinam primùm, deinde pullum ejus gallinaceum comedere." Quod verbum cum rex magno risu accepisset, ad Brianum dixisse fertur. "Næ! tu merito meus est Inferni Vicarius." Brianus enim jam prius ob impietatem notis-

in his own realm and abroad beauties enough to content him, and means enough also to push on some other. But it is devised the king believed it not. Not believing it, think we the knight could have escaped punishment of a slanderer, though he might by confessing, avoid the punishment of a malefactor (as they say) after? This no outrageous madman would believe. If the king would or could have passed it over, the lady in honour could not, nor might. But suppose also that supposal beyond all suppose. Though they punished it not, would they, think ye, have put him in credit and advancement after? Would they have had him chief ewerer even the very

simam vocabatur, "Inferni Vacarius." Post autem et "Regius Inferni Vicarius." Rex igitur cum et matrem prius, et postea filiam Mariam Bolenam pro concubina tenuisset, demum at alteram quoque filiam, Annam Bolenam, animum adjicere cœpit." *De Schismate Anglicano. p.* 24.

This disgusting calumny is repeated by the followers of Sanders, and among others by Davanzati, in his *Schisma d'Inghilterra* p. 22, Ed. 1727. And yet that history is presented by the Curators of the *Studio* at Padua, to the youth educated there as "una stimabilissima Storia; descritta con quei vivi e forti colori che soli vagliano a far comprendere l'atrocita del successo dello Schisma d'Inghilterra." How (says Dr. Nott, from whom this note is taken) can the bonds of charity be ever brought to unite the members of the Roman Catholic communion with those of the reformed church, so long as their youth shall be thus early taught to consider our Reformation as the portentous offspring of whatever was most odious in human profligacy, and most fearful in blasphemy and irreligion?" *Memoirs of Sir Thomas Wyatt*, p. 84.

day of her coronation? Would they have employed him ambassador in that matter of the marriage? Yea, I say more! would the king also have rewarded him with a good portion of lands soon upon this? But all these were so as we have alleged them. The Chronicles have his service on that day of coronation. His embassages were twice about this matter known right well: I have seen the patents of the grant myself[7]. And these things, the last especially, I the rather allege, for that the knight useth them himself as testimonies of the king's good opinion of him, in his defence before mentioned, which also by the king and his council in those times was liked and allowed of as his just purgation, by which they acquitted him. Finally, that his defence then may and is to be esteemed his defence now also in this case not to be contemned, and may thus be considered. This reporteth that he was twice winnowed. The matters were the same both times, the accusations so frivolous, the inducements and proofs so idle, that they prove nothing more than that there lacked no wills in his adversary to do him hurt, than that they had any least colour of matter to work it. Nothing so impertinent, nothing so un-

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[7] 32 Henry VIII. A. D. 1540.

likely that they allege not. Yea and his most trusty and best services they had the chief matters of their accusation, nothing was so fond that they ripped not up to his discredit, at the least if it might have been. Yet in all this was no word or signification of any such matter. Though it had not been brought as the ground of his accusation, would it not have been drawn forth to aggravate or induce the matter? Undoubtedly it would, either in the queen's life in his first trouble, and it would have done well to revenge if he had done her this wrong, or after to her overthrow, or else in his second trouble against him. But no one word is or was in it touching any such matters.

After so many cross billets of cunning polities, surmounted by the guiding providence of God, after so many trials of her truth, passed through by her wise and virtuous governance, the king having every way made so thorough proof how deep root honour had taken in her bosom, and having found it not to be shaken even by him, this royal and famous prince Henry the Eighth, resolving her matchless perfections meet alone to be joined with his, now at the length concluded forthwith to knit up this marriage, although for certain causes the same was thought more convenient to be performed somewhat privately and secretly. On the twenty-fifth of

January[8], therefore, the ceremony was consummate. The king also, shortly after having himself more ascertained, and by more inward trial more assured of her spousal truth, would yet farther testify that his opinion of her, by giving her that highest honour he could give her virtues, in having her solemnly and royally crowned. And thus we see they lived and loved, tokens of increasing love perpetually increasing between them. Her mind brought him forth the rich treasures of love of piety, love of truth, love of learning. Her body yielded him the fruits of marriage, inestimable pledges of her faith and loyal love. And touching the former of these, it is here first not to be forgotten, that of her time (that is during the three years that she was queen) it is found by good observation, that no one suffered for religion, which is the more worthy to be noted for that it could not so be said of any time of the queens after married to the king. And amongst other proofs of her love to religion to be found in others, this here of me is to be added. That shortly after her marriage, divers learned and christianly disposed persons resorting to her, presented her with sundry books of those controversies that then began to be questioned touching religion, and specially of the authority of the

[8] A. D. 1532-3.

pope and his clergy, and of their doings against kings and states. And amongst other, there happened[9] one of these, which, as her manner was, she having read, she had also noted with her nail as of matter worthy the king's knowledge[10]. The book lying in her window, her maid (of whom hath

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[9] Tyndal's Obedience of a Christian Man.

[10] This curious and interesting occurrence, which probably had considerable effect in furthering the progress of the Reformation, is told with more circumstance by Strype, from the manuscripts of Fox. It is so entirely corroborated by what is here said, that I think it incumbent upon me to place it in juxtaposition with Wyatt's narrative.

"Upon the Lady Anne waited a young fair gentlewoman, named Mrs. Gainsford; and in her service was also retained Mr. George Zouch. This gentleman, of a comely sweet person, a Zouch indeed, was a suitor in the way of marriage to the said young lady: and among other love tricks, once he plucked from her a book in English, called Tyndall's Obedience, which the Lady Anne had lent her to read. About which time the Cardinal had given commandment to the prelates, and especially to Dr. Sampson, dean of the king's chapel, that they should have a vigilant eye over all people for such books, that they came not abroad; that so as much as might be, they might not come to the king's reading. But this which he most feared fell out upon this occasion. For Mr. Zouch (I use the words of the MS.) was so ravished with the spirit of God speaking now as well in the heart of the reader, as first it did in the heart of the maker of the book, that he was never well but when he was reading of that book. Mrs. Gainsford wept because she could not get the book from her wooer, and he was as ready to weep to deliver it. But see the providence of God:—Mr. Zouch standing in the chapel before Dr. Sampson, ever reading upon this

been spoken) took it up, and as she was reading it, came to speak with her one[11] then suitor to her, that after married her; and as they talked he took the book of her, and she withal, called to attend on the queen, forgot it in his hands, and she not returning in some long space, he walked forth with it in his hand, thinking it had been hers. There encountered

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book; and the dean never having his eye off the book, in the gentleman's hand, called him to him, and then snatched the book out of his hand, asked his name, and whose man he was. And the book he delivered to the cardinal. In the meantime, the Lady Anne asketh her woman for the book. She on her knees told all the circumstances. The Lady Anne showed herself not sorry nor angry with either of the two. But, said she, 'Well, it shall be the dearest book that ever the dean or cardinal took away.' The noblewoman goes to the king, and upon her knees she desireth the king's help for her book. Upon the king's token the book was restored. And now bringing the book to him, she besought his grace most tenderly to read it. The king did so, and delighted in the book. "For (saith he) this book is for me and all kings to read." And in a little time, by the help of this virtuous lady, by the means aforesaid, had his eyes opened to the truth, to advance God's religion and glory, to abhor the pope's doctrine, his lies, his pomp, and pride, to deliver his subjects out of the Egyptian darkness, the Babylonian bonds that the pope had brought his subjects under. And so contemning the threats of all the world, the power of princes, rebellions of his subjects at home, and the raging of so many and mighty potentates abroad; set forward a reformation in religion, beginning with the triple crowned head at first, and so came down to the members, bishops, abbots, priors, and such like."—*Strype's Ecclesiastical Memorials*, vol. i. p. 112.

[11] Mr. George Zouch.

him soon after a gentleman of the cardinal's of his acquaintance, and after salutations, perceiving the book, requested to see it, and finding what it was, partly by the title, partly by some what he read in it, he borrowed it and showed it to the cardinal. Hereupon the suitor was sent for to the cardinal and examined of the book, and how he came by it, and had like to have come in trouble about it, but that it being found to have pertained to one of the queen's chamber, the cardinal thought better to defer the matter till he had broken it to the king first, in which meantime the suitor delivered the lady what had fallen out, and she also to the queen, who, for her wisdom knowing more what might grow thereupon, without delay went and imparted the matter to the king, and showed him of the points that she had noted with her finger. And she was but newly come from the king, but the cardinal came in with the book in his hands to make com plaint of certain points in it that he knew the king would not like of, and withal to take occasion with him against those that countenanced such books in general, and specially women, and as might be thought with mind to go farther against the queen more directly if he had perceived the king agreeable to his meaning. But the king that somewhat afore distasted the cardinal, as we have showed, finding

the notes the queen had made, all turned the more to hasten his ruin, which was also furthered on all sides.

On the other part, of her body she bare him a daughter on the seventh[12] of September, to the great joy then of all his people, both for that the king had now issue legitimate of his own body, and for the hope of more after. The king also he expressed his joy for that fruit sprung of himself, and his yet more confirmed love towards her, caused her child openly and publickly to be proclaimed PRINCESS ELIZABETH at the solemnity of her baptising, preferring his younger daughter legitimate before the elder in unlawful wedlock. And after this again, at the prorogation of the parliament, the thirtieth of March[13], he had every lord, knight, and burgess sworn to an act of succession, and their names subscribed to a schedule fixed to the same statute, where it was enacted, that his daughter princess Elizabeth, he having none other heir male, should succeed him to the crown. And after were commissioners

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[12] So it is in the Calendars prefixed to the Book of Common Prayer in Queen Elizabeth's reign. Lord Herbert says it was the sixth, Sanders the eighth, and Archbishop Cranmer the thirteenth or fourteenth.

[13] A.D. 1534.

sent to all parts of the realm to take the like oath of all men and women in the land. Neither also were her virtues only enclosed in her own breast or shut up in her own person. She had procured to her chaplains[14], men of great learning and of no less honest conversing, whom she with hers heard much, and privately she heard them willingly and gladly to admonish her, and them herself exhorted and encouraged so to do. Also at the first, she had in court drawn about her, to be attending on her, ladies[15] of great honour, and yet of greater choice for reputation of virtue, undoubted witnesses of her spousal integrity, whom she trained upon with all

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[14] Shaxton and Latimer.

[15] To every one of these she gave a little book of devotions, neatly written on vellum, and bound in covers of solid gold enamelled, with a ring to each cover to hang it at their girdles for their constant use and meditation.

One of these little volumes, traditionally said to have been given by the queen when on the scaffold to her attendant, one of the Wyatt family, and preserved by them through several generations, was described by Vertue as being seen by him in the possession of Mr. George Wyatt of Charterhouse Square, in 1721. Vide *Walpole's Miscellaneous Antiquities*, printed at Strawberry Hill, 1772, No. II. p. 13. It was a diminutive volume, consisting of one hundred and four leaves of vellum, one and seven-eighths of an inch long by one and five-eights of an inch broad; containing a metrical version of parts of thirteen Psalms: and bound in pure gold richly chased, with a ring to append it to the neck-chain or girdle. It was in Mr. Triphook's possession in the year 1817.

commendations of well ordered government, though yet above all by her own example she shined above them all, as a torch that all might take light of, being itself still more bright. Those that have seen at *Hampton Court* the rich and exquisite works by herself, for the greater part wrought by her own hand and needle, and also of her ladies, esteem them the most precious furniture that are to be accounted amongst the most sumptuous that any prince may be possessed of. And yet far more rich and precious were those works in the sight of God which she caused her maids and those about her daily to work in shirts and smocks for the poor. But not staying here her eye of charity, her hand of bounty passed through the whole land; each place felt that heavenly flame burning in her; all times will remember it, no place leaving for vain flames, no times for idle thoughts. Her ordinary amounted to fifteen hundred pounds at the least, yearly, to be bestowed on the poor. Her provisions of stock for the poor in sundry needy parishes were very great. Out of her privy purse went not a little to like purposes. To Scholars in exhibition very much: so as in three quarters of a year her alms was summed to fourteen or fifteen thousand pounds.

She waxing great again and not so fit for dalliance, the time was taken to steal the king's

affection from her, when most of all she was to have been cherished. And he once showing to bend from her, many that least ought shrank from her also, and some lent on the other side; such are the flexible natures of those in courts of princes for the most part. Unkindness grew, and she was brought abed before her time with much peril of her life, and of a male child dead born, to her greater and most extreme grief. Being thus a woman full of sorrow, it was reported that the king came to her, and bewailing and complaining unto her the loss of his boy, some words were heard break out of the inward feeling of her heart's dolours, laying the fault upon unkindness, which the king more than was cause (her case at this time considered) took more hardly than otherwise he would if he had not been somewhat too much overcome with grief, or not so much alienate. Wise men in those days judged that her virtues was here her default, and that if her too much love could, as well as the other queen, have borne with his defect of love, she might have fallen into less danger, and in the end have tied him the more ever after to her when he had seen his error, and *that* she might the rather have done respecting the general liberty and custom of falling then that way. Certainly, from henceforth the harm still more increased, and he was then heard to say to her: he would have

no more boys by *her*. Having thus so many, so great factions at home and abroad set loose by the distorned favour of the king, and so few to show themselves for her, what could be? what was otherlike but that all these guests lighting on her at once should prevail to overthrow her, and with her those that stood under her fall? She and her friends therefore were suddenly sent to the Tower: and this gracious queen coming unto the entry of the gate, she falling down upon her knees made that place a reverend temple to offer up her devout prayers, and as a bale there her soul beaten down with afflictions to the earth, with her faithful prayers bounded up to heaven. "O Lord," said she, "help me, as I am guiltless of this whereof I am accused." The time approached for the hearing of her cause. The place of her trial in the Tower may somewhat discover how the matter was liked to be handled. Nor there was it appointed the better to conceal the heinousness of the accusation, though that might be the pretence. For that was published in parliament that it might from thence spread abroad over all. Her very accusations speak and even plead for her; all of them, so far as I can find, carrying in themselves open proof to all men's consciences of mere matter of quarrel, and indeed of a very preparation to some hoped alteration. The most and chief of

them showing to have come from *Rome*, that popish forge of cunning and treachery, as *Petrarch* long since termed it.

Nido di tradimenti in cui si cuova
Quanto mal per lo mondo hoggi si spandi.
Nest of treasons in which is hatch'd and bred
What ill this day the world doth overspread.

For that most odious of them, something is to be esteemed by the apparent wrongs of the other evil handling of matters. But for this thing itself, partly it is incredible, partly by the circumstances impossible. Incredible, that she that had it her word as it were, the spirit of her mind, as hath been said, that she was *Cæsar's* all, not to be touched of others, should be held with the foul desire of her brother. Again, she having so goodly a prince to please her, who also had showed himself able to content more than one, that she should yet be carried to a thing so much abhorring even womanly years and to nature itself, much more to so christian a queen. Impossible, for the necessary and no small attendance of ladies ever about her, whereof some, as after appeared, even aspired unto her place and right in the king's love; yea, by manifest prevention before their time. And indeed, hereof, it was her very accusers found it impossible to have colour to charge her with any other than her brother, which also made

it no less impossible even for him alike as other. Impossible, I say, because neither she could remove so great ladies, by office appointed to attend upon her continually, from being witnesses to her doings; neither for the danger she saw she stood in, and the occasions daily sought, would she for her own wisdom, and also by the advertisements of her kindred and followers, whereof she had many of most great understanding, experience, and faith, about her. Besides, she could not but be made more wary and wakeful, if for none other cause, yet even to take away all colour from her enemies, whose eyes were everywhere upon her to pick matter, and their malicious hearts bent to make some where they found none; as plainly enough was to be seen when they were driven to those straits to take occasion at her brother's more private being with her; the more grudged at perhaps, for that it might be supposed his conference with her might be for the breaking off the king's new love. For the evidence, as I never could hear of any, so small I believe it was. But this I say, well was it said of a noble judge of late, that "half a proof where nature leadeth was to be esteemed a whole proof." On the contrary, in this case he would have said, whole and very absolute proofs to have been needful in such a case against nature. And I may say,

by their leaves, it seems themselves they doubted their proofs would prove their reproofs, when they durst not bring them to the proof of the light in open place. For this principal matter between the queen and her brother, there was brought forth, indeed, witness, his wicked wife accuser of her own husband, even to the seeking of his blood, which I believe is hardly to be showed of any honest woman ever done. But of her, the judgment that fell out upon her, and the just punishment by law after of her naughtiness, show that what she did was more to be rid of him than of true ground against him. And that it seemeth those noblemen that went upon the queen's life found in her trial, when it may appear plainly by that defence of the knight that oft hath been here mentioned, that the young nobleman the Lord Rochford, by the common opinion of men of best understanding in those days, was counted and then openly spoken, condemned only upon some point of a statute of words then in force. And this and sundry other reasons have made me think often that upon some clause of the same law they grounded their colour also against her, and that for other matters she had cleared herself well enough. It seemeth some great ones then had their hands in drawing in that law to entangle or bridle one another, and that some of

them were taken in the same net, as good men then thought worthily. Surely my Lord Cromwell and this young lord were taken in those entanglements, and the knight himself, of whom is spoken, had hardly scaped it, as may appear by his defence, if he had not by the well delivering of the goodness of his cause broken through it. And this may well serve to admonish men to be well aware how far they admit of laws that shall touch life upon construction of words; or, at the least, admitting them, how far they leave to lawyers to interpret of them, and especially that thereby they give not excuse to juries to condemn the innocent when sway of time should thrust matters upon them. Thus was she put upon her trial by men of great honour; it had been good also if some of them had not been to be suspected of too much power and no less malice. The evidence were heard indeed, but close enough, as enclosed in strong walls. Yet, to show the truth cannot by any force be altogether kept in hold, some belike of those honourable personages there, more perhaps for countenance of others' evil than for means by their own authority to do good (which also peradventure would not have been without their own certain perils), did not yet forbear to deliver out voices that caused every where to be muttered abroad, that that spotless queen in her defence had

cleared herself with a most wise and noble speech. Notwithstanding such a trial, such a judgment found her guilty, and gave sentence of death upon her at home, whom others abroad, living to feel her loss, found guiltless.

The woful sentence was given; burning or heading at the king's pleasure, leaving open some small place to pity for the kind of death, which the king's conscience (no doubt) moved him to take in appointing the more honourable death. Within those walls this execution was to be done. What needed that? The love known indeed to her by the people was not to be feared of the king, her love being such to him as to her last breath she stood to acquit and defend him by her words at her death, carrying a very true image of her former love and life. "Christian people!" said she, "I am come to die, and according to law, and by law I am judged to death, and therefore I will speak nothing against it. I am come hither to accuse no man, nor to speak any thing of that whereof I am accused and condemned to die. But I pray God save the king, and send him long to reign over you, for a gentler and more merciful prince was there never, and to me he was ever a good, a gentle, and sovereign lord. If any person will meddle of my cause, I require him to judge the best. And thus I take my leave of the

world and of you, and I heartily desire you all to pray for me. O Lord, have mercy on me! To God I commend my soul." And so she kneeling down said, "To Christ I commend my soul. Jesu, receive my soul!" The bloody blow came down from his trembling hand that gave it, when those about her could not but seem to themselves to have received it upon their own necks, she not so much as shrieking at it. God provided for her corpse sacred burial, even in place as it were consecrate to innocents.

END OF THE MEMOIR
OF QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN.

The following letters, relating to the arrest and behaviour in prison of Queen Anne Boleyn, are in themselves so interesting that no apology seems necessary for placing them in juxtaposition with the foregoing interesting memoir. They have been recently given to the public in Mr. Ellis's accurate and interesting collection of Historical Letters; that gentleman has preferred printing them as mutilated fragments, to supplying the lacunæ *by such means as I have ventured to adopt. Strype saw these letters previous to the calamitous fire in* 1731, *which injured so many valuable papers in the Cottonian Collection, and he has given large extracts from them of the most interesting passages: from this source, therefore, I have filled up such chasms as I could, that the reader may not be tantalized by the enigma-like appearance of a few disjointed words. The passages supplied have been carefully distinguished by printing them in Italics between brackets, and as Strype was a sufficiently accurate Antiquary, and faithful in his extracts, it is presumed that the reader may rely upon the authenticity of the passages thus supplied.*

The reader is already acquainted with the writer, Sir William Kingston, the Lieutenant or Constable of the Tower, from the figure he makes in the Life of Wolsey. *See p.* 302 *et seq.*

LETTER I.

Sir William Kingston to Secretary Cromwell, upon Queen Anne's committal to the Tower.

(MS. COTTON. OTHO C. X. fol. 225.)

THYS ys to advertyse you apon my Lord of Norfolk and the kyngs counsell depart[*inge*] from the Towre I went before the quene in to hyr lodgyng, & [*then she*] sayd unto me, M. Kyngston, shall I go in to a dungyn? Now, madam, y[*ou*] shall go into your logyng that you lay in at your coronacion. It ys to gu[*de*] for me, she sayd, Jesu, have mercy on me; and kneled downe wepyng a [*great*] pace, and in the same sorow fell ir to agret lawyng, and she hathe done [*so*] mony tymes syns. And then she desyred me to move the kyngs hynes that she [*myght*] have the sacarment in the closet by hyr chambr, that she my[*ght pray*] for mercy, for I am as clere from the company of man, as for s[*yn, sayd she as I*] am clere from you, and am the kyngs trew wedded wyf; and then sh[*e sayd*] M. Kyngston, do you know wher for I am here, and I sayd, Nay, and then [*she sayd*] when saw you the kyng? and I sayd, I saw hym not syns I saw [*him in*] the Tylte yerde, and then M. K. I pray you to tell me

wher my [*Lord Roch*]ford ys? and I told hyr I saw hym afore dyner in the cort. O [*where ys*] my swet brod'er? I sayd I left hym at York place, and so I dyd. I [*hear say, say*]d she, that I shuld be accused with iij men; and I can say [*no more but*] nay, withyowt I shuld oppen my body; and ther with opynd [*her gown sayeng, O Nor*]res, hast thow accused me, thow ar in the Towre with me, & [*thou and I shal*]l dy to gether: and, Marke, thou art here to. O my mother, [*thou wilt dy*] for sorow, and meche lamented my lady of Worcet', for by ca[*wse her child*] dyd not store in hyr body, and my wyf sayd what shuld [*be the cawse, she*] sayd for the sorow she toke for me: and then she sayd M. K[*ingston, shall I dy*] with yowt just'; & I sayd, the porest sugett the kyng [*hath had justis; and*] ther with she lawed. All thys sayings was yester ny[*ght*] . . . . . & thys moryng dyd talke with mestrys Cosÿ[1], [*and said that Nor*]res dyd say on Sunday last unto the quenes amn[*er, that he wold sw*]ere for the quene that she was a gud woman. [*And then sayd Mrs.*] Cosyn, Madam, why shuld ther be hony seche maters [*spoken of? Mary,*] sayd she, I bad hym do so, for I asked hym why he [*went nat thorough with*] hys maryage? and he made ansur he wold tary [*a time. Then said she, you*] loke for ded

[1] Cosÿ: this woman's name was Cousyns.

mens showys; for yf owth cam[*e to the king but good,*] you wold loke to have me; and he sayd, yf he [*should have ony soche thought,*] he wold hys hed war of; and then she sayd, [*she could undo him if she wold,*] and ther with thay fell yowt. Bot [*she said, she more feared Weston; for*] on Wysson Twysday Monday last [*Weston told he*]r that Nores cam more u[*nto her chawmbre for her then for M*[age[2], and further . . . . . .

. . . . . .

Wher I was commaunded to charge the gentlewemen that y gyf thaye atende apon the quene, that ys to say, thay shuld have now commynycaseon with hyr, in lese[3] my wyf ware present, and so I dyd hit, notwithstaundyng it canot be; for my lady Bolen and mestrys Cosyn lyes on the quenes palet, and I and my wyf at the dore with yowt, so at[4] thay most nedes talke at[4] be without; bot I have every thyng told me by mestrys Cosyn that she thynks met for mee to knowe, and tother ij gentlewemen lyes with yowt me, and as I may knowe [*the*] kings plesur in the premysses I shall folow. From the Towre this mo . . . . .

S[r] syns the makyng of thys letter the quene spake of West[*on*[5] *that she*] had spoke to hym by cause he

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[2] Probably the name of one of her attendants.

[3] unless. [4] that. [5] Sir Francis Weston.

dyd love hyr kynswoma[*n Mrs. Skelton and that s*[he sayd he loved not hys wyf; and he made anser to hyr [*again that he*] loved won in hyr howse bettr then them bothe[; *she asked him who is that? to which he answered*] that it ys your self; and then she defyed hym.

WILLM KYNG[*STON.*]

LETTER II.

Sir William Kyngston to Secretary Cromwell, on Queen Annes behaviour in Prison.

[MS. COTTON. OTHO C. X. fol. 222.]

AFTER your departyng yesterday, Greneway gentilman ysshar cam to me, & . . . M. Caro and Mast[r] Bryan commanded hym in the kyngs name to my [*Lord of*] Rotchfort from my lady hys wyf, and the message was now more . . . . . se how he dyd; and also she wold humly sut unto the kyngs hy[*nes*] . . . . for hyr husband; and so he gaf hyr thanks, and desyred me to know [*at what*] tyme he shuld cum affore the kyngs counsell, for I thynk I s[*hall not*] cum forthe tyll I cum to my jogement, wepyng very . . . . . I departed from hym, and when I cam to the chambr

the [*quene heard*] of me and sent for me, and sayde I here say my lord my [*brother is*] here; it ys trowth, sayd I; I am very glad, said sh[*e that we*] bothe be so ny together; and I showed hyr here wase . . . . Weston and Brerton, and she made very gud countenans . . . . I also sayd, M. Page and Wyet wase mo, then she sayd he ha . . . . on hys fyst tother day and ye here now bot ma . . . . . I shall desyre you to bayre a letter from me [*to Master*] Secretory; and then I sayd, madam, tell it me by [*word of mouth & I*] will do it, and so gaf me thanks saying, I ha[*ve moche marvell*] that the kyng's counsell comes not to me; and thys [*same day she*] sayd we shuld have now rayne tyll she ware [*delivered owt*] of the Towre. I pray you it may be shortly by [*cawse of the*] fayre wether. You know what I mayne. The quen[*e sayd this*] nyght that the kyng wyst what he dyd wh[*an he put soche*] ij abowt hyr as my lady Boleyn and Mestres [*Cosyns, for*] thay cowd tell hyr now thyng of my [*lord her father nor*] nothyng ellys, bot she defyed them all. B[*ot upon this my lady Bolen*] sayd to hyr, seche desyre as you heve ha[*d to soche tales*] hase browthe you to thys. And then sayd [*Mrs. Stoner, Marke*] ys the worst cheryssht of heny m[*an in the howse, for he*] wayres yernes, she sayd that was [*becaws*

he was no] gentleman. Bot he wase never in m[*y chamb*r *but at Winchestr, and*] ther she sent for hym to ple[*y on the virginals, for there my*] logyng was [*above the kings*] . . . . . .

. . . . . for I never spake with hym syns, bot apon Saterday before May day, and then I fond hym standyng in the ronde wyndo in my chambr of presens, and I asked why he wase so sad, and he ansured and sayd it was now mater, and then she sayd, you may not loke to have me speke to you as I shuld do to anobull man, by cause you be aninferer persson. No, no, madam, aloke sufficed me; and thus far you well . . [s]he hathe asked my wyf whether heny body maks thayr bed . . . . [m]y wyf ansured and sayd, nay, I warant you, then she say . . . . . y myght make balcttş Well now bot ther ys non bet . . . . . d that can do it, yese sayd my wyf master Wyett by . . . sayed trew.

. . . . my lord my brod' will dy.
. . . . ne I am sur thys was as } WILLM KYNGSTON.
. . . tt downe to den' thys day.

. . . . . thys day at diner I sent M. Nores hys diner & sent hym . . . . . a knave to

hys prest that wayted apon hym withe . . . . . t unto hym, and he ansured hym agayn . . . . . ny thyng of my confession he ys worthye to have . . . . . hyt I defy hym; and also he desyreth to hav . . . . . [*ha*]lf anowre yf it may be the kyngs plesur .

WILLM KYNG . . .

LETTER III.

Sir William Kyngston to Secretary Cromwell, with further details of the Queen's conduct.

[MS. COTTON. OTHO C. X. fol. 224 b.]

Sr,

THE quene hathe meche desyred to have here in the closet the sacarments, & also hyr amner who she supposeth to be Devet; for won owre she ys determyned to dy, and the next owre meche contrary to that. Yesterday after your departyng I sent for my wyf, & also for mestrys Cossyn to know how the[6] had done that day, they sayd she had bene very mery and made agret dyner, and yet sone after she

---

[6] they.

called for hyr supper, havyng marvell wher I was all day; and after supper she sent for me, and at my commyng she sayd, "Wher have you bene all day," and I mad ansure I had bene with prysoners, "so," she sayd, "I thowth I hard M. Tresur[*er*"] I ansured he was not here; then she be gan talke and sayd I was creuely handeled . . . . a Grēwecche with the kyngs counsell with my lord of Norfolke that he sayd, [*Tut, tut, tut,*] and shakyng hys hed iij or iiij tymes, and as for Master Tresurer he was in the [*Forest of Windsor.*] You know what she meynes by that, and named M^r^ Controler to be avery [*gentleman*] . . . . . she to be a quene and crevely handeled as was never sene, bot I [*think the king*] dose it to prove me, and dyd lawth with all and was very mer*y*, and th[*en she said I shall have just*]ists; and then I sayde have now dowt ther[*in*]; then she sayd yf hony man [*accuse me I can say bot n*]ay, & thay can bring now wytnes, and she had talked with the gentell[*wemen*] . . . . . sayd I knew at Marks commyng to the Towre that nyght I reysayved . . . . . at it was x. of the cloke or he ware well loged, and then she sayd . . . . . knew of Nores goyng to the Towre, and then she sayd I had . . . . . next yf it had bene leyd she had wone, and then she sayd I w[*old God I had m*]y bysshoppys for thay wold all go to the kyng for me, for

I thy[*nke the most part of*] Yngland prays for me, and yf I dy you shall se the grette[*st punishment for m*]e withyn thys vij yere that ever cam to Yngland, & then sh[*e sayd I shal be in heaven, for*] I have done mony gud dedys in my days, bot zit I thynke [*moche onkindnes yn the*] kyng to put seche abowt me as I never loved: I showed [*her that the king toke theym*] to be honest and gud wemen, bot I wold have had [*of myn owne prevy chambre,*] weche I favor most &c.

WILLM KYNGST . .

To Mast[r] Scretory.

LETTER IV.

Edward Baynton to the Treasurer: declaring that only one person, named Mark, will confess any thing against Queen Anne.

[MS. COTTON. OTHO C. X. fol. 209. b.]

M[r] THEASURER,

THIS shalbe to advertyse yow that here is mychc communycacion that noman will confesse any thyng agaynst her, but allonly Marke of any actuell thynge. Wherfore (in my folishe conceyte) it shulde mychc toche the kings hono[r] if it shulde no farther appeere. And I cannot beleve but that the other two bee

ās f[*ully*] culpapull as ever was hee. And I thynke assur[*edly*] the on kepith the others councell. As many . . . . conjectures in my mynde causeth me to thynk . . . specially of the communycacion that was last bet[*wene*] the quene and Master Norres. M^r^ Aumener [*tolde*] me as I wolde I myght speke with M^r^ S[*ecretorie*] and yow together more playnely expresse my . . . yf case be that they have confessyd like wret . . . all thyngs as they shulde do than my n . . . . . at apoynte. I have mewsed myche at . . . . . of mastres Margery whiche hath used her . . . . strangely toward me of late, being her fry[*nde*] as I have ben. But no dowte it cann[*ot be*] but that she must be of councell therewith, [*there*] hath ben great fryndeship betwene the q[*ene and*] her of late. I here farther that the que[*ne*] standith styfly in her opynyon that she wo . . . . . whiche I thynke is in the trust that she . . . . . ther two. But if yo^r^ busynes be suche . . . . . not com, I wolde gladly com and wayte . . . . . ke it requysyte. From Grenewy[*che*] . . . . . mornyng.

EDWARD . . . . .

LETTER V.

Sir William Kyngston to Secretary Cromwell, May 16th 1536, upon the preparations for the execution of my Lord Rochford and Queen Anne.

[HARL. MS. 283. fol. 134. *Orig.*]

SIR,

THYS day I was with the kyng's grace and declared the petysyons of my Lord of Rochford, wherin I was answred. Sir, the sayd lord meche desyreth to speke with you, weche towchet hys consyens meche as he sayth, wherin I pray you I may know your plesur, for by cause of my promysse made unto my sayd lord to do the same, and also I shall desyre you further to know the kyngs plesur towchyng the quene, as well for her comfyt as for the preparacion of skefolds and hother necessarys consernyng. The kyng's grace showed me that my lord of Cantorbury shuld be hyr confessar, and was here thys day with the quene; & not[7] in that mater, sir, the tyme ys short, for the kyng supposeth the gentelmen to dy to morow, and my lord of Rocheford with the reysydew of gentelmen, & as zit with yowt [*confession*] weche I loke for, bot I have told my lord of Rocheford that he be in aredynes to morow to

[7] note.

suffur execusyon, and so he accepse[8] it very well, and will do his best to be redy, Notwithstandyng he wold have reysayved hys ryghts, weche hathe not bene used and in especiall here. Sir, I shall desyre you at[9] we here may know the kyngs plesur here as shortly as may be, at[9] we here may prepayre for the same weche[10] ys necessary, for the same we here have now may for to do execusyon. Sir, I pray you have gud rymembrance in all thys for hus[11] to do, for we shalbe redy al ways to our knowlage. Zit thys day at dyner the quene sayd at[9] she shuld go to Anvures[12] & ys in hope of lyf, and thus far you well.

WILLM KYNGSTON.

LETTER VI.

Sir William Kingston to Lord Cromwell, apparently May 18th 1536.

[MS. COTTON. OTHO C. X. fol. 223.]

SYR,

THYS shalbe to advertyse you I have resayved your lett[r] wherin yo[*u wolde*] have strangerys conveyed yowt of the Towre and so thay be by the [*meanis*] of Richard Gressum, & Will-m Loke, & Wythepoll, bot the nmbr[13] of stra[*ngers past*] not xxx. and not mony; Hothe and the inbassit[r] of the

[8] accepts. [9] that. [10] *i. e.* what. [11] us.
[12] Anvers, Antwerp. [13] number.

emperor had a [*servaunt*] ther and honestly put yowt. S^r^ yf we have not an owre[14] serten [*as it may*] be knowen in London, I thynke he[*re*] wilbe bot few and I thynk [*a resonable*] humbur[15] ware bes: for I suppose she wyll declare hyr self to b[*e a good*] woman for all men bot for the kyng at the o^r^ of hyr de[*th. For thys*] mornyng she sent for me that I myght be with hyr at [*soche tyme*] asshe reysayved the gud lord to the in tent I shuld here hy[*r speke as*] towchyng her innosensy alway to be clere. & in the writy[*ng of this*] she sent for me, and at my commyng she sayd, M. Kyngston, I he[*ar saye I shall*] not dy affore none, & I am very sory ther fore; for I thowth [*than to*] be dede [*an*]d past my payne. I told hyr it shuld be now payne it w[*as so sottell. And then she said I*] hard say the execut^r^ was very gud, and I have a ly[*ttle necke, and put he*]r hand abowt it lawyng hartely.

I have sen[*e mony men &*] also wemen executed and at they have bene in gre[*te sorrowe, and to my knowle*]ge thys lady hathe meche joye and plesur in dethe. [*Sir, hyr Amner is conti*]newally with hyr, and hasse byne syns ij of the clo[*cke after midnight. This is*] the effect of hony thyng that ys here at [*thys tyme, and thus fare yow*] well.

Your . . . . . .

WILLM KYNG[*STON.*]

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[14] an hour. [15] number.

The following parallel between Laud and Wolsey is referred to in a note at p. 274 of the Life of Wolsey. It was printed at the same time and for the same purpose as the first garbled edition of that life; namely—to prejudice Archbishop Laud in the minds of the people. The press then teemed with pamphlets levelled at him, and in the same volume I find two others: "The Character of an untrue Bishop, with a Recipe to recover a Bishop if he were lost." And —"England's Rejoycing at the Prelates Downfall, written by an Ill-willer to the Romish Brood:" both of the same date.

A TRUE DESCRIPTION,

OR RATHER

A PARALLEL

BETWEENE

CARDINALL WOLSEY,

ARCH-BISHOP OF YORK,

AND

WILLIAM LAUD,

ARCH-BISHOP OF CANTERBVRIE, &c.

PRINTED IN THE YERE 1641.

A TRUE DESCRIPTION,

OR RATHER

A PARALLEL

BETWENE

CARDINAL WOLSEY AND ARCH-BISHOP LAUD.

THERE be two primates, or arch-bishops throughout England and Wales, Canterburie and Yorke, both metropolitans, York of England, Canterburie of all England, for so their titles runne. To the primate of Canterburie bee subordinate thirteene bishops in England, and foure in Wales. But the primate of Yorke hath at this time but two suffragans in England: namely, the Bishops of Carliele, and Durham: though hee had in King Lucius dayes, (who was the first Christian king of this our nation) all the prelacy of Scotland within his jurisdiction: Canterburie commanding all from this side the River Trent to the furthest limits of Wales; and York commanding all from beyond the Trent to the utmost bounds of Scotland, and hitherto, their prime archiepiscopall prerogatives may (not unproperly) be paralleld.

In the time of Henrie the first were potent two fa-

mous prelates, Anselme of Canterburie, who durst contest against the king, and Girald of Yorke, who denyed to give place or any precedence at all to Anselme. Thomas Becket, who was first chancellour, and after Arch-bishop of Canterburie, in the reigne of Henrie the Second, bore himselfe so insolently against the king his soveraigne, that it cost him his life, being slaine in the church as he was going to the altar. But above all, the pride, tyrannie, and oppression of the Bishop of Ely, in the reigne of Richard the First, wants example, who was at once Chancellour of England, and Regent of the land, and held in his hand at once the two Arch-bishopricks of York and Canterburie, who never rid abroad without a thousand horse for his guard to attend him, whom we may well parallel with the now great Cardinall of France: and need hee had of such a traine to keep himselfe from being pulled to peeces by the oppressed prelates, and people, equally extorting from the clergie and laietie; yet he in the end, disguising himselfe in the shape of an old woman, thinking to passe the sea at Dover, where hee awayted on the Strand, a pinace being hired for that purpose, he was discovered by a sayler, and brought backe to abide a most severe sentence. Stephen Lancthon, Arch-bishop of Canterburie, in the time King Iohn, would not ab-

solve the land, being for sixe yeares together indicted by the pope, till the king had payd unto him and the rest of the bishops, eighteene thousand markes in gold; and thus I could continue the pride of the prelacie, and their great tyrannie through all the kings reignes: But I now fall upon the promist parallel betwixt Thomas Wolsey, Arch-bishop of York, and Cardinall, and William Laud, Doctor in Divinitie, and Arch-bishop of Canterburie.

They were both the sonnes of meane and mechanick men, Wolsey of a butcher, Laud of a clothworker. The one borne in Ipswich (threescore miles), the other in Reading, thirtie miles distant from the City of London, both of them verie toward, forward, and pregnant grammar schollars, and of singular apprehensions, as suddenly rising to the first forme in the schoole. From thence, being yong, they were removed to the Vniversitie of Oxford, Wolsey admitted into Maudlin Coledge, Laud into St. Iohns; and as they were of different times, so they were of different statures; yet either of them well shapt according to their proportions; Wolsey was of a competent tallnesse, Laud of a lesse size, but might be called a prettie man, as the other a proper man: both of ingenious and acute aspects, as may appeare by this mans face, the others picture. In their particular coiledges they were alike proficients, both as active

of body as braine, serious at their private studies, and equally frequent in the schooles, eloquent orators, either to write, speake, or dictate, daintie disputants, well verst in philosophy, both morall, physicall, and metaphysical, as also in the mathematicks, and neither of them strangers to the muses, both taking their degrees according to their time; and through the whole academie, Sir Wolsey was called the boy-batchelour, and Sir Laud the little batchelour.

The maine study that either of them fixt upon was theology: for though they were conversant in all the other arts and sciences, yet that they solely profest, and by that came their future preferment; Wolsey being Batchelour was made schoole-master of Maudlin Schoole in Oxford: but Laud came in time to be master of St. Iohns Colledge in Oxford, therein transcending the other, as also in his degrees of Master of Art, Batchelour of Divinitie, and Doctor of Divinitie, when the other being suddenly cald from the rectorship of his schoole, to be resident upon a countrie benefice, he took no more academicall degrees, than the first of Batchelour, and taking a strange affront by one Sir Amias Paulet, a knight in the countrie, who set him in the stocks, he indured likewise divers other disasters: but that disgrace he made the knight pay dearely for, after he came to be

invested in his dignitie. Briefely, they came both to stand in the princes eye; but ere I proceed any further, let me give the courteous reader this modest caveat, that he is to expect from me onely, a parallell of their acts and fortune, but no legend of their lives; it therefore briefely thus followeth.

Both these from academicks comming to turne courtiers; Wolsey, by his diligent waiting, came to insinuate himselfe into the brests of the privie counsellours. His first emploiment was in an embassie to the emperour, which was done by such fortunate, and almost incredible expedition, that by that only he grew into first grace with King Henry the Seventh, father to King Henry the Eighth. Laud, by the mediation and meanes wrought by friends grew first into favour with King Iames of sacred memory, father to our now royall soveraigne King Charles. They were both at first the kings chaplaines, Wolseyes first preferment was to bee Deane of Lincolne, of which hee was after bishop. Lauds first ecclesiasticall dignity was to be Deane of Saint Davids, of which he was after bishop also. And both these prelaticall courtiers came also to be privie counsellours. Woolsey in the beginning of Henry the Eighth's raigne, was made Bishop of Tourney in France, soone after Bishop of Lincoln, and before his full consecration (by the death of the incumbent) was ended, translated to the

Arch-bishoprick of York, and all this within the compasse of a yeare; Laud, though not so suddainly, yet very speedily was from St. Davids removed to London, and from London to Canterburie, and this in the beginning of the reigne of King Charles. Thus you see they were both arch-bishops, and as Laud was never cardinall, so Woolsey was never Canterburie.

But in some things the cardinall much exceeded Canterburie, as in holding all these bishopricks at once, when the other was never possest but of one at one time. The cardinall also held the bishoprick of Winchester, of Worcester, Bath and Wells, with a fourth, and two abbat-ships in commendam: He had besides an hat sent him from Rome, and made himselfe cardinall, (that being before but Yorke) he might over-top Canterburie. But our William, howsoever he might have the will, yet never attained to that power, and howsoever hee could not compasse a hat from Rome, yet made the meanes to have a consecrated miter sent from Rome; which was so narrowly watcht, that it came not to his wearing. Moreover, the cardinall extorted the chancellourship from Canterburie; but we finde not that Canterburie ever either trencht upon the jurisdiction, or tooke any thing away from the arch-bishoprick of York.

Woolsey likewise farre out-went him in his numerous traine, and the noblenesse thereof, being waited

on not onely by the prime gentrie, but even of earles, and earles sonnes, who were listed in his family, and attended him at his table, as also in his hospitalitie, his open house being made free for all commers, with the rare and extraordinarie state of his palace, in which there were daily uprising and downe-lying a thousand persons, who were his domestick servants. Moreover in his many entertainments of the K. with masks, and mightie sumptuous banquets, his sumptuous buildings, the prince-like state he carried in his forraigne embassages, into France, to the emperor, &c. in which he spent more coyne in the service of his king, for the honour of his countrie, and to uphold the credit of his cardinals cap, than would (for the time) have paid an armie royal. But I answer in behalfe of our Canterburie, that hee had never that meanes or imployment, by which hee might make so vain-glorious a show of his pontificalitie, or archiepiscopall dignitie: For unbounded mindes may bee restrained within narrow limmits, and therefore the parallel may something hold in this too.

They were also in their judiciall courts equally tyrannous; the one in the chancerie, the other in the high commission: both of them at the councell boord, and in the starre-chamber alike draconically supercilious. Blood drawne from Doctor Bonners head by the fall of his crosse presaged the cardinals downfall.

Blood drawne from the eares of Burton, Prin, and Bastwick, was a prediction of Canterburies ruine; the first accidentall, the last premeditate and of purpose[16]. The cardinall would have expelled all the Lutherans and Protestants out of the realme, this our Canterburie would have exil'd both our Dutch and French church out of the kingdome. The cardinall took maine delight in his foole Patch, and Canterburie tooke much delight in his partie-coloured cats. The cardinall used for his agents Bonner and others, Canterburie for his ministers, Duck, Lamb, and others. They both favoured the Sea of Rome, and respected his holinesse in it. The cardinall did professe it pub-

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[16] This mention of omens reminds me that Dr. Wordsworth in his notes to Wolsey's Life has related the following affecting anecdote of Archbishop Laud.

"The year 1639 we all know was big with events calamitous to Laud, and to the church and monarchy. In Lambeth Library is preserved a small pane of glass, in which are written with a diamond pencil the following words:

Memorand: Ecclesiæ de
Micham, Cheme et Stone, cum aliis
fulguro combusta sunt
Januar: 14, $163\frac{8}{9}$.
Omen evertat Deus.

On a piece of paper the same size as the glass and kept in the same case with it, is written by the hand of Abp. Wake, as follows: "This glasse was taken out of the west-window of the gallery at Croydon before I new-built it: and is, as I take it, the writing of Abp. Laud's own hand."

lickly, the arch-bishop did reverence it privately. The cardinalls ambition was to bee pope, the arch-bishop strove to bee patriarch, they both bid fairely for it, yet lost their aime; and farre easier it is for men to descend than to ascend.

The cardinall (as I have said) was very ambitious; the arch-bishop was likewise of the same minde, though better moulded, and of a more politick braine, having a close and more reserved judgement in all his observations, and more fluent in his deliverie. The cardinall was verie curious in his attire and ornament of his body, and took great delight in his traine, and other his servants for their rich aparrell; the arch-bishop his attire was neat and rich, but not so gaudie as the cardinals was, yet tooke as much felicitie in his gentlemens rich aparrell, especially those that waited on his person, as ever the cardinall did, though other men paid for them: and if all men had their owne, and every bird her feather, some of them would bee as bare as those that professe themselves to bee of the sect of the Adamists: To speake truth, the arch-bishops men were all given to covetousnesse and wantonnesse; that I never heard of was in the cardinals men.

As the cardinall was sumptuous in his buildings, as that of White Hall, Hampton Court, &c. as also in laying the foundation of two famous coledges, the

one at Ipswich, where he was borne, the other at Oxford, where he had his breeding: so Christ-Church, which he left unfinished, Canterburie hath since repaired; and wherein he hath come short of him in building, though he hath bestowed much on St. Iohns Coledge, yet he hath out-gone him in his bountie of brave voluminous books, being fourescore in number, late sent to the Bodleian or Universitie Librarie: Further, as the cardinall was Chancelour of England, so Canterburie was Chancellour of Oxford: And as the cardinall by plucking downe of some small abbies, to prepare stone for his greater structures, opened a gap for the king, by which he tooke the advantage utterly to raze and demolish the rest: so Canterburie by giving way for one bishop to have a temporall triall; and to be convicted, not by the clergie, but the laitie, so he left the same path open both for himselfe and the rest of the episcopacie: of which, there before scarce remained a president.

I have paralleld them in their dignities: I will conclude with a word or two concerning their downefalls. The cardinall fell into the displeasure of his king, Canterburie into an extreame hatred of the commons: both were arrested of high treason, the cardinall by processe, Canterburie by parliament. The cardinall at Keywood Castle neare Yorke, Canterburie

at Westminster neare London; both their falls were speedy and suddaine: The cardinall sate as this day in the high court of chancerie, and within two dayes after was confined to his house; Canterburie as this day sate at the counsell boord, and in the upper house of parliament, and the same day committed to the blacke rod, and from thence to the Tower: The cardinall dyed at Leicester some say of a flux; Canterburie remaines still in the Tower, onely sick of a fever. *Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas.*

FINIS.

The Will of Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal Wolsey's father; E Libro Testamentorum in Registro principali Dni. Epi. Norwic. Multon inscripto, fo. 146. *a.*

In Dei Nomine, amen. The xxxi day of the Moneth of September the yer of our Lord God a m. cccclxxxxvi. I Robert Wulcy of Ipyswiche hool of mend and in good memory beyng, make my testament and my last wyll in this maid wyse. Fyrst, I bequeth my soull to Almyghty God, our Lady Sent Mary, and to all the company of hevyn, and my body to be buryed in the churche yard of our Lady Sent Mary of Neum'ket. Also I beq. to the hey aut' of the pariche of Sent Nicholas of Ippyswiche vi^{s} viij^{d} Also I beq. to the pentyng of the archangell ther, xl^{s} Itm. I wyll that if Thomas my son be a prest, w'in a yer next after my decesse, than I wyll that he syng for me and my frends, be the space of a yer, and he for to have for his salary x marc, and if the seyd Thomas my son be not a prest than I wyll that a nother honest prest syng for me and my frends the term aforeseyd and he to have the salary of x marc. Itm. I wyll that Johan my wyf have all my lands and ten^{ts} in the pariche of Sent Nicholas in

Ippiswich aforesaid, and my free and bond londs in the piche of S^t^ Stoke to geve and to sell the residew of all my goods afor not bequethed, I geve and bequethe to the good disposition of Johan my wyff, Thomas my soon, and Thomas Cady, whom I order and make my executors to dispose for me as thei shall think best to ples allmyghty God and p^ro^fyt for my soull; and of this my testiment and last wyll I orden and make Richard Farrington sup^r^visour, and he for to have for his labour xiij^s^ iiij^d^ and yf the seid Richard deserve more he for to have more of Johan my wyff. Itm. I beq. to the seyd Thomas Cady my executor aforeseyd xiij^s^ iiij^d^. Yevyn the day yer and place above wretyn.

Probatum fuit presens Testamentum apud Gipwic. coram nobis Offic. Cans. Dm. Epi Norwic. xj *die mensis Octobris Anno Dm. Millimo* cccc^mo^ lxxxxvi. *In cujus rei testimonium Sigillum, &c.*

LETTER VII.

From the Earl of Northumberland addressed "To his beloved Cosyn Thomas Arundel, one of the Gentlemen of my Lord Legates prevy chambre." It was written soon after the death of the Earl's father, in 1527. *Referred to at p.* 272 *of Wolsey's life.*

[FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.]

BEDFELLOW, after my most harte recomendacion: Thys Monday the iijd off August I resevyd by my servaunt, Letters from yow beryng datt the xxth day off July, deliveryd unto hym the sayme day at the kyngs town of Newcastell; wher in I do perseayff my lord Cardenalls pleasour ys to have such boks as was in the Chapell of my lat lord and ffayther (wos soll Jhu pardon). To the accomplyshment of which at your desyer I am conformable, notwithstanding I trust to be able ons to set up a chapel off myne owne. But I pray God he may look better upon me than he doth. But me thynk I have lost very moch, ponderyng yt ys no better regardyd; the occasion wher off he shall persayff.

Fyrst, the long lyeng of my tressorer[1], with hys very hasty and unkynd words unto hym, not on my parte deserved.

Also the news off Mr. Manyng, the which ys blon obroud over all Yorksher; that neyther by the kyng[2], nor by my lord cardenall am I regardyd; And that he wyll tell me at my metyng with hym, when I come unto Yorksher; which shall be within thys month, God wyllyng: but I ffer[3] my words to Mr Manyng shall displeas my lord; for I will be no ward.

Also, bedfellow, the payns I tayk and have taykyn sens my comyng hether, are not better regardyd; but by a fflatteryng Byshope of Carel[4] and that fals Worm[5] shall be broth[6] to the messery and carfulness that I am in; and in such slanders, that now and my lord cardenal wold, he cannot bryng me howth[7] thereof.

* * * * *

I shall with all sped send up your lettrs with the

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[1] That is his long continuance with the cardinal.

[2] He had probably disobliged the king by his attachment to Anne Boleyn.

[3] fear. [4] Carlisle.

[5] William Worm, whom he mentions in a former letter, as the person who betrayed him.

[6] brought. [7] out.

books unto my lord's grace, as to say iiij Anteſſonars[8], such as I thynk were not seen a gret wyll; v Gralls; an Ordeorly; a Manuall; viijth Proffessioners, And ffor all the ressidew, they not worth the sending, nor ever was occupyd in my lords chapel. And also I shall wryt at thys time as ye have wylled me.

Yff my lord's grace wyll be so good Lord unto me, as to gyf me lychens[9] to put Wyll^{m} Worme within a castell of myn off Anwyk in assurty, unto the tyme he have accomptyd ffor more money rec^{d} than ever I rec^{d}, I shall gyff hys grace ij C^{li} and a benefiss off a C. worth unto hys colleyg, with such other thyngs resserved as his [grace] shall desyre; but unto such tyme as myne Awdytors hayth takyn accompt off him: wher in good bedfellow do your best, ffor els he shall put us to send myselff, as at owr metyng I shall show yow.

And also gyff secuer credens unto this berer, whom

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[8] Antiphonars, Gralls, Orderlys, Manuals, and Professionaries, are books containing different portions of the Roman Catholic Ritual. See Percy's Northumberland Household Book, p. 446, and Burn's Ecclesiastical Law.

[9] *licence.* There is a tradition at Alnwick that an auditor was formerly confined in the dungeon under one of the towers till he could make up his accounts to his lord's satisfaction.

I assur yow I have ffonddon a marvellous honest man, as ever I ffownd in my lyff. In hast at my monestary of Hul Park the iij^{d} day of August. In the owne hand off

Yours ever assured,

H. NORTHUMBERLAND.

To my bedfellow Arundel.

LETTER VIII.

The Earl of Northumberland to Cromwell, denying any contract or promise of marriage between Anne Bullen and himself.

[ORIGINAL, COTT. LIB. OTHO. C. 10.]

M^{R} SECRETARY, This shall be to signifie unto you that I perceive by Sir Raynold Carnaby, that there is supposed a precontract between the queen and me; wherupon I was not only heretofore examined upon my oath before the Archbishopps of Canterbury and York, but also received the blessed sacrament upon the same before the Duke of Norfolk, and other the king's highnes' council learned in the spiritual law; assuring you M^{r} Secretary, by the said oath, and blessed body which affore I received, and

hereafter intend to receive, that the same may be to my damnation, if ever there were any contracte or promise of marriage between her and me. At Newington Green, the xiijth day of Maye, in the 28th year of the reigne of our soveraigne lord King Henry the VIIIth.

Your assured,

NORTHUMBERLAND.

LETTER IX.

Queen Catherine of Arragon and King Henry VIIIth *to Cardinal Wolsey, a joint letter,* 1527.

[MS. COTTON. VITELL. B. XII. fol. 4.]

Mr. Ellis has printed this letter in its mutilated condition; I have ventured to supply the *lacunæ* from the copy in Burnet's History of the Reformation, vol. i. p. 55. Burnet obtained his transcript when it was in a perfect state, but has unaccountably attributed the first part of the letter to Anne Boleyn. It is however said by Mr. Ellis to be in the hand-writing of Catherine, and cannot but be considered very interesting.

My Lord, in my moste humblyst wys that my hart can thinke [I *desire you to pardon*] me that I am so bold to troubyl yow with my sympyl [*& rude wryteng, estemyng*] yt to prosed from her that is muche desirus to kno[*we that youer grace does well.*] I paersave be

this berar that you do; the wiche I [*praye God long to continewe,*] as I am moste bonde to pray, for I do know the g[*reate paines and trowbles that*] you have taken for me bothe day and nyght [*is never like to be recompensyd on*] my part, but allonly in loveng you next on to the [*kinges grace above all*] creatures leveng; and I do not dought but the [*dayly proffes of my deades*] shall manefestly declaer and aferme my wryte[*ng to be trewe, and I do*] truste you do thynke the same. My lord, I do assure you I do long to heare from you som newes of the legat, for I do hope and [*they come from you they*] shall be very good, and I am seur that you deseyre [*it as moche as I*] and more, and ytt waer possibel as I knowe ytt ys not: And thus remaineing in a stedfast hope I make anend of my letter, [*writtyn with the hande*] of her that is moste bounde to be———

☞ *Here Queen Catherine's part ends, the rest is in the hand writing of Henry the Eighth.*

The wrytter of thys letter wolde not cease tyll she had [*caused me likewise*] to set to my hand desyryng yow thowgh it be short to t[*ake it in good part.*] I ensure yow ther is nother of us but that grettly desyry[*th to see you, and*] muche more rejoyse to heare that you have scapyd thys plage [*so well, trustyng*] the fury thereof to be passyd, specially with them

that k[*epyth good diett*] as I trust you doo. The not heryng of the legates arywall [*in Franse causeth*] us sumwhat to muse; nottwithstandyng we trust by your dily[*gens and vigilancy*] (with the assystence of Almyghty God) shortly to be easyd owght [*of that trouble.*] No more to yow at thys tyme but that I pray God send yow [*as good health*] and prosperity as the wryters wolde.

By your lovyng so[*veraign & frende*]

HENR[*Y R.*]

LETTER X.

Anne Boleyn to Cardinal Wolsey.

[FIDDES COLLECTIONS, p. 256.]

My Lord, after my most humble recommendations this shall be to gyve unto your grace as I am most bownd my humble thanks for the gret payn & travelle that your grace doth take in steudyeng by your wysdome and gret dylygens how to bryng to pas honerably the gretyst welth that is possyble to come to any creator lyving, and in especyall remembryng howe wretchyd and unworthy I am in comparyng to his hyghnes. And for you I do know my selfe never to have deservyd by my desertys that you

shuld take this gret payn for me, yet dayly of your goodnes I do perceyve by all my frends, and though that I had nott knowlege by them the dayly proffe of your deds doth declare your words and wrytyng toward me to be trewe; nowe good my Lord your dyscressyon may consyder as yet how lytle it is in my power to recompence you but all onely wyth my good wyl, the whiche I assewer you that after this matter is brought to pas you shall fynd me as I am: bownde in the mean tym to owe you my servyse, and then looke what a thyng in thys woreld I can immagen to do you pleasor in, you shall fynd me the gladyst woman in the woreld to do yt, and next unto the kyngs grace of one thyng I make you full promes to be assewryd to have yt and that is my harty love unfaynydly deweryng my lyf, and beying fully determynd with Godds grace never to change thys porpos, I make an end of thys my reude and trewe meanyd letter, praying ower Lord to send you moche increase of honer with long lyfe. Wrytten with the hand of her that besechys your grace to except this letter as prosydyng from one that is most bownde to be

Your humble and
obedient Servante

ANNE BOLEYN.

LETTER XI.

Anne Bolcyn to Cardinal Wolsey.

FROM FIDDES COLLECTIONS, p. 255.

Collated with the Original in the Cottonian Collection. Brit. Mus. Otho c. x. fol. 218.

My Lord, in my most humblyst wyse that my powuer hart can thynke I do thanke your grace for your kind letter, and for youer rych and goodly present, the whyche I shall never be able to desarve wyth owt your gret helpe; of the whyche I have hetherto hade so grete plente that all the dayes of my lyfe I ame moaste bownd of all creators next the kyngs grace to love and serve your grace, of the whyche I besyche you never to dowte that ever I shalle vary frome this thought as long as ony brethe is in my body. And as tochyng your grace's troble with the swet I thanke ower Lord that them that I desyerd and prayed for ar scapyd, and that is the kyng and you. Not doughthyng bot that God has preservyd you bothe for grete cawsys knowen allonly to his hygh wysdome. And as for the commyng of the legate I desyer that moche; and yf it be Goddis pleasor I pray him to send this matter shortly to a

good ende; and then I trust my lord to recompense part of your grete panys, the whych I must requyer you in the meane tyme to excepte my good wyll in the stede of the power, the whyche must prosede partly from you as ower Lourd knoweth to whome I be syche to sende you longe lyfe with continewance in honor. Wrytten wyth the hande of her that is most bound to be

Your humble and
obedyent servante,

ANNE BOLEYN.

LETTER XII.

Cardinal Wolsey in his Distress to Thomas Cromwell.

MS. COTTON VESP. F. XIII. fol. 76.

From Fiddes' Collections, p. 256. Collated with the original.

MYN OWNE ENTERLY BELOVYD CROMWELL,

I BESECHE you as ye love me and wyl evyr do any thyng for me, repare hyther thys day as sone as the parlement ys brokyn up, leyng aparte all thyngs for that tyme; for I wold nat onely commynycat thyngs unto yow wherin for my comfort & relief I wold have your good sad, dyscret advyse & counsell, but also opon the same commytt sertyng thyngs requyryng

expedicion to yow, on my behalf to be solycytyd: this I pray you therfor, to hast your commyng hyther assafore, with owt omyttyng so to do, as ye tendyr my socor, reliff & comfort, and quyetnes of mynde. And thus fare ye well: from Asher, in hast, thys Satyrday in the mornyng, with the rude hande & sorrowful hert of your assuryd lover

T. CAR^{LIS} EBOR.

I have also serteyn thyngs consernyng yowr sylf wych I am suere ye wolbe glad to here & knowe: fayle not therfore to be here thys nygth, ye may retorne early in the mornyng ageyn yf nede shul so requyre. *Et iterum vale.*

Mr. Augusteyn[1] shewyd me how ye had wryttyn onto me a lettre wherin ye shuld adv'tyse of the comyng hyther of the Duke of Norfolke: I assure you ther cam to my hands no suche lettre.

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[1] Dr. Augustine, or Agostino, a native of Venice, was physician to the cardinal, and was arrested at Cawood at the same time with his master, being treated with the utmost indignity: v. *Life*, pp. 281, 284. In the Cottonian MS. Titus b. i. fol. 365, there is a letter of his to Thomas Cromwell, in Italian, requiring speedy medical assistance, apparently for Cardinal Wolsey. It is dated Asher, Jan. 19th, 1520-30. Cavendish describes him as being dressed in a "boistous gown of black velvet;" with which he overthrew one of the silver crosses, which broke Bonner's head in its fall.

LETTER XIII.

From Wolsey to Dr. Stephen Gardener, Secretary of State.

Communicated to Mr. Grove by Mr. Littleton, afterwards Lord Littleton, who possessed the original. It is now in the *Ashmole Museum* at Oxford.

MY OWNE GOODE MASTYR SECRETARY,

GOYNG this day out of my pue to scy masse, your lettres datyd yesternygth at London wer delyveryd unto me; by the contynue wherof I undyrstand, that the kyng's hyhnes, of hys excellent goodnes & cheryte ys contentyd, that I shall injoy & have the admynystracion of Yorke merly, with the gyfts of the promocyons spiritual & temporall of the same, reserv'yd onely onto his nobyll grace the gyft of v or vj of the best promocions. And that hys pleasure ys, I shal leve Wynchester & Saynt Albons. As hereonto Mr. Secretary, I can nat expresse howe moche I am bowndyn to the kyng's royal majeste for thys hys gret & bowntawse liberalyte, reputyng the same to be moche more then I shal ever be abyl to deserve. Howbeyt yf hys majeste, consyderyng the short & lyttyl tyme that I shal lyve here in thys world, by the reason of such hevynes as I have conceyved in my hert, with the ruinyuose

of the olde howsys & the decay of the said archbyshopryck at the best to the sum of viii C Marcke yearly, by the reason of the act passyd for Fynys of Testaments, wth also myn long paynful servys and poore degre; and for the declaration of hys grace's excellent cheryte, yf hys hyhnes be myndyd I shal leve Wynchester & Saynt Albon's, wych I supposyd, when I maid my submyssyon, not offendying in my trewth towards hys royal parson, dygnyte, or majeste royal, I should not, now have desyrvyd to have left; and much the more knowyng his grace's excellent propensyon to pyte & mercy, & rememberyng the francke departyng with of all that I had in thys world, that I may have summe convenyent pension reservyd unto me, suche as the kyng's hyhnes of hys nobyll charite shal thynke mete, so orderyng his that shal succede and my lyvyng, that the same may be of lyck valew yeerly and exstent. Whereat my trust ys, and my herte so gevyth me, that hys majeste wold make no dyffyculte, yf yt may lycke yow friendly to propone the same, assuryng yow that I desyre not thys for any mynde (God ys my judge), that I have to accumulate good, or desyre that I have to the muke of world; for, God be thankyd, at thys ower I set no more by the ryches & promocyons of the world, then by the roshe undyr my fote; but onely for the decla-

ration of the kyng's favor & hyhe cheryte, & to have wherewith to do good dedys, & to helpe my poore servants and kynnysfolks. And furthermore that yt wold please the kyng's excellent goodnes by your freindly medyacion, consyderyng how slendyrly I am furnyshyed in my howse, nowe specially that the apparell of Wynchester and Saynt Albons shal be takyn from me, to geve and appoynt unto me a convenyent fernyture for the same, *non ad pompam, sed necessariam honestatem.* And yf I may have the free gyft and dysposycion of the benefyces, yt shalbe gretly to my comfort. And yet when any of the v or vi pryncypall shal fortune to be voyd, the kyng's grace being myndyd to have any of them, hys hyhnes shalbe as sure of the same, as though they wer reservyd. And thus by his nobyl & mercyful goodnes delyvered owt of extreme calamite, & restoryd to a newe fredome, I shal, with God's mercy & help, so ordyr my lyff, that I trust hys majeste shal take special comfort therin, & be pleasyd with the same: *Spero quod hoc, quæ peto, non videbitur magna.* Howbeyt I most humbly submyt and referre all my petytions, *immo ipsam vitam,* to his gracyous ordynance & pleasure, praying yow to declare & sygnify the same, supplying myn indysposycion & lacke of wyt, conceyvyd by reason of my extreme sorowe & hevynes, that the same, may be to the kyng's contenta-

cion, wherin I had lever be ded then to offende in word, thowght, or dede, and as towching the grantyng of the fee of one c li. for Mr. Norés duryng hys lyff for hys good servys done unto the kyng's hyhnes, for the wych I have always lovyd him, and for the singuler good hert and mynde, that I knowe he hath alweys borne unto me, I am content to make out my grawnte upon the same, ye & it wol please the kyng to inlarge it one c. li. more; and semblably cause Mr. Thesauror hath the kepyng of the kyng's game nygh to Fernam, I wold gladly, if it may stand with the kyng's pleasure, grawnte unto hym the reversion of such thinges as the Lord Sands hath there, with the ampliacōn of the fee above that wych is oldely accustomyd, to the sum of xl. li. by the yeere; & also I wold gladly geve to Mr. Comptroller a lycke fee, & to Mr. Russel, another of xx. li. by the yeere. Remyttyng thys and all other my sutes to the kyng's hyhnes pleasure, mercy, pity, & compassion, moste holly. Beseechyng hys Hyhnes so nowe gracyously to ordyr me, that I may from hensforth serve God quietly & with repose of mynd, & pray as I am most bowndyn, for the conservacyon & increase of his most nobyll and royal astate. And thus with my dayly prayer I byd yow farewell. From Asher hastely with the rude hand and moste hevy herte of

Yowr assuryd frende & bedysman,

T. CAR^{LIS} EBOR.

LETTER XIV.

Cardinal Wolsey to Dr. Stephen Gardener.

This Letter was also communicated to Mr. Grove by Mr. Littleton. It is now in the Ashmole Museum at Oxford.

MY OWNE GOODE MASTYR SECRETARY,

AFTYR my moste herty commendacions I pray yow at the reverens of God to helpe, that expedicion be usyd in my persuts, the delay wherof so replenyshyth my herte with hevynes, that I can take no reste; nat for any vayne fere, but onely for the miserable condycion, that I am presently yn, and lyclyhod to contynuc yn the same, onles that yow, in whom ys myn assuryd truste, do help & releve me therin; For fyrst, contynuyng here in this mowest & corrupt ayer, beyng enteryd into the passyon of the dropsy. *Cum prostatione appetitus et continuo insomnio.* I cannat lyve: Wherfor of necessyte I must be removyd to some other dryer ayer and place, where I may have comodyte of physycyans. Secondly, havyng but Yorke, wych is now decayd, by viii C. li. by the yeere, I cannot tell how to lyve, & kepe the poore nombyr of folks wych I nowe have, my howsys ther be in decay, and of evry thyng mete for howssold onprovydyd and furnyshyd. I have non apparell for my howsys ther, nor money to bring me thether, nor to lyve wyth tyl the propysse tyme of

the yeere shall come to remove thether. Thes thyngs consyderyd, Mr. Secretary, must nedys make me yn agony and hevynes, myn age therwith & sycknes consyderyd, alas Mr. Secretary, ye with other my lordys shewyd me, that I shuld otherwyse be furnyshyd & seyn unto, ye knowe in your lernyng & consyens, whether I shuld forfet my spiritualties of Wynchester or no. Alas! the qualytes of myn offencys consyderyd, with the gret punishment & losse of goodes that I have sustaynyd, owt to move petyfull hertys; and the moste nobyl kyng, to whom yf yt wold please yow of your cherytable goodnes to shewe the premyses aftyr your accustomable wysdome & dexteryte, yt ys not to be dowbtyd, but his highnes wold have consyderacyon & compassyon, aggmentyng my lyvyng, & appoyntyng such thyngs as shuld be convenient for my furniture, wych to do shalbe to the kyng's high honor, meryte, & dyscharge of consyens, & to yow gret prayse for the bryngyng of the same to passe for your olde brynger up and lovying frende. Thys kyndnes exibite from the kyng's hyghnes shal prolong my lyff for some lytyl whyl, thow yt shall nat be long, by the meane whereof hys grace shal take profygtt, & by my deth non. What ys yt to hys hyhnes to give some convenyent porcion owt of Wynchester, & Seynt Albons, hys grace takyng with my herty good wyl the resydew. Remember, good Mr. Secretary, my poore degre, & what

servys I have done, and how nowe approchyng to deth, I must begyn the world ageyn. I besech you therfore, movyd with pity and compassyon soker me in thys my calamyte, and to your power wych I knowe ys gret, releve me; and I wyth all myn shal not onely ascrybe thys my relef unto yow, but also praye to God for the increase of your honor, & as my poore shal increase, so I shal not fayle to requyte your kyndnes. Wryttyn hastely at Asher, with the rude and shackyng hand of

Your dayly bedysman,

And assuryd frend,

T. CAR^{LIS} EBOR.

To the ryght honorable
and my assuryd frende
Mastyr Secretary.

LETTER XV.

Cardinal Wolsey to Secretary Gardener,

Desiring him to write to him and give him an account of the king's intentions with regard to him. *(From Strype.)*

Myn own good mastyr secretary, albeit I am in such altiration and indisposition of my hede & body, by the meansse of my dayly sorowe & hevynesse, that I am fen omit to writ any long lr̄es. Yet my

trustyng frend, Thomas Crowmwel, retornyng & reparyng unto yow, I cowde nat forbere, but brively to put yow in remembrance: how that aftyr the consultation takyn by the kyngs hyghnes opon myn orderyng, which ye supposyd shulde be on Sunday was sevennyght, ye wolde not fayle to advertyse me at the length of the specialties thereof. Of the w̄ch to here & have knowleg, I have & dayly do looke for. I pray yow therefore at the reverens of God, & of this holy tyme, & as ye love & tendyr my poore lyf, do so moche as to wrytt onto me your seyd lr̄es: wherby I may take some cumfort & rest: nat dowting but your hert is so gentyl & pityful, that havyng knowleg in what agony I am yn, ye wole take the payne to send onto me your seyd consollatory lr̄es. Wherby ye shal nat onely deserve toward God, but also bynde me to be as I am, your contynual bedysman. Wrytten this mornyng at Asher, with the rude hand and sorroweful hert of yours with hert & prayer.

T. Cardinalis Ebor. Miserrimus.

To the right honorable
Mr. Secretary.

LETTER XVI.

Cardinal Wolsey to Secretary Gardener.

To draw up his pardon. *(From Strype.)*

MYN OWNE GOOD MASTYR SECRETARY,

AFTYR my moste herty recommendations, with lycke thanks for your goodnes towards me, thes shal be to advertyse yow that I have beyn informyd by my trusty frend Thomas Cromwell that ye have signifyed onto hym to my syngular consolation how that the kynges highnes movyd with pety & compassyon, & of hys excellent goodnes & cheryte consyderyng the lamentable condition & stat that I stand yn, hath wyllyd yow with other lords and mastyrs of hys honorable cownsell, to intende to the perfyghtyng & absolvyng without further tract or delay of myn end & appoyntement; and that my pardon shulde be made in the moste ample forme that my counsell cowde devise. For thys the kyngs moste gracyous remembrance, procedyng of hymself, I accompt my sylf not onely moste bowndyn to serve & pray for the preservation of hys moste royal majestie, but also thancke God that ye have occasion given onto you to be a sollycyter & setter forth of such thynges as do & shall conserve my seyde ende. In the makyng & compowndyng wherof myn assured truste is, that ye wole shewe the love & affection wych ye have & bere

towards me, your olde lover & frende: so declaryng your self therin, that the worlde may parceyve that by your good meanys the kyng ys the bettyr goode lorde unto me; & that nowe newly in maner comyng to the world, ther maye be such respect had to my poore degree, olde age & longe contynued servys, as shal be to the kyngs hygh honor & your gret prayse & laude. Wych ondowtydly shall folowe yf ye optinde yowre benyvolens towards me, & men perceive that by your wisdome & dexterite I shalbe relevyd, & in this my calamyte holpen. At the reverens therefore of God myn owne goode Mr. Secretary, & refugy, nowe set to your hande, that I may come to a laudable end & repos, seyng that I may be furnyshyd aftyr such a sorte & maner as I may ende my short tyme & lyff to the honor of Crystes churche & the prince. And besides my dayly prayer & true hert I shal so requyte your kyndnes, as ye shall have cause to thyncke the same to be well imployde, lycke as my seyd trusty frende shall more amply shewe onto you. To whom yt may please yow to geve firme credens and lovyng audyens. And I shall pray for the increase of your honour. Wryttyn at Assher with the tremyllyng hand & hevy hert of your assuryd lover & bedysman

T. CARDUS EBOR.

To the ryght honorable and
my singular good frende
Mayster Secretary.

LETTER XVII.

Cardinal Wolsey to Secretary Gardener,

Desiring him to favour the cause of the Provost of Beverly, and to intercede with the king for him and his colleges. *(From Strype.)*

MYNE AWNE GENTIL MAISTER SECRETARY,

AFTER my mooste herty recommendations, these shal be to thanke you for the greate humanite, lovyng & gentil recule, that ye have made unto the poore Provost of Beverly: & specialy, for that ye have in such wise addressed hym unto the kings highnes presence, that his grace not onely hath shewed unto hym, that he is his goode & gracious lorde, but also that it hath pleased hys majeste to admitte & accepte hym as his poore orator & scholer. Wherby both he & I accompte our selfs so bounden unto you, that we cannot telle how to requite this your gratitude & kyndenes; mooste hartely praying you to contynue in your good favour towards hym, & to take hym & his pore causis into your patrocynye & protection. And, as myne assured expectation & trust is, to remember the poor state & condition that I stond in, & to be a meane to the kyngs highness for my relefe in the same. In doyng wherof ye shal not onely deserve thanks of God, but also

declare to your perpetual laud and prayse, that ye beyng in auctorite, have not forgoten your olde maister & frynde. And in the wey of charite, & for the love that ye bere to virtue, & *ad bona studia*, be meane to the kyngs highnes for my poore colleges; and specially for the college of Oxford. Suffer not the things, which by your greate lernyng, studie, counsaile & travaile, hath bene erected, founden, & with good statutes & ordinances, to the honour of God, increase of vertue & lernyng established, to be dissolved or dismembred. Ye do know, no man better, to what use the monasteries, suppressed by the popis licence, the kyngs consente concurryng with the same, & a pardon for the premoneri[1], be converted. It is nat to be doubted, but the kyngs highnes, of his higli vertue & equite, beyng informed how every thing is passed, his mooste gracious license & consentē (as is aforesaid) adhibited therunto, wol never go aboute to dissolve the said incorporations or bodyes, wherof so greate benefite & commodite shal insue unto his realme & subjects. Superfluities, if any such shal be thought & founden, may be resecat; but to destroy the hole, it were to greate pitie.

Eftsones therefore, good Maister Secretarie, I beseche you to be good maister & patrone to the said

[1] Premunire.

colleges: "Et non sinas opus manuum tuarum perire, aut ad nihilum redige." Thus doyng, both I, & they shal not onely pray for you, but in such wise deserve your paynes, as ye shal have cause to thinke the same to be wel bestowed & imployed, like as this present berer shal more at the large shewe unto you. To whom it may please the same to geve firme credence. And thus mooste hartely fare ye wel. From Sothewell, the xxiijth day of July.

Your lovyng frende,

T. CAR^{LIS} EBOR.

To the right honorable & my singular good frende M^{r} Doctor Stephyns, Secretory to the Kings Highnes.

LETTER XVIII.

Cardinal Wolsey to Secretary Gardener,

Desiring his favour in a suit against him for a debt of 700*l.* by one Strangwish. *(From Strype.)*

MYNE AWNE GOOD MAISTER SECRETARY,

AFTER my mooste harty recommendations, these shal be to desire, & mooste effectuelly to pray you to be good maister & friende unto me, concernyng

the uncharitable sute of Strangwishe for vij C li., which he pretendith that I shulde owe unto hym, for the ward of Bowes. And albeit there was at his fyrste comyng to my service, by our mutual consents, a perfecte end made between hym & me for the same, yet nowe digressyng therfrom, perceyvyng that I am out of favour, destitute of socour, & in calamite, he not onely newly demaundyth the said vij C li. but also hath made complaint unto the kyngs highnes, surmittyng, that I shulde, contrary to justice, deteyne from hym the said vij C li. For the redresse whereof, it hath pleased the kyngs majeste to direct his mooste honorable letters unto me; the contents wherof I am sure be nat unknown unto you. And insuing the purporte therof, & afore the delyvere of the same thre days by past, notwithstanding my greate necessite & poverte, onely to be out of his exclamation & inquietnes, I have written to my trusty friende, M^r^ Cromwel, to make certeyn reasonable offres unto hym for that intent and purpose; moost hartely beseching you to helpe, that upon declaration of such things, as upon my part shal be signified unto you by the said Maister Cromwell, some such end, by your friendely dexterite, may bee made betwixt us, as shal accorde with good congruence, & as I may supporte & be hable (myne other debts and charges considered) to bere. In the

doyng wherof, ye shall bynde me to be your dayly bedesman, as knoweth God, who alwayes preserve you. From Sothewell, the xxvth day of August.

Yours with hert & prayer,

T. CAR^{LIS} EBOR.

To my right entierly welbiloved
frende M^{r} Stephyn Gardener,
Secretory to kyngs highnes.

LETTER XIX.

Lettre de Monsieur de Bellay Evesque de Bayonne à M^{r} le Grant Maistre. De Londres le xvij Oct. 1529.

[MSS. DE BETHUNE BIBLIOTH. DU ROY. v. 8603. f. 113.]

MONSEIGNEUR, depuis les lettres du Roy & les aultres vostres que je pensoye sur l'heure envoyer, cette depesche a estée retardé jusques à présent, parce qu'il a fallu faire & refaire les lettres que je vous envoye tout plein de fois, & pour ce aller & venir souvent, tant les Ducs mêmes qu'aultres de ce conseil à Windesore, dont toute à cette heure ils les m'ont envoyées en la forme que verrez par le double d'iceux. Ils me prient le plus fort du monde de faire qu'on ne trouve mauvais si en ces expéditions, & mesmement en ce que touche le principal de la

depesche, je ne suis de tout satisfait comme je vouldroye, & aussi eulx mesmes, s'excusans que leur manière de négocier envers leur maistre n'est encore bien dressée, mais pour l'advenir doibvent faire merveilles, & en baillent de si grands asseurances & si bien jurées, que je ne puis me garder de les croire; je n'ay point refreschy mes lettres au Roy, car je ne voy point qu'il y en ait matière.

Au demourant, j'ay esté voir le Cardinal en ses ennuis, où j'ay trouvé les plus grand exemple de fortune que on ne scauroit voir, il m'a remonstré son cas en la plus mauvaise rhétorique que je viz jamais, car cueur & parolle luy failloient entièrement; il a bien ploué & prié que le Roy & Madame voulsissent avoir pitié de luy, s'ils avoyent trouvé qu'il leur eust guardé promesse de leur estre bon serviteur autant que son honneur & povoir se y est peu estendre, mais il me à la fin laissé sans me pouvoir dire autre chose qui vallist mieux que son visage, qui est bien deschou de la moitié de juste pris: & vous promets, Monseigneur, que sa fortune est telle que ses ennemis, encore qu'ils soyent Angloys, ne se scauroyent guarder d'en avoir pitié, ce nonobstant ne le laisseront de le poursuivre jusques au bout, & ne voyt de moyen de son salut, aussi ne fais-je sinon qu'il plaise au Roy & à Madame de l'ayder. De légation, de sceau d'auctorité, de crédit il n'en demande point, il est prest de laisser tout jusques à

la chemise, & que on le laisse vivre en ung hermitage, ne le tenant ce Roy en sa mal grâce: Je l'ay reconforté au mieulx que j'ay peu, mais je n'y ay sceu faire grant chose: Depuis par un en qui il se fie; il m'a mandé ce qu'il vouldroit qu'on feist pour luy de la plus grand partie, luy voyant qu'il ne touchoit au bien des affaires du Roy qu'on luy accordast la plus raisonnable chose qui demande, c'est que le Roy escripvist à ce Roy qu'il est un grand bruit de par delà qu'il l'ait recullé d'autour de luy, & fort eslongé de la bonne grâce, en sorte qu'on dict qu'il doibve estre destruict, ce que ne pense totalement estre comme on le dict; toutefois pour la bonne fraternité, qu'ils ont ensemble, & si grant communication de tous leurs plus grans affaires, l'a bien voulu prier de y avoir égard, affin qu'il n'en entre souldainement quelque mauvaise fantasie envers ceulx qui ont veu qu'en si grant solemnité & auctorité, il ait servy d'instrument en cette perpétuelle amitié tant renommée par toute la Chrétienté; & que si d'adventure il estoit entré en quelque malcontentement de luy, il veüille ung peu modérer son affection, comme il est bien sûr que luy vouldront conseiller ceulx qui sont autour de sa personne & au maniement de ses plus grandes affaires. Voilà, Monseigneur, la plus raisonable de toutes ses demandes, en laquelle ne me veulx ingérer de dire mon advis, si diray-je bien

qu'il n'y a personne ici qui deust prendre à mal telle lettre; & mesment là où ils considéreront, comme de facit ils font, qu'il sont forcés de prendre & tenir plus que jamais votre party, & d'advantage asseureray bien que la plus grant prinse qu'ils ayent peû avoir suz luy du commencement, & qui plus leur a servi à le brouiller envers le Roy, a esté qu'il déclara à ma venuë decza trop ouvertement de vouloir aller à Cambray, car les aultres persuaderent au maistre ce que c'estoient, seulement pour éviter d'estre à l'expédition du mariage, & outre cela vous promets que sans luy les aultres mectoyent ce Roy en ung terrible train de rompre la pratique de paix dont vous escripvis quelque mot en ce temps-la, mais j'en laissay dix fois en la plume, voyant que tout estoit rabillé, je vous les diray estant là, & je suis seur que le trouverez fort estrange: Il me semble, Monsieur, que à tout cela, & plusieurs aultres choses que bien entendez de vous-mesmes, on doibt avoir quelque égard, vous donnerez, s'il vous plaist, advis au Roy & à Madame de tout cecy, affin qu'ils advisent ce qu'il leur plaira en faire, s'ils pensent n'empirer par cela leurs affaires, je croy que voulentiers, outre ce que sera quelque charité, ils vouldront qu' on cognoisse qu'ils ayent retiré ung leur affectionné serviteur, & tenu pour tel par chescun, des portes d'enfer; mais sur tout, Monseigneur, il desire que ce Roy ne connoisse qu'ils en ayent esté requis, & que il les en ay

fait requerir en façon du monde, cela l'acheveroit d'affoller; car pour vous dire le vray, & hormis toute affection, je vous asseure que la plus grant prinse que ses ennemis ayent euë sur luy, outre celle du mariage, ce a esté de persuader ce Roy que il avoit tousjours eu en temps de paix et de guerre intelligence secrette à Madame, de laquelle ladite guerre durant il avoit eu des grants presens, qui furent cause que Suffolc estant à Montdidier, il ne le secourut d'argent comme il debvoit, dont avint que il ne prit Paris; mais ils en parlent en l'oreille de ce propos, afin que je n'en soy adverty. Quant auxdits presens, il espère que Madame ne le nuyra où il en sera parlé, de toutes aultres choses il s'en recommande en sa bonne grâce. La fantaisie de ces seigneurs est que luy mort ou ruiné, il deffèrent incontinent icy l'estat de l'Eglise, & prendront tous leurs biens, qu'il seroit ja besoing que je misse en chiffre, car ils le crient en plaine table; je croy qu'ils feront de beaux miracles, si m'a dict vostre grant prophète au visaige bronsé, que ce Roy ne vivra gueres plus que . . . . . au quel, comme vous sçavez, à ce que je voy par ses escriptures, il n'a baillé terme que de la monstre de May. Je ne veulx oublier à vous dire que si le Roy & Madame veullent faire quelque chose pour le Légat, il faudroit se haster, encores ne seront jamais icy ses lettres que il

n'ait perdu le sceau, toutefois il ne pense plus à cela, elles serviront pour le demourant, aussi venant icy mon successeur, comme chascun s'attend qu'il viendra dans peu des jours, ils luy donnassent charge d'en parler; le pis de son mal est que Mademoiselle de Boulen a faict promettre à son amy que il ne l'escoutera jamais parler; car elle pense bien qu'il ne le pourroit garder d'en avoir pitié.

Monseigneur, tout ce qui sera de bon en tout ce discours, vous le sçaurez prendre comme tel; s'il y aura riens qui semble party de trop d'affection, je vous supplie m'ayder à en excuser, & qu'il soit pris de bon part, car là où la matière seroit mauvaise si vous assureray-je bien que l'intention n'est telle, & la dessus est bien temps pour vous & pour moy que je facze fin à la présente, me recommande humblement en vostre bonne grâce, & pryant nostre Seigneur qu'il vous doint bonne vie & longue.

Vostre humble Serviteur,

J. DU BELLAY,

Evesque de Bayonne.

De Londres, le xvij d'Octobre.

à Monsiegneur
Monseigneur
Le Grant Maistre & Marechal de France.

LETTER XX.

Thomas Alward to Thomas Cromwell. A. D. 1529.

[MS. COTTON. VITELLIUS B. XII. fol. 173. *Orig.*]

"The following Letter (says Mr. Ellis), though mutilated, presents a genuine picture of one of the last interviews with which Wolsey was favoured by his Sovereign. It is dated on the 23d of September; sixteen days after which the King's attorney presented the indictment against him in the Court of King's Bench upon the Statute of Provisors.

"Thomas Alward, the writer of this Letter, appears to have been the Keeper of Wolsey's Wardrobe. He has been already incidentally named in the Letter which relates to the foundation of Ipswich College."

MAISTER CROMWEL,

IN my mooste hartiest wise I [*commende me*] unto you; advertisyng the same that I have dely[*vered your lres*] unto my lordis grace who did immediatly rede over [*the same*] after the redyng wherof his grace did put theym in . . . . . and so kepte theym always close to hym self. Th[*is I note*] unto you, bicause I never sawe hym do the like bifo[*re time*] the which your lettres his grace commaunded me . . . . . And first, the same hertely thankyth you for your . . advertysement made unto hym from tyme to tyme [*of soche*] things as ye have written unto his grace wherin I know [*ye have*]

don unto his grace singular pleasur and good service; and as [*for*] the vain bruts which goth against my lords [*grace*] I assur you as fer as may apper unto my said [*lord and*] other that be his servaunts, they be mervailous false, . . . and gretely I do mervaile wherof the same shul[*de arise*] for I assur you that in this vacacion tyme [*dyvers*] lettres wer written by the kyngs commaundment from [*Mr. Ste-*]vyns unto my said lord, by the which his adv[*ise*] and opinion was at sundry tymes desired . . . in the kyngs causis and affaires, unto the which lettres [*aunswer*] was made from tyme to tyme, as well by my lords [*wry*]tyng as also by the sendyng of his servaunts to the [*courte with*] instructions by mouth to the kyng's highnes as the [*mater*] and case did requir. Over this the noblemen and gentry [*as well*] in my lords goyng to the courte as also in his retourne from [*the*] same dyd mete and incounter hym at many places gently [*and*] humaynly as they wer wonte to do. On Sonday last my lords grace, with the Legat Campegius cam unto the courte at Grene-[*wiche*] wher they wer honorably receyved and accompanyed with sundry of the kings counsaile and servaunts, and so brought bifor masse onto the king's presence, who graciously and benigly after the accustumed goodnes of his highnes, with very familiar and loving acountenance did welcome theym. And

after communication and talkyng awhiles with my Lorde Campegius, his grace talked a grete while with my lorde a parte, which don, they departed all to geder in to chapel. And immediatly after dyner my lords grace went again unto the kyngs highnes beyng then in his pryvie chamber wher they wer commonyng and talkyng to geder at the leeste for the space of ij. houres, no person beyng present, and a friende of myne beyng of the prive chamber told me at my lords departur that tyme from thens ther was as good and as familiar accountynaunce shewed and used betwene theym as ever he sawe in his life heretofor. This don my lords grace with the legat retourned unto theyr logyng at Maister Empson's place. On Monday in the mornyng my lord leving the legat at his logyng went again unto the kyngs grace, and after long talkyng in his privie chamber to geder, the kyng, my lord, and all the hole counsaile sate to geder all that for'none aboute the kyngs matiers and affaires. In the after none, my lords grace having then with hym the Legat Campegius, went to the kyng's grace, and after talkyng and communication had a long whilis with the legat a parte they both toke ther leve of the kyngs highnes in as good fascion and maner, and with asmoche gentilnes, as ever I saw bifor. This don, the kyngs grace went huntyng. The legate retourned to Maister

Empson, and my lords grace taried ther in counsaile til it was darke nyght. Further mor my Lord of Suffolke, my Lord of Rochford, Maister Tuke, and Master Stevyns did as gently [*be*]have theymselfs, with as moche observaunce and humy[*lyte to*] my lords grace as ever I sawe theym do at any [*tyme*] fofor. What they bere in ther harts I knowe n[*ot.*] Of the premissis I have seen with myne ies; wherfor I boldely presume and thinke that they be ferre [*furth*] overseen that sowth[1] the said false and untrewe reports: ascerteynyng you if ye coulde marke som[*e of the*] chief stirrers therof ye shulde do unto his grace [*moche*] pleasur. Assone as ye can spede your bysynes th[*ere my*] lord wolde be very glad of your retourne. My lord wilbe on Monday next at London. And the Legat [*Cam*]pegius shal departe shortely oute of Englonde. A[*nd thus*] makyng an endo I commit you to the tuicion and g[*widance of*] Almyghty God. From Saint Albons the xxiij[th] S[*ep-*] tember.

All the gentilmen of my lords chamber with the . . . . . .[2] of commendith them hartely unto you.

Yowrs to my lytle [*power*]

THOMAS ALVARD.

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[1] soweth.

[2] *f.* rest thereof.

Fisher, Bishop of Rochester.

BISHOP Fisher's opposition to Henry's divorce, as noticed by Cavendish at p. 157, subsequently cost him his head. Besides his letter to Wolsey maintaining the validity of the marriage with Catherine, published by Fiddes in his Appendix to the Life of Wolsey, and in Collier's Ecclesiastical History, vol. 2 Records. He wrote a larger discourse in Latin "De Causa Matrimonii Regis Angliæ," which was long thought to exist only in MS. But in a late sale by public auction in London, of Don Jos Antonio Conde's Library, a printed copy was purchased for Mr. Heber, which appears to have issued from the press at Alcala (Complutum) in Spain. The printer of which, says the manuscript copy was given him by the Archbishop of Toledo. It is probable that the Spanish agents in England contrived to obtain a copy and sent it to the emperor. It would not have been allowed to issue from the press in England. It is remarkable that Ribadineira in his Historia Ecclesiastica de Inglaterra, Madrid, 1588, mentions that Fisher presented his book to the legates. "Los que por parte de la Reyna tratavan este negocio eran los mas graves y doctos Teologos y Perlados

de todo el Reyno y entre ellos Gulielmo Varamo Arçopispo Cantuariense y primado de Inglaterra, y otros cinco Obispos de grande autoridad. Pero el que mas se mostrava era Juan Fishero Obispo Roffense, varon por cierto exemplar, y no solamente lumbrera del reyno de Inglaterra, sino de toda la christianidad, espejo de santidad, sal del pueblo, y verdadero Doctor de la Yglesia. El qual salio en publico, *y presentò a los Legados* UN LIBRO *doctissimo que avia escrito* EN DEFENSION DEL MATRIMONIO *del Rey y de la Reyna*, y amonestoles con razonamiento gravissimo que no buscassen dificultades donde no las avia, ni permitiessen que se pervirtiesse la verdad clara y manifiesta de la sagrada Escritura, y se debilitasse la fuerça de las leyes ecclesiasticas que en esta causa eran evidentes, y estavan tan bien entendidas. Que pensassen y considerassen atentamente los daños innumerables que deste divorcio se podian seguir: el odio entre el Rey Enrique y Carlos Emperador: las parcialidades de los principes que los seguirian: las guerras crueles de fuera y dentro del reyno: y lo que le mas importava, las dissensiones en materia de la Fè, sçismas, heregias, y sectas infinitas. Yo dize por aver estudiado esta materia, y gastado en ella mucho tiempo y trabajo, oso afirmar que no ay en la tierra potestad que pueda deshazer este matrimonio, ni desatar lo que Dio atò.

Y esto que digo no solamente *lo pruevo claramente* EN ESTE LIBRO, con los testimonias de irrefragable de la sagrada Escritura, y de los santos Doctores, pero tambien estoy aparejado a defenderlo con el derramamiento de mi sangre: dixolo Roffense, y como lo dixo, assi cumplio. Aviendo hablado de esta manera aquel varon illustre por la fama de su doctrina, excellente por la santidad de la vida, admirable por la dignidad de Perlado, y por sus canas venerable."

A manuscript copy of Fisher's book is said to be among the books presented by the Duke of Norfolk to the Royal Society. We may hope to have all that relates to this venerable prelate in a more tangible form when the Rev. John Lewis's Life of him shall be given to the world: we have the satisfaction to add that it has been some time at press, under the editorial care of the Rev. Theodore Williams of Hendon, and cannot fail to prove a valuable addition to Ecclesiastical Biography.

The Instrument of the King's gift to the Cardinal after his forfeiture by the premunire, which so much revived his hopes, is printed by Rymer and by Fiddes. The following is the Schedule appended to it. v. Life p. 224.

THE Money, Goods, and Cattells, given by the King's Grace to the Lorde Cardinall, whereof mention is made in the King's Lettres Patentes hereunto annexed.

Fyrste in Redy Money, MMM *li.*

Item, in Plate, Nyne Thowsand Fyve Hundred Threscore Fyve oz. dim. quarter, at iij^{s} viij^{d} the oz. amounteth to MDCCLII *li.* iij^{s} viii^{d}.

Item, Dyvers Apparell of Houshold, as Hangyngs, Beddyng, Napry, and other thyngs, as appereth by the Inventorie of the same—amountyng in Value by Estimation, DCCC *li.*

Item, In Horses and Geldyngs lxxx with their Apparel, valued by Estimation, CL *li.*

Item, in Mules for the Saddell vi. with their Apparell, valued by Estimation, LX *li.*

Item, in Mules for Carriage vi with their Apparell, vâlued by Estimation, XL *li.*

Item, in Lyng on thowsand valued by Estimation, XL *li.*

Item, in Cod and Haberden viij c valued by Estimation, XL *li.*

Item, in Salt viii Waye valued by Estimation, X *l.*

Item, in Implements of the Kytchen as Potts, Pannes, Spitts, Peawter Vessell, and other things necessarie for the same, valued by Estimation, LXXX *l.*

Item, LII. Oxen valued by Estimation, LXXX *l.*

Item, in Muttons LXX valued by Estimation XII *l.*

Item, the Apparell of his Body, valued by Estimation, CCC *l.*

Summa, vi M. ccc. lxxiv. *l.* iij^{s} vii^{d} ob.

A Memoryall of suche Communication as my Lorde Legatts grace had with the Quenes Almoner.

[EX. MS. INTER ARCHIVA ACADEMIA CANTABRIG.]

THIS interesting paper is published in Fiddes, from the communication of the learned and Reverend Mr. Baker. It is so necessary a supplement to the very interesting interview of the two Cardinals with Katherine, given by Cavendish, that I could not resolve to withhold it from the reader, who may not chance to have ready access to Dr. Fiddes' ponderous volume.

FYRST my lordes grace taking for introduction & commencement of his graces purposes & devyses, excogitate by the same for the totall extermination of suche heresies as daily encreased in Cambrydge: & that his grace thought more convenyent the same to be done by the commyssaries then the Bysshops of Rochester or Elie, shewed his pleasure & determination was to send him thyther, as well for that he was of good reputation & credytt there, beinge a M^{r} of a colledge in the same, as also for that he had in tymes passed used hym in lyke busyness. To which the said M^{r} Almoner, fyrst excusing the remission of his wonte and bounde offyce & dewtie in vysitinge his grace, & most humblie beseching the same not to impute yt as proceding of any alienation of his trewe

hart & devotion he bare unto the same, answered, that he woold most gladly taike upon him the said province & jorney; desyringe nevertheles his grace that he might defer the same untyll 20 dayes were past & expired, in which space he might well performe his residence at Wyndesore. Unto which petycyon his grace condescendyng, & takynge the same as a full resolution in that behalfe, pretendinge also to have had noon other cause or matter unto him, fynished that communicacion, and sodenly asked hym what tydyngs he had hard of late in the courte?—

To this he answered, that he hard noon, but that yt was much bruted that a Legatt shuld come hyther into England.—Whereuppon his grace inferred what the quene thought of his comynge, and for what purpose he should come?——To this he said, that she was fully perswaded & believed that his comynge was only for the decision of the cause of matrimonie dependinge betweene her & the kinges highnes.

Hereupon my lordes grace taking just occasion further to entre in this mater, & fyrste makyng rehersall of sondrie excellent benefitts with which his grace had indewed hym, to thend he shuld doo the kings highnes trewe & faithfull service, & sithe adjuring him upon his fidelitie, his othe, & *sub sigillo confessionis*, and suche other obtestations, to conceale & kepe secrete whatsoever his grace shuld then com-

municate unto hym, and never to propale the same to any man lyvyng, oonles he had expresse commandement by the kyngs highnes or his grace so to doo, desyred hym that he wold faithfully entierly & hooly declare unto his grace all & singuler soche thinges as he knewe of the quenes dysposicion, minde, sayings, purpose & intent in this mattier.

To this the said Mr Almoner fyrst alleging & declairing of how singuler and perfytt devocyon he was towards the kyngs hyghnes and my lords grace, & that he wold not oonly be moost redy to execute his commandements, but also to kepe secrete suche things as his grace shuld wyll him so to doo: answered, that he hard the quene oft saie that yf in this cause she myght attaine & injoye her naturall defence & justice, she distrusted nothing butt yt should taike suche effecte as shuld be acceptable both to God & man. And that for theese causes:—

Fyrst for that it was in the ieies of God moost plaine & evydent that she was never knowen of Prince Arthure. Secondly, for that neyther of the judges were competent, being bothe the kings subjects, beneficed within his realme, & delegate from the pope at the contemplation of the king, she being never hard, ne admytted to her defence. Thirdly, for that she ne had ne myght have within this realme any indifferent counsaile. Fynally, for that she had in

Spaine two bulles, the oone beinge latter daite than the other, but bothe of suche effycacie & strengthe, as shulde sone remove all objections & cavyllations to be maide to thinfringing of this matrymonie.

To this my lord's grace replying said, he marvelled not a lyttle of her so undyscrete ungodly purposes & sayings, which caused him to conceyve that she was neyther of suche perfection, ne vertue as he had thought in tymes past to have been in her: & so entering in refutation of all the premisses said:—

Fyrst, where she saithe that she was not knowen of Prince Arthure, verely it is a weake & much unsure grownde for her to leane unto, being so urgent & vehement presumptions *non solum Juris, sed etiam de Jure* to the contrarie, which and of congreuence ought to wey more in every equall judges brest then her symple allegation. For it cannot be denied but that bothe he & she was then of suche yers as was mete and hable to explete that act. It is also verey notarie, that thei dyd lye together, bothe here & in Waylles, by the space of three quarters of a yere. Furthermore, nothing was so muche desyred of bothe there parentes as the consummation of the said act: Insomuche that the counsailers of Ferdinando being resident here for that purposse dyd send the sheets thei ley in, spotted with bloude, into Spaine, in full testimonye & prouf therof. The counsaillers also

of bothe parties moste solemnelye sworne affearme in there treaties & saien that the matrymonie was consummate by that act. Forthermore the comen voyce through England is, that the said Prince Arthure shuld oftymes boost oon mornyng how ofte he had been the nyght before in the myddes of Spaine: Insomuche that commonlye his so primature deathe was imputed onely to *nimio coitu.*

Fynally, King Henry VIIth of blessed memorie, wold not by certaine space after the deathe of the saide prince, permytte or suffer that the kings highnes shuld injoye the name & tytle of Prince, onely for that it was dowbted by such as than was most abowte the quene wl.ether she was conceaved wyth chylde or noo. And therefore these presumptions beinge of suche sorte & nature, my lords grace said, the quene shuld do lyke neyther wyse ne vartuouse lady to adhere partinacely to the contrarie.

To the seconde his grace replied, saying that if she shuld refuse and decline the judgment of those parsons unto whome the pope's holiness had delegated the examination of this cause, she shuld not do well, butt so doing rather incurr the indignacyon of the see apostolique, deserve the obloque & hatred of all good chossin people & ingenerate in there hartes a perpetuall hate & enmitie against her. For sythe the popes holines proceadythe in thys com-

myssyon at the intercession or motion of no partie, but onely *ex mero motu pastorali officio*, & sith that his holines notwithstanding he being notoriously certyfied that they be the kings subjects, & benefyced within his realme hathe approved there parsons as moost mete and worthie to have the hole decision of this cawse commytted unto them: with that also theire parsons be qualyfyed with so hyghe preemynence & dignitie, as by the common lawe cannot be refused as suspect. Fynallie sythe the same parsons being straitly commanded by the king's hyghnes, all affection of medo or drede set apart, onely to attend, waye, regard & consyder the justyce of the cawse as they shall therunto answere on perell of there owne sowles & his dreadfull indignacion, have no cawse which thei shuld varye or deflect their sentence otherwyse than justyce shall require, specially in a cawse of suche wayght & importance, & wherin they for unrighteouse judgement shuld acquire nothing els but theire owne dampnation, eternall ignominie & indignation of theire prince: yf she shuld refuse suche parsons as suspect, it might well be saide that she geveth tytles honour to the auctoritie of the churche, & that this realme were marvelouslie destytute of men of sincere learnyng & conscience, to the great slaunder of the same.

And fynally his grace said, that yf this exception

shuld be admytted as suffycyent cawse of recusation, for that they be benefyced by the kings hyghnes, than this cawse of matrymonie myght nowhere be ventylated or dyscussed within Christindone, for that there are no parsons of auctorite & lernyng in any regyon out of this realme, againe whome the king's highnes might not alleadge, in lyke manner, lyke cawse of recusation & suspicion. The pope's holines & the holle clargie of Ytallie, Flaunders, Spaine, Denmarke & Scotlande, being now eyther confederate or in thraldome & captivitie of the emperor's tyranny.

To the third, concerning counsaillors to be retained on her behalf, my lords grace saide, that although he was ryght well assured of the kings singuler propencyon & inclination to justyce, & that above all things his pleasour was justyce shuld be equally mynistred to eyther parte in this cawse, being also never wylling or in mynde at any tyme, but that she shuld have aide and assistance of so well lerned men, so wyse, and of so good conscience, as might any be founde within this realme: yet his grace thought that consydering the nature of this cawse to be of suche sorte, as necessarily implieth the hole tytle of succession of this realme, lyke as yt were not expedyent, ne myght in any wyse be suffred withowt great dangier & perell which might therby ensue, to maike any aliene or straunger pre-

vie herunto, specially the Spaniards having now intelligence with the King of Scotts; So his grace thought that the quene wold not insyst in so fryvolous petition, which might never be graunted unto her, but be content to admytt and adhybyt suche lerned men as be here in this region her counsaillors, namely suche as by theire othes solempnly maide & vowed, & by expresse commandement *et optima gratia* of the king's highnes, shuld withowt frawde or corruption shew unto her theire sentence and openions: and desyring the contrarie hereof his grace said she shuld doe nothing but declare her owne sensuall affection to sett forthe that whiche, all due prouf, bothe by Gods lawe & mans law hath justly condemned. And thus ended my lords graces talke with M^r^ Almoner.

*** Robert Shorton S. T. P. then master of Pembroke Hall and canon of Windsor was almoner to the queen, preferr'd by her to the deanery of Stoke Suffolk, the same that was internuncius cardinali de evocandis viris doctis Cantabrigia Oxoniam, and sometime dean of the cardinal's chapel.

Itinerary of Cardinal Wolseys last Journey Northward, 1530.

He set out from Richmond at the beginning of Passion Week, but we know not on what precise day. The first days journey was to Hendon in Middlesex, where he lodged for the night at the house of the abbot of Westminster.

The next day he removed to a place called the Rye, the abode of the Lady Parry.

The third day to Royston, where he lodged in the monastery.

The fourth day to Huntingdon, where he sojourned for the night in the abbey.

On Palm Sunday he reached the Abbey of Peterborough, which he made his abode until the Thursday in Easter week, his train for the most part being at board wages in the town. Here he celebrated Palm Sunday, going with the monks in procession, and bearing his palm with great humility. He kept his Maunday on the Thursday so named, with the accustomed ceremonies and bounties to the poor. On Easter Sunday he also went in procession in his cardinal's habit, and performed the service of high mass very devoutly.

From Peterborough he went to visit his old friend Sir William Fitzwilliams, about four miles from thence, who received him with great joy and hospitality. He went there on Thursday in Easter week and remained until the Monday following, on which day he went to Stamford and lay there that night.

On Tuesday he went to Grantham, where he lodged in the house of a gentleman named Hall.

On Wednesday he removed to Newark, where he rested in the castle.

On Thursday to Southwell, where was a palace belonging to his see of York, but this being out of repair he was lodged in the house of one of the prebends. At Whitsuntide he removed into the palace, keeping a noble table, where he was visited by the chief persons of the country.

At the latter end of *grease time* he removed to Scroby, another house belonging to his see of York, being as much regretted at Southwell as he was greeted at Scroby. In his way to Scroby he took Welbeck or Newsted Abbey, from thence to Rufford Abbey to dinner, and slept at Blythe Abbey, reaching Scroby on the following day, where he remained until Michaelmas.

About Michaelmas day he removed to his seat of Cawood Castle, twelve miles (said by Cavendish to be only seven) from York, and in his way thither he

lay two nights and a day at St. Oswald's Abbey, where he held a confirmation. He lay at Cawood long after, says Cavendish, with much honour.

His clergy here waited upon him to take order for his inthronization, which he seems to have desired should be conducted with as little pomp as possible. The ceremony was fixed to take place on the Monday after All Hallown Tide, but he was arrested on the Friday before (fourth of November) at Cawood, by the Earl of Northumberland and Mr. Welsh.

They left Cawood with him in custody on Sunday the sixth. The first night he was lodged in the Abbey of Pomfret.

The next day [7th] they removed to Doncaster.

The third day [8th] to Sheffield Park, a seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury (afterwards appointed by Queen Elizabeth for the meeting of her and Mary Queen of Scots, which never took place), where he continued eighteen days, being there seized with the flux. Here Sir William Kingston the Constable of the Tower came to take charge of his person, and on Thursday the twenty-fourth of November they set forward, the cardinal hardly able to sit upright on his mule. They passed the night at Hardwicke upon Line in Nottinghamshire. *(See note on the Life,* p. 311.)

On Friday the twenty-fifth they rode to Nottingham, and lodged there that night.

On Saturday the twenty-sixth at night, they reached Leicester Abbey; he had many times like to have fallen from his mule by the way; telling the abbot as he entered he had come to lay his bones among them. He gradually became worse, and died at eight o'clock in the morning of Tuesday November the twenty-ninth.

Beside the solemn mass performed by Cardinal Wolsey upon the ratification of peace between the French and English kings, which is described at p. 126 *of the Life, he officiated at another great ceremony of thanksgiving upon occasion of the Pope's deliverance from captivity. The particulars of which are preserved in the archives of the Herald's College in an ancient book written by Thomas Walle, Windsor Herald, and published by Dr. Fiddes at p.* 179 *of his Collections. For the convenience of the reader who may not possess Dr. Fiddes's Life of Wolsey, I have thought it desirable to place this curious relation in my Appendix.*

The Comming and Reseyving of the Lord Cardinall into Powles for the Escaping of Pope Clement VII. A. D. 1527. A° Regni Henrici VIII. XIX^th^.

MEMORANDUM that the fifth day of January beyng Sunday even in the year aforesaid, the Lord Thomas Wolcy Cardinall of Yorke &c. landyd betweene eight of the clocke and nyne in the morninge at the

Black fryars at London, with great company of noblemen and gentlemen, where met with him the Embassadours of the Pope, of the Emperour, the Frenche kinge, of Venise, of Florence, of Millain. And so procedyd on horseback unto Powles church dore, where they did alight. And ther the officers of armes longing unto the king gave there theire attendance, and at his alighting put on there sootes of armes. And here was also foure of the doctors, prebendarys of the sayd Powles, in copes and grey amys, which bare a rich canape over him of cloth of gould. And so the lord cardinall procedyd, havyng themperours embassadour on his right hand, and the Frenche kinges [embassadour] on his lifte hand, untill he came to the arches where was prepared a bank with quyshions and carpets, where the said Lord kneled, and there mete him, in Pontificalibus, the Bushop of London, the Bushop of St. Asse [Asaph] which censyd him: And the Bushop of Lincoln, the Bushop of Bath, the Bushop of Llandaff, the Lord Priour of Westm^{r}, the Priour of St. Saviours, th Abbots of Stratford, and of Towerhill, the Priour of Christ-churche, of St. Mary Spytell, with other to the some of xvi miters. And so the procession of the hole quyer procedyd fourth, havyng thambassadours with him as afore, up to the quier, and so to the high aultier, wher, his oblation doon, he went

with him into his travers, and duringe that the howre was a singing he was revestyd in Pontificalibus, and then he with all the other prelats, the quiere of Powles and his hole quiere, with his suit of rich copes, went in procession within the said church, the officers of arms about him, and next after him thembassadours, and then the Mayor of London, and the other estates and gentlemen, with the aldermen of the cittie.

The procession doon, the Masse of the Trinity was begun, songen by the Byshop of London; the Priour of St. Mary Spittell Gospeller; the Priour of Christ Church Pistoler. The masse doon the lord cardinall with the other prelatz went unto the quyer dore, where Doctor Capon declaryd the calamities, miseries, and the opprobrious deeds and works, with the great suffrance that our mother the Holy Churche hath suffryd, not allonly by the Lutherian sorte, which was lyke to have sortyd to an ungracious effecte; but also now of late of the great unhappy delings of the Paynymes, and violators of our Christien faith, the men of warr belonging to the emperor. In the sorrowful destruction of Rome, where they, like miscreantz, nothing regarding nother God nor shame, violentlye tooke and by force imprisoned our Holy Father the Pope, the which now of late by the helpe of our Lord God, which se his churche in

p'dicion, did releive hit againe; insomuch that our said Holy Father is escapyd their hands, wherfore the Lord Legats grace by the kings commandement hath here caused as this day, this noble assemble to be had, to the end that lauds praysings and congratulations might be gyven by all true Christien people unto Almighty God, and the hole company of Heaven.

And thus doing, the said lord cardinall did give his benediction to all the people. Which Doctor Capon sayd, much more than I can reherse, and this doon the sayd lord retournyd to the aultier wher the lord cardinal began *Te Deum*, the which was solempnly songen with the kingis trumpetts and shalmes, as well Inglishmen as Venysians, which doon every man repayred home. And the Lord Legat Cardinall went to his place to dynner, and the embassadours with him.

Copied out of an ancient book written by Thomas Walle Windsore, and afterwards Garter, folio 126. *Examined by us,*

WILLIAM LE NEVE.
L. YORKE.
DANCER HANCOCKE.

The Ceremonial of receiving the Cardinal's Hat sent by the Pope to Wolsey. Extracted from a MS. in the Herald's Office. Ceremon. vol. 3. p. 219.

[FROM FIDDES' COLLECTIONS. SEE CAVENDISH, vol. i. p. 29.]

IN the yeare of our Lord 1515, the 15th daie of November, being Thursdaie and the seaventh yeare of our sovereigne lord King Henry the Eight, the said prothonitary enter'd into London, which before according was mett bothe at the sea side, likewise at Canterbury and at Rochester with the bishop of the same, and at Black Heath theare mett with him the Reverend Father in God the Bishop of Lincolne, the Earle of Essex, and many other gent. of great honour, both spiritual and temporal, and soe proceeded through London, the Bishop of Lincolne ridinge on the right hand [of] the said prothonitary and the Earle of Essex on his left hand, having with them sixe horses or above, and they all well besceming and keeping a good order in their proceeding. The Maior of London with the aldermen on horse back in Cheapside, and the crafte stoode in the streets after there custome: and when the said Hatt was comen to the Abbey of Westminster, wheare at the north door of the same was redie th Abbot and eight abbotts besides him, all in pontificalibus, and honorabilie received it; and in like sort the same conveied to the high alter, whearuppon it was sett. The Sundaie next following, the eightenth daie, the most Reverend Father in God my Lord Cardinal, well accompanied with noble and gentlemen, both spiritual and temporal, being on horseback, as knights, barons, bishops, earles, dukes, and arch-bishops, all

in due order proceeded from his place betwixt eight and nyne of the clocke to the abbey; and at the dore beforesaid, his grace with all the noble men descended from their horses and went to the high alter, wheare on the south side was ordeyned a goodlie travers from my Lord Cardinal, and when his grace was comen into it, imediatelie began the Masse of the Holy Ghost, songen by the Arch-bishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Lincoln Gospeller, and the Bishop of Excester Epistoler, th Arch Bishops of Armachan and Dublyn, the Bishops of Winchester, Duresme, Norwiche, Ely, and Landaffe, and viii abbotts, as of Westminster, Saint Albans, Bury, Glastonbury, Reading, Glocestre, Winche-Combe, Tewkesbury, and the Prior of Coventrie, all in pontificalibus. The Bishop of Rochester was crosier to my Lord of Canterbury during the mass. M^r^ Doctor Collet, Deane of Powles, made a brief collation or proposition, in which especially he touched thre things, That is to witt, the name of a cardinal, and whearcof it is said, alsoe the highe honour and dignitie of the same, and as keeping the articles due and belonging to it, and by what meanes he obtained to this high honour chieflie, as by his own merits, theare naminge divers and sundrie vertues that he hath used, which have been the cause of his high and joyous promotion to all the realme. The second cause of his promotion was through our sovereigne lord the king, for the greate zeale and favour that our holy father the pope hath to his grace. The second thing, is touching the dignitie of a prince as having power judicial. The third, of a bishop signifying both the old and newe lawe, and havinge the power of them, and also the highe and great power of a cardinal, and howe he betokeneth the free beames of wisdome and charitie, which the apostles received of,

the Holie Ghoste on Whitsundaie, and a cardinal representeth the order of seraphin, which continually brenneth in the love of the glorious Trinity; and for thies considerations a cardinal is onelie apparrelled with redd, which collour onelie betokeneth nobleness; and howe these three estates before named be collocated and placed in heaven, also he exhorteth theare my lord cardinal, saying to him in this wise: *Non magnitudo superbum extollat nobilitatissimum honorisq; dignitate.* But remember that our Saviour in his owne person said to his disciples, *Non veni ministrari, sed ministrare; & qui minor inter vos hic maior regno Celorum, et qui se exaltat humiliabilitur, & qui se humiliat exaltabitur;* my lord cardinal, be glad and enforce your selfe always to doe and execute righteousness to riche and poore, and mercy with truth; and desired all people to praie for him that he might the rather observe these poynts, and in accomplishinge the same what his reward shall be in the Kingdom of Heaven; and so ended. The Bull was read by Doctor Vecy, Deane of the King's Chappell, and Excestre, and at Agnus Dei came forth of his travers my Lord Cardinal and kneeled before the middle of the high alter, wheare for a certayne tyme he laye gravelling, his hood over his head, during benedictions and prayers, concerning the high Creation of a Cardinal, said over him by the Right Reverend Father in God the Arch-Bishop of Canterburie, which alsoe sett the hatt uppon his head. Then Te Deum was sung. All service and ceremonies finished, my Lord came to the doore before-named, led by the Dukes of Norffolk and Suffolk, where his grace with all the noble men ascended uppon their horses, and in good order proceeded to his place by Charing Crosse, next before him the crosse, preceeding it the mace such as belongeth a cardinal to have, and then my Lord of Canterbury,

havinge no crosse borne before him, with the Bishop of Winchester, before them the Duke of Norffolk and and Suffolk together, and in like order the residue of the noblemen, as the Bishop of Durham with the Popes Orator, then the Marquess Dorsett with the Earle of Surrey, the Earle of Shrewsburie, the Earle of Essex, the Earle of Wiltshire, the Earle of Derby, the Lord of St. Johns, the Lord Fitzwater, the Lord of Burgaveny, the Lord Dawbeny, the Lord Willoughby, the Lord Hastings, the Lord Ferrers, the Lord Lattimer, the Lord Cobham, and the Lord Darcey, Sir Henry Marney, Sir John Peche, Sir Thomas a Parr, Sir Nicholas Vaux, and so all other Banneretts, Knyghts, and Gentlemen before, after their degrees, and following his grace the Archbishop of Armachan and Dublyn, the Bishops of Lincolne and Norwiche, Excestre, Ely, and Rochester, and the ————, after them, my Lords Cardinals place, being well sorted in every behalfe, and used with goodlie order, the hall and chambers garnished very sumptuouslie with riche arras, a great feast kept as to suche a highe and honourable creation belongeth. At the which were the King & Queene and the French Queene, with all the noblemen above specified, alsoe present at the creation the Lord Fineaux, the Lord Read, the Barons of the Exchequer, with other Judges and Serjeants at Law.

FINIS.

C. Whittingham, College House, Chiswick.

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